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# Quarterly Magazine

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OF THE

## Southern Industrial Educational Association

MARCH AND JUNE, 1918  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. X.

Nos. 1 AND 2.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: 1228 Con-  
necticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## An Experiment in Home Making.

ADA G. CROFT.

Over the mountain we went in a jolt wagon, sitting in chairs in the midst of boxes and baskets, bags and bundles, the last of our worldly possessions to go to the little shack that was to be home for a while. The mud was up to the hubs of the wheels, yellow, clinging, clayey mud that sucked the wheels in as they turned. The road, always bad, was worse than usual because of the frost coming out of the ground and the number of wagons hauling coal over it from the small mines near. Some of the time we clung to the upper edge of the wagon to keep from pitching out, and once we climbed out on the overhanging bank close to the wagon and pulled it toward us as best we could while the big mules strained at the tugs to get it out of the deep, miry mud-hole.

We were nearly worn out when finally we reached the little whitewashed boxing shack to which we had sent our household goods ahead of us. That part enclosed for a yard was as deep with mud as much of the road, and when we descended from the wagon it was to make our way as best we could from rock to rock that our driver had thrown down, until we reached the little porch.

Within, all was confusion and more mud, for we had been obliged to depend upon the driver to handle the goods we had sent over. The desolation of the mountain country in January seemed within as well as without, yet I sunk down on the nearest piece of furniture and, turning to our loyal friend, the mountain lad who had found this housing for us, said with true joy in my heart, "We will make this a real home!" His eyes shone as he answered, "Yes, ma'am," yet I knew he was merely giving his loyal devotion to this new undertaking, for he had no vision of what home meant as I understood the word.

With true mountain hospitality our nearest neighbor entertained us until we could get our house somewhat in



order, and the whole family lent their services in helping us get things straightened out. Months before we had cared for and cured the oldest son of trachoma, and interested friends had made it possible for him to get away to a fine hospital and have his adenoids and tonsils removed, all of which had meant a healthy condition that he had never dreamed could be his. Now he is back in the country he knows and eager to show his gratitude in practical lines. Day and night he cared for us, refusing to leave, settling the matter whenever it came up with his quiet answer, "You all jest kaint do nothin' 'ithout me," and each hour proved the truth of his statement, for the making of home can not be accomplished by hired hands; it must be the labor of love—such love as he gave at every turn.

The little lean-to kitchen, with its tiny four-hole cook stove and pots and pans hanging near, was soon ready for business, and the stove-pipe running straight up through the roof puffed smoke as gallantly as a real chimney. Wonderful indeed in the eyes of the neighbors were some of the things prepared in that little kitchen, and now a child and now a grown-up would carry away the secret to some mystery. The cookie jar became an established factor, and we learned that geographical location really has no effect upon the instinctive love of growing boys and girls for that important adjunct to the household.

Outside things were taking shape as marvelously as in the kitchen. A drain was laid so that the waste water necessarily thrown out would run off underground instead of standing on the surface breeding flies and filth and revolting odors. The mud-hole within the broken fence dignified by the name yard, was filled in, paths laid out, flower gardens lined off until it was hard to recognize the enclosure as the same to which we came that memorable first day. Down from the mountain came young trees to make edges for the paths and garden plots, while into the paths went all the ashes usually thrown—well, just any-



where. The paling fence was replaced by a wire one most of the way and repaired the rest of the way. Little trees and wild flowers from the mountains came to grow in the yard, and then the neighbors brought their contributions of plants and vines to beautify the premises. It was very wonderful the interest everyone seemed to have.

Within the little house order had begun to reign, the simple household effects learning to accept their place and use in the adjustment of affairs. Daily prayers and Bible readings on week days and the same on Sundays, with often a short talk as well, were a part of the life. It was not long before passing friends stopped, and as we learned of their joys and sorrows they learned that we stood ready to either rejoice with them, or to help them bear their sorrows as best we could. Out of these quiet talks grew a clinic patronage as to numbers that many an aspiring young physician might envy, while more than one patient was cared for by our visits to the houses about. Then, too, business openings were made for the disposing of the articles of the various handicrafts of the women. Through it all our mountain lad stood shoulder to shoulder with us, learning much, yes, but too, teaching us valuable lessons we could not have learned without his aid.

When the spring flowers came on the mountain the little whitewashed shack was a veritable bower, and it was the boy of the hill country who had reached the place where he wanted to share the beauty of it all so that we sent box after box of mountain flowers to bear their message of Easter love to friends many, and still many more miles away. The vegetable garden meant riches for our table, and the care of it brought much genuine joy. The preceding months had given life such a new aspect in its relative values that when our popcorn proved better and larger than any for miles about, I experienced a thrill quite equal to any I had ever experienced before, regardless of the cause.

Was it really a home we made back there? On my desk

is a letter from that mountain lad now away at school studying agriculture, fitting himself to return to his own country and play his part in bettering conditions there. He refers to "the little home," and he does not mean where his parents live. I read on and find some of the plans he is making for "my own *home* some day," and one can not but see where the inspiration has come from. Every little while word comes from others, too, who made up that little family for a longer or shorter time, and always the word they use is *home*.

How hearts yearn for homes everywhere, that center from which radiates all the great issues of life, and this is desperately true of the mountain people with all their pent-up energies and unrealized capabilities, altho all too often they do not know this crying need for themselves, and it has to be shown them. Oh! the eagerness with which they respond, these people who are waiting for their chance.

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### Report of Auditing Committee.

March 20, 1918.

Your committee has examined the accounts of the Association, the receipts, the disbursements and the warrants for the same, the bank deposit slips, the bank book and the statement by the treasurer in regard to the reserve fund and finds them correct. The credit balance as reported by the financial secretary agrees with the balance in the bank book.

Your committee calls attention to the excellent manner in which the accounts have been kept by the financial secretary and desires to express its commendation of the order, thoroughness and accuracy of the accounts. .

Respectfully submitted,

BY THE COMMITTEE,  
JAMES H. TAYLOR,  
HERBERT E. DAY,  
DAVID WHITE.

## 12th Annual Report of the President.

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association in Annual Meeting Assembled.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

In compliance with our By-laws, I have the honor to submit this, the President's 12th Annual Report, showing the Association's present condition and how its affairs have been administered during the year just ending.

Whilst we have been blessed along many lines, the sad Reaper has been in our midst and taken from us our great leader, through whose wise and sympathetic guidance, our Association has steadily grown from a weak and struggling organization into a strong and helpful institution. During the twelve years of the Association's existence, this is the first annual report to be submitted by another than our beloved President, Judge Shepard, and I feel sure that his faithful spirit will be with us upon this occasion.

Although there have been extraordinary demands made upon our people during the past year, for time, sympathy and means, the reports of our Financial Secretary and Treasurer, herewith submitted, show that substantial progress has been made in the work of the Association. These reports disclose that during the past year, our total receipts have been \$17,115.84, or \$2,356.42 more than last year, and the largest in the history of the Association. Of these amounts the New York Auxiliary remitted \$6,007; the Philadelphia Auxiliary remitted \$2,047; and the California Auxiliary, \$124; making a total from the Auxiliaries of \$8,178. From this, the great part which our Auxiliaries are taking in the work readily appears.

Our total balance on hand March 1, 1917, was \$15,106.98, which added to the receipts for the fiscal year, amounting to \$17,115.84, gives a total in the Treasury for the fiscal year of \$32,222.82, from which the following disbursements have been made: Educational Fund, \$11,725.50; Administrative Fund, \$2,622.96; Dodge Fund, \$2,866.92; making the total disbursements amount to \$17,215.38.



You may be interested in knowing that the total receipts of the Association since its organization amount to \$121,-507.60. In addition to the educational work of an intangible nature, the results of which have been most gratifying and which can not be definitely measured or described, the Association has constructed the following buildings: A school-house at Brewton, Ala., which holds 300 pupils; one at St. Albans, near Morganton, N. C., which holds 60 pupils and which is used as a chapel on Sundays; and one at High Shoals, N. C., which accommodates 40 pupils and has living rooms for two deaconesses, who teach and do settlement work among the mill employees. The Association also gave the loom house for the weavers at Arden, N. C., and built the chicken house and the canning house for the Berry School of Georgia, in addition to giving that school a team of mules; and it is now erecting a school-house at Pine Mountain, Ky., which when completed will accommodate 300 pupils.

During the year our Field Secretary, Miss Cora D. Neal, has spent the principal part of her time in an effort to acquaint the public with the Association, its objects, the good it is doing and the great need of the cause for financial assistance. To this end she presented the matter through private interviews and in public addresses in localities where it was thought the people would be interested. The results have been as good as could have been expected in the circumstances, and we expect to hear further in a substantial way as a result of her work, but owing to the great interests of our people in winning the war, and the many demands which have been made upon them, Miss Neal was not as successful in getting immediate cash returns as she had hoped for, and accordingly tendered her resignation, which the Trustees requested her to withdraw, but she declined to do so, and the resignation was, with regret, accepted on February 1, 1918. She continues to manifest a deep interest in the work of the Association, and promises to render to it such assistance as she can. At the meeting

of the Board held on February 25, 1918, she was elected to fill out the unexpired term of one of the Trustees.

I refer with much pleasure to the success of the new system of Field Welfare Service, described in last year's report of our President. During the year we have had two of these Field Welfare Workers, Miss Anna Van Meter in Knott County, Kentucky, and Miss Mary H. Large at Blowing Rock, North Carolina. These workers have demonstrated that this is a very superior method of reaching the people who are most in need of our assistance, and through which most gratifying results may be attained. In my opinion twenty-five such workers as Miss Van Meter and Miss Large in the Southern Highlands would in a decade produce such a marvelous change in the conditions as to be almost unbelievable at the present time. The reports which we have from these Welfare Workers suggest as great possibilities through the teaching of home industries and improvements and social betterments as have blessed our country through the Moonlight School work, started by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart in the little country schools in the Highland County of Rowan, Kentucky.

To make the homes brighter and more comfortable, unusually harsh living conditions more tolerable and to safeguard the health, physically, mentally and morally of this great section of deserving humanity, is a work so great and noble as to inspire our best efforts.

In order that the best results may be attained, I desire to call especial attention to the importance of contributing only to those schools which have been approved as coming up to the established standard of requirements. Through our Field Secretary and other instrumentalities the Association has obtained much valuable information regarding these schools in the Highlands, which will be cheerfully furnished to the Auxiliaries and friends of the Association upon application.

The list of the schools which have been aided during the past year, with the amount contributed to each, appears in

the Secretary's report, which is submitted herewith. From the Treasurer's report, herewith submitted, it appears that a total of \$10,060.50 has been distributed to the schools during the past year, as compared to \$6,147.42 in the previous year.

We are indebted to Mrs. Mary H. White for the continuance of her very able and efficient editorial management of the *Quarterly*, through which our members and friends are informed as to what the parent Association is doing.

The Auditing Committee has examined and approved the accounts of the Financial Secretary and Treasurer. These accounts and all the affairs of the Association are subject to further examination and audit by the Electors and full opportunity will be afforded them to do so should they deem it advisable.

On account of the great demand for office space we were compelled during the winter to give up our office in the Southern Building. Through the services of Mrs. Augusta S. Stone, who has charge of the exchange, the present quarters, located at 1228 Connecticut Avenue, were secured. We consider this a very fortunate move, as our present quarters are more commodious and we have much better opportunities to display our wares than existed at the former place.

This naturally leads to a reference to the splendid results from the exchange under the very wise and efficient management of Mrs. Stone. This has proven to be one of the most helpful branches of the Association's activities. All articles of highland handicraft, which pass through our exchange, are sold at the price fixed by the producers themselves, and the respective amounts remitted to the highland workers. Our profit comes, not from the producer, but from the increased price for which we sell the articles over that fixed by the producer. In this way two blades of grass are made to grow where none grew before. Yes, even more than this has been accomplished: fast dying industries have been revived; the comforts of many highland



homes have been improved; idleness has been transformed into activity, and hope inspired in the hearts of the women and children of this isolated section.

The sales from the exchange for the present year reach the remarkable total of \$12,465.26. As indicating the growth of the work, the records show that for the year ending March, 1916, we remitted to the producers \$2,886 only; for 1917, \$4,745.39, and for 1918, the fine total of \$8,363.15, or an annual increase of over one hundred per cent.

Our profits from the exchange for the present year amount to \$4,102.11. The financial statement shows that for the year the total administrative or running expenses of the Association, including rent, salaries, printing, etc., amounted to \$2,622.96, or \$1,479.15 less than the profits from the exchange. Thus it is seen that for every dollar which is contributed through the Association for educational and welfare work, a full one hundred per cent goes to the object for which it was donated, a standard which I doubt, in the circumstances, has been reached by any other philanthropic organization in the entire country.

There are five vacancies on the Board of Trustees, and it is the duty of the Electors to fill these vacancies at this meeting.

We desire to express to our Auxiliary societies in New York, Philadelphia and California, and to the Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, our deep appreciation for their friendly cooperation and material assistance.

Respectfully submitted,

C. C. CALHOUN,  
*Vice-President.*

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1918

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## The Menace of Illiteracy.

Secretary of the Interior Lane, as the result of an investigation of the alarming number of illiterate men of draft age, has transmitted a letter to the President and the chairmen of the Senate and House Committees on Education in which he presents some facts that demand serious consideration.

He finds that according to the last census there are 5,516,163 persons over ten years of age who can not read or write and that the war records show that there are nearly 700,000 men of draft age in the United States who can not read or write in English or any other language. Of the total number of illiterates 1,500,000 are native born whites.

Just what this condition means in war time when the country has need of all her able-bodied man power is shown in the following extract from the Secretary's letter:

"An uninformed democracy is not a democracy. A people who can not have means of access to the mediums of public opinion and to the messages of the President and the acts of Congress can hardly be expected to understand the full meaning of this war, to which they all must contribute, in life or property or labor.

"It would seem to be almost axiomatic that an illiterate man can not make a good soldier in modern warfare. Until last April the regular army would not enlist illiterates, yet

in the first draft between 30,000 and 40,000 illiterates were brought into the army, and approximately as many near-illiterates.

“They can not sign their names.

“They can not read their orders posted daily on bulletin boards in camp.

“They can not read their manual of arms.

“They can not read their letters or write home.

“They can not understand the signals or follow the signal corps in time of battle.

“There are 700,000 men who can not read or write who may be drafted within our army within the next year or two. Training camps for soldiers are not equipped for school work, and the burden of teaching men to read the simplest English should not be cast upon the officers or others in the camps. We should give some education to all our men before they enter the army.”

Of the 15 states which contained the highest percentages of illiteracy according to the last census, 8 were in the southern Appalachian region, there being out of every thousand persons, 83 in West Virginia who could not read or write, 121 in Kentucky, 130 in Tennessee, 152 in Virginia, 185 in North Carolina, 207 in Georgia, 225 in Alabama, and 257 in South Carolina. The figures of the next census will show a striking decrease in the number of illiterates in those mountain counties where the moonlight and settlement schools are reaching those who have never before had opportunity for even the most limited education.

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### Mountain Schools and the War.

That the mountain schools are contributing nobly to the demand for intelligent men in the country's service is shown by the following statements from some of the schools aided by this Association:

“More than six hundred of our former pupils were registered for service on June 1st. Very many of these are now serving in the Army or Navy, either as volunteers or drafted



men. Our mechanics are able to give much needed and trained work, and not a few of our men proved themselves eligible for officers' reserve training. The letters that come from home and from France are written with a high courage, and are full of love for Christ School. Had they never been with us here, they would have had no one to train them. Surely it has been a glorious privilege. Those who so generously made it possible for us to do this work must rejoice with us. There is more to be done, more need for loyal and efficient men and women. The future will bring urgent need of them; our opportunity was never so great. We have two hundred boys and girls in Christ School, Arden, N. C."

"From this section are going out every few days, large numbers of strong mountain men to help make the world 'safe for democracy.' On the walls of the Presbyterian Church at Banner Elk, are the names of 14 young men who have gone from this valley. Twice every week the women meet in the Red Cross rooms and work until the setting of the sun on garments and bandages for soldiers."—Banner Elk, N. C.

"Never for one instant, have the men of the Kentucky mountains forgotten their country. Five times have they poured forth as one man in her defense. First, in the War of 1812,—the Battle of New Orleans still lives here in tradition, and that of Lake Erie is commemorated even now in the names of girls, and the calling of a county adjoining us after the brave Perry; next, in the Mexican War, where they did gallant fighting under Gen. Taylor; then in the Civil War, where the southern mountains furnished to the Union 180,000 expert riflemen and sharpshooters; later in the Spanish War, where our mountain boys fairly swarmed forth to enlist; and now in the Great War, when it may safely be said that no draft was necessary anywhere in the mountains. As a matter of fact, no draft was made in several Kentucky Mountain Counties, the required quota having been more than filled before a draft was proposed. In the county next to us, 'Bloody Breathitt,' the quota

was largely exceeded. From our own school nearly fifty have gone,—many volunteering, beneath the draft age. Five of these left us in one day. Our service flag already has forty-seven stars.

When this war is over there will be a crying need for men and women who can do things,—who can work in the best ways,—who can take hold and reconstruct the demoralized industrial and social life of America. Our boys and girls will be ready for this huge task.”—Hindman School, Ky.

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### Annual Report of the New York Auxiliary for the Year 1917-1918.

*To the Officers and Electors of the Southern Industrial  
Educational Association:*

The American people are in this war to *win*. The winning no longer means to us only chivalry, or the protection of our honor; we now see that it also means the protection of our happiness and of our lives.

The figures in which our endeavor will be expressed will be vast, expressing our expenditures of personal labor, of our national accumulations, of the lives of our soldiers and of uncared-for children.

In such circumstances the managers of many worthy public-spirited movements have felt and will feel that they have no right to ask for public support until the great question of the war is determined, but the position of our organization in relation to the war is diametrically different—our duty is intensified—our field is enlarged—the need for our aid is more urgent, for in effect we are a War Relief Unit.

The men of our Appalachian region are now in our armies. Their wives and children, left behind in their remote and isolated homes, out of touch with the big world, are more than ever dependent upon us and similar societies, and never before in memory or in history have we found any lesson to teach us the crying need of the preservation

and development of the children so well as the tragic lesson we are learning from the wilful, wholesale destruction of life—especially child life—now taking place in the European heart of civilization.

Moreover, the Appalachian Americans are more like the original people of the time of our Revolution than any other group and have more of the old habits of thought, and now, when all of the old human feelings, ideals, systems, customs and cravings are seething in violent efforts to reach new adjustments, it is well to foster elements that are by nature and inheritance inclined to conservatism.

Under these existing conditions we feel grateful that our work this year has equalled that of previous years, due to the unfaltering devotion and interest of all our members.

The Annual Mardi Gras Ball yielded \$1,242, and the Crafts Committee turned in a handsome sum from sales of mountaineers' work.

We contributed \$1,800 to our work and our member, Miss Burkham, made a generous gift to the Pine Mountain School.

We received and applied \$50, donated by the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter U. D. C., and \$50 donated by the Southland Club, both for scholarships.

In this review we mention with sorrow the death of Judge Shepard, who was the President of the National Society for many years. Appropriate action was taken and a resolution expressing our regrets and our sympathy was sent to his family at the time.

This war has supplied us with a test of the success of our work and of the worth of the people whose aspirations we endeavor to foster, and we note with pride that the proportion of men of draft age in these mountain districts who volunteered before the draft was unusually large and that many of those boys who received their education in our cabin schools received commissions and responsible professional appointments in various branches of military service because they were found capable in character and in education.



We who give, and our mountain friends, the boys and girls who receive and use the educational opportunity, are partners in the united work of developing fine men and women. They, it seems, are doing their part nobly.

Can not we also feel deeply thankful that we who worked so quietly during the many uneventful years, not foreseeing this tragic world condition, by simply doing our daily duty have really been preparing those people to meet this supreme trial more fittingly.

Can the value of persistence in the performance of one's small daily duties be more emphatically illustrated?

Respectfully submitted,

MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN,  
*President.*

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### Report of the Philadelphia Auxiliary for the Year 1917-1918.

*To the Trustees and Electors of the Southern Industrial  
Educational Association:*

It is with mingled feeling of deep gratitude and buoyant pride I present to you this report of the Philadelphia Auxiliary.

With the necessities and exigencies of war everywhere visibly impressed upon us—with our Patriotism stirred to its depths, and our love for the known and unknown defenders of our Christian Democracy vibrating and thrilling our very beings, in a desire to offer some visible proof of its pent-up force—and all combining to make us eager to sacrifice as nothing ever had done before, we felt there was little hope for the usual support from the public in our mountain work. Patriotic as we felt it to be, economic as we knew it to be, we feared others would not be so impressed. But as our country has taken thought of its liabilities in this struggle, there have also been discovered hitherto unknown assets, among the richest of which are the strong, untainted white men and women of Appalachia. Current literature has brought them forward in the past

two or three years, as never before, and knowledge of their development in school and vocation has proven the quality of the mountaineer to such an extent that locally our work has been blessed with a success beyond our most sanguine expectations. Through a desire to be recognized as an organization in local and national patriotic service, a committee for this was formed and our efforts as such concentrated upon two fields of work. A company of Mountain Men at Camp Lee, Virginia, was adopted, upon correspondence with the captain their needs learned—and this committee working with the Philanthropic Committee, sent school-room globe, 50 histories, 50 geographies and other boxes of books, knitted goods of various kinds, and at Christmas a box of 325 personally addressed bags with Christmas note or card in each, with the sender's card usually enclosed. Personal letters exchanged have brought cheer and inspiration to us—I hope no less to them—as the reading of ours has been an interesting feature of the monthly meetings. The local effort was the presenting of the velvet stage curtain to the Chaplains' New Auditorium of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, which is a permanent proof of the Auxiliary's effort to do a bit for the boys of the Navy in appreciation of the great sacrifice they make for us.

The spring and early fall meetings of 1917 were devoted to perfecting plans for the bazaar and dance which were held in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, November 3rd, with gratifying success financially and socially, the dance affording an opportunity to entertain 50 of the boys from transports and ships at the Navy Yard. Miss Neal's lectures were an informing and interesting feature of both the afternoon and the evening program. Later in the year we had the honor and privilege extended us to represent "America" at an Allied Bazaar to be held. We accepted gratefully, and proudly displayed the American mountain handicrafts, with financial profit and much new interest awakened in the work.

The Committee on Education has been able to send several boxes of books to schools, one very valuable collection

of new books being sent to Banner Elk, and others to camps and navy yards.

The reports financially are most satisfactory to us and I hope may meet with your approval. Beside the usual expenses of the Auxiliary, there has been sent in to the schools during the year:

Through Washington .....	\$1,097.00
For seeds .....	100.00
For arts and crafts sold.....	1,954.00
For philanthropic and patriotic work..	750.00
For higher education.....	200.00

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Making a total of..... \$4,101.00

With a deep sense of our loss, little less than yours in the death of our valued President, Judge Shepard, we hope the mantle of his wisdom and interest in our work may fall upon shoulders worthy of its folds.

Thanking you for your attention, I am,

Cordially,

ELIZABETH OWEN LEWIS,

*President of the Philadelphia Auxiliary.*

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### **The Potentiality of the Mountains.**

Perhaps the most notable contribution of the mountains to the war is the case of Dr. Carroll Bull, the discoverer of the much talked of cure for gas-gangrene. Dr. Bull, now a young man of thirty-three, was a poor Tennessee mountain boy, who at seventeen began his education in a little mission school, won a competitive scholarship in Vanderbilt University, where, supporting himself, he took the full academic and medical course, and later was given a position in the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, there discovering this remedy for gas-gangrene,—that terrible scourge which has been killing half the wounded on the firing line in France. Millions will bless his name; yet he himself says, "If I had not had help in the beginning, I could never have gotten out of the Tennessee mountains

or accomplished anything at all." He also says, "Nowhere is it possible to invest money with so large a result in character as in the Southern Mountains."

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### Minutes of the Twelfth Annual Meeting, March 20, 1918.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association was held at the rooms of the Association, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, at three o'clock March 20, 1918, with an attendance of nineteen officers and electors of the Association. Those present were: Messrs. Calhoun, Day, Evans, Robinson, Taylor; Mesdames Butler, Spencer, Wainwright, White, Miss Strong, Miss Wilson, Trustees, and Mrs. McCoy, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Stone, Miss Wheeler, Miss Lindsly and Mr. White, electors. The Philadelphia Auxiliary was represented by its President, Mrs. Louis Lewis, and Mrs. Le Baron Reifsneider.

The first Vice-President, Mr. C. C. Calhoun, called the meeting to order at 3.15, and the minutes of the Eleventh Annual Meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer, Mr. Joshua Evans, presented his report of the year's finances, a copy of which appears on page 23 of this *QUARTERLY*.

The financial statement of the Exchange showed that the year's receipts from sales amounted to \$12,465.26, and that over one hundred mountain families had found a market for the distinctive products of their handicrafts through this Exchange.

The chairman of the Auditing Committee, consisting of Dr. Taylor, Mr. Day and Mr. White, reported that the accounts of the Association had been carefully examined and found to be correct in every respect. Dr. Taylor explained that while a vast amount of detail appeared upon the books of the Association, yet the task of auditing the year's accounts was not difficult because of the very clear and systematic methods of the Financial Secretary, Mrs. A. S. Stone.



Upon motion, the reports of the Treasurer and the Auditing Committee were approved and ordered to record.

The Annual Report was given by Mr. C. C. Calhoun, the acting President, in which he not only reviewed the work accomplished in the year just closed, but also gave a summary of the results of the work of the twelve years during which the Association has been in existence.

This report was accepted and ordered to record.

The next order of business was the reading of the reports from the Auxiliaries. The Secretary read a letter from Mrs. Mary Mildred Sullivan, President of the New York Auxiliary, in which she explained that owing to unforeseen complications, the Annual Report to the parent Association was delayed, but in its place she sent the yearly report which she had prepared for the New York Auxiliary.

The report was read and accepted and regret expressed that neither Mrs. Sullivan nor any of the officers could be present.

Mrs. Louis Lewis presented the report from the Philadelphia Auxiliary, in which she told of the very patriotic spirit of her co-workers and the splendid educational work done for a company of mountain men at Camp Lee, Virginia.

No report was received from the California Auxiliary.

Mr. Calhoun then announced that the next order of business was the election of five new trustees to take the places of Miss Wilson, Mr. Day, Mrs. Wainwright, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Claxton, whose terms of office expired at this date. A committee consisting of Dr. Taylor, Miss Strong and Mrs. Stone was appointed to ascertain if a sufficient number of electors was present to transact business. The report of the committee showed that there were thirty-one present or represented by proxies, twenty-five constituting a quorum.

Mrs. Lewis moved the re-election of the trustees whose terms had expired, and the motion, seconded by Mr. Evans, was unanimously carried. Upon motion of Miss Strong the recording secretary was instructed to cast the ballot.

The formal business of the meeting being completed, general discussion upon the work of the Association and future possibilities followed.

Mrs. Wainwright spoke of the community center as a great factor in the betterment of home conditions in the mountains and suggested that the efforts of the Association be directed towards the establishment of one in a suitable locality. The question of a model school was discussed and the results cited of such schools in Denmark. After discussion upon the matter, Dr. Taylor offered the resolution, "that it is the sense of this meeting that the trustees be instructed to enter upon the consideration of establishing a model school." This motion was seconded by Mr. Evans.

Mrs. Lewis said that it was the opinion of the Philadelphia Auxiliary that at present there was greater need for the extension worker and the community center rather than the model school, and that a training school for mountain teachers would have more far-reaching results than a model school. Dr. Taylor explained that his motion was not made for the purpose of tying up the trustees to any special undertaking but for a general study of the problem so that after investigation a conclusion could be reached. Mr. Evans said that he believed strongly in extension workers but felt some apprehension as to the wisdom of establishing a model school at present, and wished to go on record as being in favor of Mrs. Lewis' point of view—that it was better to put money into schools already at work on the ground, using them as bases for extension work. Mr. Day said that he wished to be recorded as agreeing with Mr. Evans' point of view. Dr. Taylor's motion was carried unanimously.

At 4:55 p.m., the meeting adjourned and all present were invited to remain for social intercourse around the very inviting tea-table that had been spread.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY H. WHITE,  
*Recording Secretary.*

### Financial Statement.

*To the President and Board of Trustees of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:*

SIRS: In accordance with the By-laws of the Association, I have the honor to submit the following report of its financial operations for the year from March 1, 1917, to February 25, 1918, inclusive:

#### ACTIVE FUNDS.

Balance on hand, February 29, 1917.....	\$15,106.98
Since the last annual meeting the receipts of the Association from all sources, as per stubs and duplicate slips, up to and including February 25, 1918, amount to.....	17,115.84

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Total amount in Treasury for year...	\$32,222.82
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The expenditures as disbursed through warrants properly executed in accordance with the By-laws, and presented to the Treasurer for payment, amount to.....	17,215.38
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Leaving this day a balance of.....	\$15,007.44
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Represented by funds on deposit with the Riggs National Bank as follows:

Checking account .....	\$7,507.44
In time certificate of deposit.....	7,500.00
Total receipts of the Association since its organization amount to.....	\$121,507.60
Total disbursements amount to.....	106,500.16

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Balance.....	\$15,007.44
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Reserve Fund in American Security & Trust Company, represented by certificate of deposit .....	6,942.64
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Total balance .....	\$21,950.08
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Respectfully submitted,

JOSHUA EVANS, JR., *Treasurer.*

## SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

**Southern Industrial Educational Association**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Enclosed please find.....Dollars**for (purpose) .....**Name .....**Address .....**Date.....*

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer,  
and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,

1228 Connecticut Ave.,

Washington, D. C.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the  
better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the  
smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a  
day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent  
to all subscribers.



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FEB 11 1919

**Quarterly Magazine**  
OF THE  
**Southern Industrial Educational  
Association**

SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1918  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. X.

NOS. 3 AND 4.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: 1228 Con-  
necticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## THE LOST SHEEP.

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### How a Quilt Pattern Received Its Name.

Sobbing out her heart in a tired droning rhythm, a little child is huddled up by the big stone fire place. It is very cold and the broken window pane is poor protection against the cutting wind. Now and then someone comes in and the wind bursts boisterously through the door into the tiny house swirling everything about and fanning the flames in the fire place, while the newcomer makes his way to the fire, stamping his feet and rubbing his hands.

Outside the trees are hung with icicles, each little twig encased in glittering crystal. The tall weeds are bearing aloft diamond pendants, the mullen stalk itself a straight shaft of shimmering light. Up the steep fields and on the overhanging cliffs everything is borne down under the weight of its sparkling beauty, while frozen waterfalls cling to the side of the cliffs, lending a touch of yellow to the otherwise radiant whiteness of the brilliancy all around—yellow from the clay that has washed into the trickling water, now clinging frozen to the rocks. A wonderful fairyland of a world it seems, yet it means so much of destruction. The child huddled by the fire can not see its beauty for destruction has come too near to her heart, and she sobs on.

The sleet swept over the mountain side and caught the dumb creatures wherever they were. Most of them found shelter or crowded together to protect one another from the biting gale. The rushing wind, with its needles of ice, found a little handful of sheep, frightening them so that they could not reach the brush shelter waiting for them just down in a hollow. With backs to the oncoming gale they stood shivering, their thick wool scanty protection against the fierce onslaught of the cutting storm that froze on them even as it reached them. Further up on the mountain one of the flock, the child's pet, had wandered off alone and in the blinding

storm could neither find its companions nor the rude sheltering brush. In the early morning when the mountaineer had gone forth to see what damage had been done by the storm, he found this lost sheep frozen stiff in death lying off alone and brought it down to the cabin. There is no beauty in the outside world to this lonely child of the hill country, for she sees only her frozen playmate and grieves its loss, refusing to be comforted.

On the other side of the big roaring fire the mother has finished a quilt top. The pieces are all together six diamonds, three of each color, with their points coming together in the centers of the big triangles that make up the quilt, and at each corner of the triangles the piece that would complete the six of the same color in the center. Long tedious hours have flown by with the joy she has had in piecing the quilt, until now it is ready to go into the frames hanging from the low ceiling and be quilted for use. The back, the filling, the top are all fastened to the bars with the child's help who, in her new interest has grown more quiet, altho now and then a sob shakes her little body.

As she stands looking at the quilt she bursts into weeping afresh and pointing to the little colored bit of cloth that seems to have wandered away from the central figure in each triangular piece she sobs forth "Maw, thet thar is my little sheep what wandered off by hitself; make a bresh right handy so hit won't freeze." The child's imagery finds a response in the woman's heart, and deftly she quilts in the plain part a figure like the six diamonds with their points coming together in the center—a "bresh right handy" for the little lost sheep to find. The quaint piecing has found its name, suggested by the quilting the child begged for.

When the next neighbor comes in to "set a spell" while she is telling of the damage the sleet storm did to her own treasured few belongings, she will "take off" the pattern of "The Lost Sheep" quilt.

ADA G. CROFT,  
*Hope Cottage, Williamsburg, Ky.*



## The Mountaineers' Appreciation of the Settlement School.

Dear Friend:

"My wife is sickly," the letter ran, "in bed most of the time. If ever a woman needed her gals she does. But I am aimin to take keer of her and the young uns and do the housework. I am doin the cannin besides the washin. I want my gals taught up manners and clean and right liven along with their books. Hit's good housekeepin we need in these mountains. So here are my gals."

This is the old story of the mountains, sacrifice at home to give the children a chance. But now, since the war, has come another appeal, from the alarmed fathers who work in newly opened coal mines, and see no way to bring their children up to the old-time thrift and "manners" and righteousness. "A log house was an honorable dwelling," said an old neighbor the other day. Industry, dignity, good manners, individuality grew within its walls. But it's a problem to daunt the bravest: how to bring up children in worthy ways in a coal-mining camp.

A thrifty mountain mother, just returned from a visit to a mining camp, said "Why, thar the women don't have no gyardens and no smoke-houses; they don't raise no food, but they buy everything out of the store in pokes. And havin' nothing to do, they set around and mourn they can't get anybody to cook for them. And they wear silk dresses all the time, while their men go ragged and dirty."

As for the children, not a week goes by that some father's acute anxiety for them doesn't bring him to us, begging for a place.

The father of two of our boys came to see them the other day. "Mining towns," said he, "haint no place for children. The town just built up to where I was born, and the children was good until then. But their maw was dead, and I had to work all day, and I could take no control of them. They was just on the edge of getting bad; they were, to

say, already bad, when I grabbed them up and brought them to stay at your school. I do believe if I can keep them here, they'll be good citizens. Hit's a sight in this world to watch your boys and girls, they's so sprightly and healthy. I wish all the children in these mountains could be at a school like this. But they're going to waste!"

"Going to waste!" Children at the head of lonely hollows and in crowded mining camps—we must not fail to meet the opportunities. We are now nurturing ninety-five children to good citizenship, and we must have \$15.00 a month more to take care of each one.

The prophet who had the vision of the desert blossoming as the rose, has a word for all you friends who are overwhelmed by the manifold needs of this world in travail: "Blessed are you that sow beside all waters!"

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### Miss Van Meter's Report of Her Summer's Work.

These are the canning months and consequently very busy months for me. Never will I hear or see the word "canning" but I'll think of children and flies and smell the odor of wood smoke.

The work this summer has been a little different from that of past summers. I have spent more time out in the mountains working with my clubs, thus saving time and accomplishing more work. I would go from neighborhood to neighborhood spending the night sometimes in a one-room log cabin and sometimes in a more comfortable home, and I assure you some days and nights seemed pretty long and hot.

Only fifty cans could be carried on my horse at one time. So in order to have cans enough to use, each girl the day previous to my arrival, was sent to Hindman for her own cans. Often they would ride my black nag, Betty, and would

feel so fine dressed in my habit which they must needs use to ride the cross saddle. They loved to tell on their return how the folks along the creeks thought they were "Miss Van." In some neighborhoods the club work was quite an event, three and four families collecting at one house so they might work together. These were rather strenuous days, getting up at daylight and in order to finish a necessary amount of work we would be busy until eight and nine o'clock in the evening.

Two days of the past months I shall never forget so deeply are they impressed upon my heart and mind. There is a family, father, mother and eleven children, living away up in the head of a hollow about ten miles from Hindman. It was through my sewing club that I found and knew them, the two oldest girls being members, a most unusual and interesting family, the children all so fine looking and the older ones very bright and capable. Last spring three of the girls became members of the garden and canning clubs. Their hillside plats were planted and doing nicely, and they were to send me word as soon as their vegetables were bearing enough for canning. Four or five weeks passed and I saw or heard nothing of them. Finally word came from their club, that the tomatoes were ready for canning. It was two or three days before I could get around to this particular family, and as I rode up the creek where they lived I stopped to say good morning to one of their near neighbors, who asked me where I was going. When I told her she said, "Why them folks have all been sick, they got some kind of a catching cough, and you better not go nigh them." I told her I was not afraid, so would go on up and see what I could go. I shall not try to describe the conditions I found, so deplorable were they. The father had been "off at the works" and had not been heard from for two months or more. Every member of the family, with the exception of one little girl, had been very sick with something that seemed to be a combination of the whooping cough

and pneumonia, and at one time all were in bed with no neighbors who would come near them, and only a little girl and boy who did for them as best they could. When quite sick the mother and daughters had worked in the field trying to "put by the crop." I was with them two days doing what I could to make them clean and more comfortable and improving living conditions about the house. Their gratitude, for the little I did, was beautiful to see. I left the oldest and most attractive girl, in a distressing condition. I fear she has consumption. She promised me to sleep out of doors and eat as many eggs and drink as much milk as she could, and to do what she could to not spread the "breast sickness."

I have personally supervised the canning of more than nine hundred quarts of apples, tomatoes, corn, beans, and sweet potatoes inclusive, and have traveled two hundred and eighty-three miles, mostly on horseback.

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### **The Annual Exhibit and Sale of Mountain Handicraft Wares.**

We wish all our good friends who helped make the Annual Sale such a success could have shared with us the pleasure of reading the letters of gratitude and appreciation which came from the makers of the mountain wares. Visitors were much impressed with the marked improvement in the work and the great number of new and interesting articles displayed. The hand-made toys from the Toy Shop, Tryon, N. C., which industry has developed so wonderfully under the skillful management of Mrs. Vance and Miss Yale, were in great demand, the stock being wholly inadequate to supply all the would-be purchasers.

The spreads, as usual, were much admired and sold rapidly. The mountain baskets, always so attractive, were made even more so by the flowers which filled them. These were sent by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson as her greeting and with best



wishes for our success. The sale lasted a week and after realizing the very satisfactory financial results for the mountain basket makers and weavers we felt repaid, for it far exceeded all previous efforts.

The function played by this Association in giving instruction in the arts of mountain handicraft, which is a part of its work, is proving beneficial to the Association as well as to the Mountain people who are taught, encouraged and assisted. Not only are the Mountain people helped to produce a greater variety of products of much superior grades and values, but the Association in marketing the wares derives a small margin of profit, all of which is turned back into the work of the Association.

We take great satisfaction in reporting to our contributors and supporters that every dollar of their money goes directly for scholarships and salaries of mountain workers, all the operating expenses of the Association, including office rent, lighting, printing, stationery, postage, etc., as well as the salaries of two members of the office staff, being paid from the small margin of profit derived from the sales of the articles of mountain handicraft.

---

### The Resignation of Miss Van Meter.

A severe loss to the extension work of this Association results from the resignation of Miss Anna Van Meter, whose letter describing her labors of the summer in the mountains is printed in this Quarterly. Miss Van Meter's arduous and trying duties were multiplied by the outbreak of influenza, in a way that can hardly be understood by one not familiar with the living conditions of the region. The performance for three years of her invaluable work has won for her the hearty esteem and admiration of the Trustees and friends of the Association, as well as of the people in the mountains.

Miss Van Meter is now recuperating at her home in Lexington, Kentucky.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress, July 16, 1894, pending.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER and DECEMBER, 1918

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## Some Practical Demonstrations of the Work of the Association.

The letters published in this number of the Quarterly carry their own message and would seem to amply justify the policy of this Association, which is to provide scholarships for needy but deserving children, to assist with the salaries of nurses and industrial teachers, and to send extension workers into the cabin homes to teach the mountain people how they may better their methods of living under the conditions that surround them. It co-operates in the main with the settlement type of school where theory and practice go together and where the children learn by doing.

What child in the eighth grade of our city schools could have done what Flora did (as told in her letter which follows) or how could relief have been brought to many of the mountain homes during the terrible epidemic of the influenza without the aid of a nurse or the heroic accomplishments of a Miss Van Meter.

While the Association has established no schools under its own direction it is co-operating with several of the settlement schools where, besides the regular work of the school room the boys and girls are given such training as will enable them to return to their mountain homes better equipped to raise standards of living, and make the best

of the conditions of their environment, and, as one mountain worker so aptly says, "with a knowledge that shall aid them in combating preventable poverty, disease, crime, vocational and domestic inefficiency, and misspent leisure, giving them those qualities most useful in the battles of life in Appalachian America."

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### What a Mountain Girl Did With Her "Chanst."

The following letter written by a little girl in the eighth grade at the school at Hindman is a powerful setting forth of the far-reaching results of the work accomplished by means of the settlement school. No day school, however well taught or complete in its equipment, could show the mountain children how to care for the home and its members as does the settlement school where the children practice in their daily living the things they are taught.

This is a remarkable account of what one girl who had "had a chanst" did during the influenza. Her family is one of those, happily few, who after futile struggle with inefficiency and poverty, drift into the smaller mining camps in the mountains, where the conditions tend to still further undermine their physical and moral stamina. And yet from such a family came Flora.

Nov. 3, 1918.

"Dear Miss Stone:

I have so much to tell, that I have decided to write a letter, tho, I can hardly find time.

I arrived at the mining camp at 5:30 Saturday. It was almost dark. I walked from Feisty, which was three miles, but I certainly thought it must have been six, I was so tired. As it happened I met a gentleman who helped me over the mountain with my suit case, but when we got in sight of the town, we could hear nothing but the cries of the people, mourning for the dead, so this boy decided he couldn't pos-

sibly come any nearer. However, I did not feel like going back, but I forgot about being so tired and quickened my steps the more. On reaching home I found I must march through the dead bodies of *my own people*. I set my suit case down at the gate and made my way to the next building where I found a nurse, whom I had been asked to see before I entered the house at home. I had stopped at the foot of the mountain and put on my mask, so when I found the nurse, she was perfectly delighted to see me, said she thought I was another nurse, but I don't believe she did, or I don't see how she could have gotten so badly mistaken. When I explained to her that I was only a student from Hindman (and I felt like saying, a very sorry one) and had only come home to help my family through their sickness, she still thought I could be a great help, which I know at present was no mistake. Any way I wanted to hear what she had to say about it. I asked her the best things to do for the sick ones and also myself. She couldn't tell me very much, but told me to pull off my mask, *but mind you I never did it*. If I had forgotten the least thing you and Miss Southworth told me she certainly reminded me of it, for she just told me the opposite thing. I just wanted to tell her she needn't to preach to me, when she told me: 'You needn't do anything to prevent it, for, if you are going to have it you will have it, no matter what you do, but if you are not going to have it, you just won't have it.' But remembering I was among strangers, I just thanked her and went back home for I certainly didn't want to hear any more.

Here's the point. When I came in here I found father walking from one bed to the other by the aid of chairs, carrying water to the children. They did not know that Dora wrote for me and were greatly surprised to see me. They were every one in bed and not a one able to speak above a whisper. My little five-year old brother is very sick, and also my ten-year old brother and twelve-year old sister. Father went to bed as quick as I got here and he is very low.



I'm just worried to death about him, because he stayed up so long. Mother is getting along very well.

They certainly are in a terrible condition, but still they are a little better than I expected to find them, especially mother, tho she is not able to turn over by herself.

They are not able to eat solid food yet. I have been fixing everything I can for them. Today I made chicken gruel, vegetable soup, corn meal gruel and cocoa, but the thing they eat most is buttermilk. The nurse over here tells the patients that fresh, sweet milk is the main thing to not eat, but Miss Southworth told me either kind of milk was all right, and if they want it and can eat it, I'm going to give it to them.

I haven't had my mask off since I came only sometimes I open the windows in the kitchen and pull it off for a while. In fact everybody tells me it will not do the least good on earth, but I tell them, it will not do me the least harm, so I'll just wear it. Don't you worry I'll do just as near what you all told me to as I possibly can, for I am firmly convinced it is the best thing. If I find anything that I don't know which way to go at, I'm going to write immediately to you or Miss Southworth.

My first cousin's wife died an hour before I came Saturday evening, just next door to us, and my girl cousin, eighteen years old just is alive. The doctor says she is too low to give anything and that she will not live until morning. It is now two o'clock. My only big brother is in the hospital at Hazard and his wife and two children are dead. Then, too, my oldest married sister and four children all have it. Her husband is in the hospital at Hazard. There are many other people dying besides mine and I am proud to say a lot have recovered. It is indeed a heart breaking time, but Miss Kuhn taught us in our nursing classes to keep our heads and senses and I am trying with all my power. I'm feeling a little sick tonight, but I think I'm just tired.

Your loving little girl,

FLORA."

## How the School at Hindman, Ky., Met the Influenza.

Appalling conditions attending the recent outbreak of the influenza existed in certain sections of the southern Appalachians, and in some of the more remote and isolated regions practically all the help that was available was that furnished by some of the mountain schools that this Association is helping to support. The following letter shows as no array of statistics and figures ever could what the extension worker is called upon to do as she travels from one cabin to another organizing the girls into gardening and canning clubs in the spring and summer, and sewing clubs when the winter season comes on, visiting with the mothers and instructing them in simple home duties and the care of the sick, and meeting the fathers and boys giving them hints and suggestions as to what they may do to better conditions in and about their mountain homes.

Miss Van Meter herself has written of the work she did during the outbreak of influenza but she modestly withheld some of the details of her work, so that we have chosen to print that of a worker at Hindman who does not hesitate to explain more fully what Miss Van Meter was called upon to do.

"At Hindman we were badly handicapped by the lack of a nurse. Our Red Cross one left us to go to France, and her successor was seized with the 'flu' as she was preparing to come to the Settlement. The school went promptly into quarantine, while the local Board of Health passed some excellent regulations, which were, regrettably, kept with less vigor than they were made. However, there were only 44 cases in town, 27 of which were nursed by three of the Settlement workers. In one home were a man and wife and seven small children (including a baby born while his mother had the 'flu'). Our Kindergartener remained a week, cooking, nursing, washing and giving the baby his preliminary training for the Kindergarten.

Ordinarily the house would have been filled with people, ready with characteristic sympathy and kindly offices; but the fear of the unknown seemed to have driven everything else to the wall.

Miss Van Meter, the extension worker of the Southern Industrial Education Association, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the kindergartner made 48 visits in Knott County, travelling 118 miles and nursing 72 patients.

Miss Van Meter has done wonders the last few weeks. She has a gift for nursing and lately has been doing it under the most awful circumstances. Perhaps she has written you some of her experiences with 'flu.' She took care of one family—about nine miles away—where there were ten members sick. Successive days she rode there in drenching rains so she had to swim her horse twice going and coming and was wet to the knees herself. She had to chop the wood, make the fire, heat the water, give baths all around (a sick father had held all night two delirious children) prepare food, feed them all, clean up the house, milk the cow, do everything but nurse the baby—only nature prevented that—for she is the most kind hearted person in the world and stops at nothing when there is need.

One of her little Canning Club girls brought her perhaps the greatest opportunity for service. She had come to know the family through visits to see one of the little boys who was badly burned last year, so badly that it was necessary to take him to the hospital and cut his arm away from his side, to which it had grown.

In response to the little girl's appeal, Miss Van Meter rode over to see the family, and found them all ill, especially the mother who had been "bad off" with another disease for months. The night she died, Troublesome had one of its sudden tides and the next morning Miss Van Meter had to swim her horse in two places before she could make her way to the house. There she found the mother dead and the little sick girl walking the baby up and down. She greeted

her, dry-eyed, with the wonderful calm of the mountains, only saying for her relief, "Nobody knows how lonesome hit is without mother." Not a soul was near to help Miss Van Meter as she prepared the body for burial, while the mother's brother, whose kin-loyalty had been stronger than his fear, helped the sick husband dig the grave.

Everywhere the gratitude shown has been heartfelt. Heart-rending too, as in the case up the "head of the holler," where the only complaint made by a family, all sick abed, was that they could not "set dinner" for their friend. One boy with a temperature of 103, slipped out of bed and brought in all the apples he could carry for Miss Van Meter to "have her a snack."

---

### The Death of a Mountain Patriarch and Patriot.

Not all of the readers of this Quarterly are aware of the circumstances that led to the establishment five years ago of the school in the remote section of Harlan County, Kentucky, known as Pine Mountain.

An old mountaineer, Mr. William Creech by name, had a vision of better things than he had ever known in his long life, far back in the Kentucky mountains, and for thirty years he dreamed of a school that, as he quaintly said, "should give the young uns knowledge of reading and writing and moralize the country." Learning of what had been done for the people of Knott County through the Settlement School at Hindman, Ky., he begged that a similar school be started in his community, offering to give for such a school 136 acres of his own land. Under the wise guidance of Miss DeLong (now Mrs. Zande) and Miss Pettit the school was begun in 1913, and two years later Uncle William then seventy years old, wrote to the friends of the school the following letter giving in quaint expression his appreciation of what they had accomplished:

"The school has got on hand about forty children from



five years old and up, most of them destitute of any means whereby they could support theirselves and with no chance to get any trainin either for labor or education, all bright children, little boys and girls. Without the assistance of this school I don't see any chance for them to ever make any-  
ing out of theirselves. I visit the school nearly every day and I think the children progressin nicely. They don't look any like they did when they come to this school, barefoot and almost naked. They look now well cared for and wear garments nice and clean, a thing they never knew before. They are doin awful well. We're in hopes we can get money so we can fetch in 150 of just such children as we've been ahandlin. We want to teach them books and agriculture and machinery and all kinds of labor and to learn them to live up as good American citizens. We are tryin to teach them up so they can be a help to the poor and to the generation unborn.

People of other communities are payin us visits and are so pleased with the work here that they want us to start a school over on Cutshin about fifteen miles from here. On account of the vile work and drinkin carried on in that country amongst children, I think if we had a school there like this, it would be a great blessing to the children there. I think this is all the school that you and Miss Pettit and Miss de Long and me can manage, but I would be glad if somebody could go to help them.

I hope our good friends will come forard and help us all they can to make better people out of our wild mountain people that has been raised up here in ignorance and almost regardless of law. Their fore-parents has laid the pattern for them of drinkins, killins, whorins and abomination in the sight of God. (Hit's rough to say, but hit's the truth and I think ought to be said). I see no chance to teach the old but if the children can be taughted up in a better light they can lay an example even for their parents. I don't look after wealth for them. I look after the prosperity of our nation."

In May, 1918, Uncle William died at the hospital in Louisville where he had been taken with the hope that an operation might prolong his life, or at least spare him much pain. Mrs. Ethel DeLong Zande was with him at the end and her account of his death and burial is so fine that we print her letter, realizing that all who have ever known of this noble patriot will be deeply interested in her story of his leaving of earth:

"It was my great privilege to be with him the last day of his life. He talked in his semi-conscious moments continually of children, and called to them—'My children.' We feel certain that his wandering thoughts must often have been on this school and his little children for whom he had heart and craving. His last question was to inquire about Aunt Sal, his wife, with whom he had lived for fifty-two years.

We brought him home for burial on Sunday. By special arrangement the train was stopped at the foot of the mountain, where at least forty men were waiting to carry Uncle William home. The coffin was wrapped in oilcloth and tied to a long pole. With one man at each end and several on both sides, in a group as compact as a cluster of bees, the little procession came over the steep and rocky trail with unbelievable speed. The absolute silence of it all was the most telling witness to the grief everyone felt.

Try to imagine the solemn simplicity and appeal of his burial, the grave dug by friends, lined with cemented rock, to make a secure resting place for a great man; children and neighbors singing old, old hymns—"Been a long time traveling here below," Aunt Sal sending around word that she wanted all his little children to have a last look at his face, so beautiful and distinguished in its last sleep; the laying away of his body on the hilltop under the trees.

Just five years ago Uncle William gave all his land to establish the school, and it has been his delight, the dream of his early years more than fulfilled in his old age. He

had a constructive passion for the welfare of children. His love for America was born perhaps out of his service in the Civil War, and his belief was that a sound democracy could be achieved only by raising children under the right rulings. 'I don't want hit to be a benefit just for this neighborhood,' he said of this school, 'but for the whole state and the nation, and for folks acrost the sea, if they can get any benefit out of hit.' "

Nowhere but out of his own soul did he draw his ideals. He lived so far away, at the head waters of the Kentucky River, under the shadow of Pine Mountain! He belongs to the pioneer days of the Cumberlands; he help to subdue the wilderness; he ate venison and hunted bears, he lived in a log house; he was herb-doctor and bone-setter and tooth-puller in the far-off hills many miles from a country doctor. Remote in the mountains, he thought greatly, and his thought has yielded a rich fruitage. There are no detracting little-nesses, no small prejudices to mar our remembrance of him. For five years we have been neighbor to a great and gentle soul, and have known intimately his wisdom, his tenderness for the wayward, his proud hopes for the children of the mountains.

He founded a great work—a friend has just written, 'His power is felt by people all over the country, and even farther, in France and on the battle line,'—he has done more, he has left a noble memory.

It must be cherished as an inheritance 'for the generations yet unborn.' His school, new precariously supported by voluntary contributions, must be firmly established.

His grave will have only the Civil War veteran's stone to mark it; his true memorial, a hilltop beacon whose light must not fail, is the school he started. 'Hoping hit may make a bright and intelligent people after I'm dead and gone.' "

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

### Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Enclosed please find.....Dollars*

*for (purpose) .....*

*Name .....*

*Address .....*

*Date.....*

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer, and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,

1228 Connecticut Ave.,

Washington, D. C.







371.7208—  
80

**Quarterly Magazine**  
OF THE  
**Southern Industrial Educational  
Association**

**MARCH AND JUNE 1919**  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

**VOL. XI.**

**NOS. 1 AND 2.**

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

**Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.**

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## Southern Mountain Boys and the War.

REV. JOHN NELSON MILLS.

We have been reading a good deal of late about Sergeant Alvin York, the Tennessee mountaineer. He is called "The supreme hero of the war," with a record of personally killing, in a single day, 20 Germans, capturing 132 prisoners, including one major and three lieutenants, and destroying 35 machine-gun nests. It was certainly a remarkable feat. When Marshall Foch pinned the "croix de guerre" on his breast, he said to York: "What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any soldier of any of the armies of Europe."

Well, those who know the Southern mountain people and their history were not surprised. We expected just such things. Patriotism is in their blood, skill with a gun in their training. From the Revolutionary War, when they helped to turn the tide of battle at King's Mountain and the Cowpens, down through all the wars of our history, these mountain people have shown loyalty and fighting ability in a marked degree.

In the Civil War the eastern counties of Tennessee furnished more Federal troops than any other part of the United States, in proportion to their population, sending more men into the Union armies than they had voters. During the Spanish-American War the recruiting station of that district had to be closed because of the excessive number of enlistments. And in the present war no drafts were made in many mountain counties because none were needed, the whole number of men having already volunteered. Harden county, Ky., the county in which Lincoln was born, had a quota assigned to it of 135. All had volunteered, and every man was physically fit. That was the record until Breathitt county, "Bloody Breathitt," as it was once called, reported. Its quota was 165, and no draft was necessary, nor did any one claim exemption.

These boys had been fed on the stories of "Stonewall"

Jackson, the idol of the Southern Confederacy, and Admiral Farragut, both of them mountain boys, one from Virginia, the other from Tennessee. That they could handle a rifle was to be expected, for they were the descendants of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone.

Feuds, too, may have played a part in making these boys expert with the gun. These feuds were terrible affairs. The French-Eversole feud cost the lives of more than 60 men. But every man and every boy in Perry county, Ky., became a sharp-shooter. It is related that neighbors across the road from one another would set candles on the fence-posts at night, and then shoot out the lights just to keep in practice. When the army rifle was put into the hands of these soldiers it was only necessary to become acquainted with the mechanism for them to be able to kill Germans at 1,000 yards just as they had picked off squirrels from the tallest trees with their 22 caliber hunting rifle.

Now, knowing the valor and loyalty which these men displayed in the war, we were puzzled at the resistance some of them offered when the draft was first put into force. It was simply ignorance on their part, and the result of German propaganda. Not many of these boys ever saw a newspaper, or could read it if they had. It was therefore easy for them to be misled and to get wrong ideas. This certainly might have happened with the mountain boy, who came into one of the southern camps and inquired where the Germans were whom he was to fight.

Another characteristic thing. Sergeant York is an elder in the Church of Christ and Christian Union, and, as such, was opposed, by the rules of his church, to any kind of fighting. We read that it was only after long arguments and many quotations from the Bible that his captain was able to remove the Sergeant's religious scruples and prevent him making the plea of conscientious objector. All these mountain people believe the Bible, the whole of it. They only need, as do the rest of us, to have their lives squared with its teachings.

### 13th Annual Report of the President.

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association in Annual Meeting Assembled.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have the honor, in accordance with the requirements of our By-laws, to submit this, the 13th Annual Report of the President, showing how the affairs of the Association have been administered during the year just ended, and its present condition.

As is well known, extraordinary demands for means, time, and sympathy have been made upon our people during the past year; notwithstanding this, the reports of our Financial Secretary and Treasurer disclose that the receipts have been very substantial. From these reports it appears that our total receipts for the Active Fund during the past year have been \$9,601.24. Of this amount there was received from the New York Auxiliary \$2,069.00 and from the Philadelphia Auxiliary \$838.00, making a total from the Auxiliaries of \$2,907.00, which indicates the great importance of the work being done by our Auxiliaries.

Something of the scope and extent of the Association's work from a material standpoint is indicated by the fact that since its organization its receipts have amounted to \$131,108.84.

In this connection, I refer with much pleasure to the faithful services and wise and judicious investments of the Association's funds made by the Treasurer, Mr. Joshua Evans, from which these funds have been made to produce the very best returns through interest.

It is the duty of the Electors at this meeting to fill five vacancies which occur on the Board of Trustees.

In the report of last year I referred to the buildings for industrial school purposes which the organization had constructed or assisted in the construction of since its organization and in which reference was made to the school-house then being erected at the Pine Mountain School, Kentucky.

As stated, it was contemplated that when completed that building would accommodate 300 pupils. This building was completed and was a great addition to this Pine Mountain School. Most unfortunately, however, a few weeks ago it was destroyed by fire, but I am happy to report that I am informed the loss of the building was fully covered by insurance.

In last year's report I also referred to the work of our Field Secretary, Miss Cora D. Neale, and to her resignation which was accepted with regret by the Trustees. During the year there has been no work done by a regular Field Secretary, except about 15 days by Miss Neale, which was devoted to closing up her work in Boston. Thus, it is seen that the donations and receipts referred to above which have been made, were entirely voluntary, without any solicitation or the efforts of a Field Secretary. However, the Trustees feel that the contributions to the work could be greatly increased through the work of an able Field Secretary. Now that the war seems over and the opportunities for work of this character seem to be more encouraging, the Trustees hope to secure one or more such workers for this great cause, and will be glad to have the Auxiliaries or other friends of the Association recommend such suitable persons for this work as they may know of.

It has been demonstrated that the system of Field Welfare Service is the most superior method of reaching the people who are really most in need of the assistance of the Association. The reports, which we have from the result of our Welfare workers during the last two years are most gratifying. I deeply regret, however, that our two very efficient welfare workers, Miss Anna Van Meter and Miss Mary H. Large, have been compelled during the past year to give up the work, for the time being, at least, Miss Large, who did excellent work at Blowing Rock, N. C., being compelled, on account of death in her family, to return to her home in New England, but she hopes to again take up the work in the future.

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these men were promoted to positions of command, responsibility and trust.

Of course they know how to fight, and we know that those who reached the front, as many did serving in the "Wildcat Division," gave good account of themselves in breaking the Hindenberg line.

We again express our deep regret at the death of Judge Shepard, who was for so many years devoted to the advancement of the Association as the Presiding Officer of the National Body.

We are, however, fortunate in having as his successor Mr. C. C. Calhoun, who was for years associated with Judge Shepard in this work.

The death of our member, Mrs. Lordan, removed from us a sympathetic friend and very capable worker. Her death caused acute sorrow among us because she was not only universally loved and admired by us but was closely associated with us in our daily activities.

I am deeply grateful to all the members of the Board for their unfailing interest in the work and their cordial response to every effort made to advance the education and welfare of the mountaineers.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN,  
*President of the New York Auxiliary,  
Southern Industrial Educational Asso.*

### Financial Statement.

Condensed from the Report of the Treasurer, Joshua Evans, Jr., to the President and Board of Trustees for the Fiscal Year Ended February 24, 1919.

#### ACTIVE FUND

Balance on hand February 25, 1918.....	\$15,007.44
Receipts from all sources since.....	9,601.24

Total.....	\$24,608.68
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The expenditures as disbursed through warrants properly executed in accordance with the By-laws amounted to ..... \$8,317.33

Transferred to Investment Fund per order of the Trustees..... 10,000.00

Total .....	18,317.33
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Leaving a balance on hand.....	\$6,291.35
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#### INVESTMENT FUND

Amount transferred from Active Fund as above, and invested in short term U. S. Treasury 4½% Certificates of Indebtedness .....\$10,000.00

Donations received:

U. S. Liberty Bonds.....	1,100.00
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Amount on hand.....	11,100.00
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#### RESERVE FUND

Balance on hand February 25, 1918..	\$6,942.64
Interest received during the year....	193.23

Amount on hand.....	7,135.87
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Total balance all funds—February 24, 1919	\$24,527.22
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## War-Time in the Mountains.

BY ANN COBB.

OF THE SETTLEMENT SCHOOL, HINDMAN, KNOTT COUNTY, KY.

### I—"DULCIMORE OVER THE FIREBOARD"

Dulcimore<sup>1</sup> over the fireboard, a-hanging sence allus-ago,  
Strangers are wishful to buy you, and make of your music  
a show.

Not while the selling a heart for a gold-piece is reckoned a  
sin;

Not while the word of old Enoch still stands as a law for  
his kin.

Grandsir' he made you in Breathhitt, the while he was  
courting a maid;

Nary a one of his offsprings, right down to the least one,  
but played,

Played, and passed on to his people, with only the song to  
abide.

Long-ago songs of Old England, whose lads we are battling  
beside.

There you'll be hanging to greet him when Jasper comes  
back from the fight.

Nary a letter he's writ us,—but he'll be a-coming, all right.  
Jasper's the last of the Logans,—hit's reason to feel that  
he'll beat,

Beat, and beget sons and daughters to sing the old songs at  
his feet.

---

<sup>1</sup>The dulcimer has been for generations the musical instrument of the Kentucky mountain. To its plaintive drone are sung the ancient English and Scottish ballads still handed down from father to son.

## II—THE CRIPPLE WOMAN.

A cripple woman has a sight of time to grieve and fret,  
 With nary thing to do but watch the sun-ball rise and set,  
 And nary soul a-passing by the whole enduring day.  
 Hit's lonesome up the holler now the lads are gone away!  
 They useter lope along the trail, their beastes all a-rare,  
 A-shouting out the good old tunes and shooting in the air;  
 And whether they was drunk or dry, they'd allus stop and  
     say,  
 "Well, howdye, Aunt Lucindy, how're you comin' on to-  
     day?"

Loretty 'lows they *had* to go; she'll not have got hit right,—  
 I never heared of forcing mountain men to jine a fight.  
 Hit mought be known down yander they're right handy with  
     a gun,  
 And they'll be larning level-country lads how shooting's  
     done.

The maids have quit their weaving, and they've quit their  
     singing too,  
 'Twill be a lonesome valley' that they'll be a-traveling  
     through;  
 And sorry help are cripples, who can only sit and pray,  
 "Christ comfort maids and mothers now the lads are gone  
     away!"  
 [Reprinted from the OUTLOOK, May 18, 1918]

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### The True Mountain Spirit.

Nowhere does patriotism flame higher than in the Southern mountains. A Kentucky hillman left his sunny corn patch and his moonshiny private still and walked down into the lowlands to bid farewell to his lanky son, who had heard

these men were promoted to positions of command, responsibility and trust.

Of course they know how to fight, and we know that those who reached the front, as many did serving in the "Wildcat Division," gave good account of themselves in breaking the Hindenberg line.

We again express our deep regret at the death of Judge Shepard, who was for so many years devoted to the advancement of the Association as the Presiding Officer of the National Body.

We are, however, fortunate in having as his successor Mr. C. C. Calhoun, who was for years associated with Judge Shepard in this work.

The death of our member, Mrs. Lordan, removed from us a sympathetic friend and very capable worker. Her death caused acute sorrow among us because she was not only universally loved and admired by us but was closely associated with us in our daily activities.

I am deeply grateful to all the members of the Board for their unfailing interest in the work and their cordial response to every effort made to advance the education and welfare of the mountaineers.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN,  
*President of the New York Auxiliary,  
Southern Industrial Educational Asso.*

### Financial Statement.

Condensed from the Report of the Treasurer, Joshua Evans, Jr., to the President and Board of Trustees for the Fiscal Year Ended February 24, 1919.

#### ACTIVE FUND

Balance on hand February 25, 1918.....	\$15,007.44
Receipts from all sources since.....	9,601.24
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$24,608.68
The expenditures as disbursed through warrants properly executed in accordance with the By-laws amounted to .....	\$8,317.33
Transferred to Investment Fund per order of the Trustees.....	10,000.00
	<hr/>
Total .....	18,317.33
	<hr/>
Leaving a balance on hand.....	\$6,291.35

#### INVESTMENT FUND

Amount transferred from Active Fund as above, and invested in short term U. S. Treasury 4½% Certificates of Indebtedness .....	\$10,000.00
Donations received:	
U. S. Liberty Bonds.....	1,100.00
	<hr/>
Amount on hand.....	11,100.00

#### RESERVE FUND

Balance on hand February 25, 1918..	\$6,942.64
Interest received during the year....	193.23
	<hr/>
Amount on hand.....	7,135.87
	<hr/>
Total balance all funds—February 24, 1919	\$24,527.22

## War-Time in the Mountains.

BY ANN COBB.

OF THE SETTLEMENT SCHOOL, HINDMAN, KNOTT COUNTY, KY.

### I—"DULCIMORE OVER THE FIREBOARD"

Dulcimore<sup>1</sup> over the fireboard, a-hanging sence allus-ago,  
Strangers are wishful to buy you, and make of your music  
a show.

Not while the selling a heart for a gold-piece is reckoned a  
sin;

Not while the word of old Enoch still stands as a law for  
his kin.

Grandsir' he made you in Breathhitt, the while he was  
courting a maid;

Nary a one of his offsprings, right down to the least one,  
but played,

Played, and passed on to his people, with only the song to  
abide.

Long-ago songs of Old England, whose lads we are battling  
beside.

There you'll be hanging to greet him when Jasper comes  
back from the fight.

Nary a letter he's writ us,—but he'll be a-coming, all right.  
Jasper's the last of the Logans,—hit's reason to feel that  
he'll beat,

Beat, and beget sons and daughters to sing the old songs at  
his feet.

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<sup>1</sup>The dulcimer has been for generations the musical instrument of the Kentucky mountain. To its plaintive drone are sung the ancient English and Scottish ballads still handed down from father to son.



## II—THE CRIPPLE WOMAN.

A cripple woman has a sight of time to grieve and fret,  
 With nary thing to do but watch the sun-ball rise and set,  
 And nary soul a-passing by the whole enduring day.  
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 They useter lope along the trail, their beastes all a-rare,  
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Nowhere does patriotism flame higher than in the Southern mountains. A Kentucky hillman left his sunny corn patch and his moonshiny private still and walked down into the lowlands to bid farewell to his lanky son, who had heard

the call of his country and had enlisted, and now was bound for oversea service.

"Son," quoth the old man, taking the younger in his arms, "I fit four year agin the Union, but I'm reconciled now; and I'm proud to see you wearin' the uniform of the Federal Gover'mint. You'll be sailin' fur furrin parts soon; and when you git there I want you to remember whut you owe to yore flag and country.

"And, son, ef you run into one of them there Germans don't show him no mercy. Shoot him down like he was a revenue officer!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

### Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

### Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Enclosed please find.....Dollars*

*for (purpose) .....*

*Name .....*

*Address .....*

*Date.....*

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer, and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,

1228 Connecticut Ave.,

Washington, D. C.

371.4205  
30

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# Quarterly Magazine

JAN 14 1920

OF THE

## Southern Industrial Educational Association

SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1919  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XI.

NOS. 3 AND 4.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: 1228 Con-  
necticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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\*Deceased.



## The Medical Needs in the Mountains.

July 15, 1919.

My dear Friend:

When I went down Greasy the other day to meet the men and women of Big Laurel at their Sunday School and talk about their contribution of logs for the doctor's house I felt that there couldn't be a better place to see a doctor and nurse established than among that friendly, pitiful, gallant group of people. How can I make you see how their faces and postures and clothing, even, showed the toil of their lives?—or tell you of the infirmities which even my unpractised eye could detect in every one of them, or convey to you an idea of their warm-hearted responsiveness?

Before Dr. Huse and Miss Butler were halfway down Pine Mountain on the day of their arrival at the School, they were met by a man who wanted then to go immediately across another mountain to see his sick child. He had had a country doctor, who "weren't no diplomy doctor, but just picked hit up." To get a town doctor he would have had to ride some twenty miles to town for the doctor, and then pay twenty-five dollars for the visit. This demand for the services of our doctor and nurse, even before they arrived at the School, is significant of the great need for them. Since their coming, two months ago, the doctor has made professional visits in over forty families, besides all the work she has done for the children in the School.

In such a helpless country, the dealer in patent medicines, as well as the country doctor, has flourished. One day a man who had cut his finger came searching for the "medical doctor." When the bleeding was finally stopped he asked, "If this busts out again, doctor, will hit kill me?" He sold patent medicines, and realized that his point of view was going to conflict with the doctor's, so to justify himself, he said, "Of course you know there are some honest medicines, but you can't always tell the truth. Hit really is the truth, but people don't understand hit that-a-way."

The first time the doctor and nurse went down to Big Laurel, they stopped at every house, and in every house found a real medical need. Once it was an old woman sitting in the doorway, her back to the light because it hurt her eyes,—always had since the small-pox. She “follered usin’ patent medicines,” and had bought “rose salve” and “linament good for man and beast” for her eyes. At the next house they found several cases of trachoma; there were four goiters in as many miles, and one cretin.

They held a regular clinic at the house where they stopped for dinner. The father had to have boils dressed. He had done a little amateur lancing with his pen-knife, and on the worst boil he had applied a dock leaf with mucilage, for he had been told that this treatment would bring the whole “risin’ ” off, “core and all.” The doctor had to use precious alcohol to get the dock leaf off, and did the dressing with all the family and some twenty-five neighbors looking on. Then there was a grandchild with the “thrash,” the mountain cure for which is to have a posthumous child breathe into the mouth of the patient, so the grandmother, who “had never seed her pap” had tried it,—without success. Here, too, were several cases of trachoma. Out in the yard, one of the children playing with an axe cut an artery in her foot, and her mother, used to meeting such emergencies by herself, snatched a handful of soot from the chimney in the room where Miss Butler was sitting and ran and clapped it onto the bleeding foot. That soot told the whole story to Miss Butler, and she took charge, cleaning off the soot, propping the foot against an upturned chair, making a rubber tourniquet and explaining all the time what she was doing.

It was meeting day at Big Laurel, a fit time to tell of the plans for the Medical Settlement. The preacher led the singing with a tuning fork, and the chief singer lined off the words. After Miss Butler had told how they not only wanted to heal the sick but to do preventive teaching as well,—how they wanted to locate near the school house so as to teach more easily and be near the children, the men

testified to their desire to help and their willingness to give labor and material for building. One father, who had lost three children in a year, said, "There's nothing in the world we've wanted like a doctor. Now the Lord has sent her, an' we must stand by her an' keep her here," and his wife, sitting beside Miss Butler, whispered to her, "He's so mightily tuk up with her, he caint wait to get her here." Can you understand why he wanted the doctor, when I tell you that at the time of the influenza epidemic, when his whole family was sick, he could get no doctor from far or near? At last, when he realized that his oldest daughter was probably dying, he had managed to climb into his saddle and, hardly able to stay on the horse, rode off to get a doctor. The man he finally succeeded in getting came and paid a short visit to the girl, and as he was starting off, the father said, "We'll give you seventy-five dollars if you will stay and try to save Cretie." "No," said the doctor, but he did stay for \$125.

Almost every mother of a small baby has had to send for the doctor this summer, for bad feeding and unintelligent care cannot offset the wealth of love babies are heir to. A young woman who is the most conscientious of mothers had just had a new baby. When it was two days old, one of our workers calling there found it wrapped up in two flannel dresses, covered with prickly heat and hives. It had never been bathed; its "rag" was changed once a day. When mothers' clubs have been established and blue-ribbon babies have been decorated at our community fair, we hope that the summer will not be a pitiful time for all babies and their mothers at Pine Mountain.

Perhaps you will think, as you read this letter, "Why is she telling us all this, which is only part of every doctor's life?" This is a perfectly just comment, only please put it against the struggle and need and loneliness and beauty of the Kentucky Mountains. It is help given to people who have been almost helpless in their ignorance.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL DE LIANG ZANDE.

## When I Was a Grain of Wheat.

About four years ago when I was a grain of wheat, in the summer the sun shone down upon me and made me grow large and healthful. My mother, when she was a plant and growing on and on, what do you suppose she was doing all the time? Why, she was storing away food for me. She put it in a little store house which was a grain of wheat. Now I am going to tell you what she stored away. She stored away some proteid, some carbohydrate, some fat and some water. I ate just what the little boys and girls eat.

But when mother died what do you suppose happened to me? A man and a little boy came along and took my store house away with me in it. You know mother stored away food enough for me until I was large enough to stretch out my roots and get food for myself. But when that man and little boy came along and picked me up, what do you suppose they did with me? They took me to a mill where I was ground and cracked and ground and cracked and sifted until I became very white and pretty. Could you wonder what they made out of me? They made me into Cream of Wheat which you are so familiar with and nearly every one likes me. After I was made into Cream of Wheat I was boxed up and the first thing I knew I was lying down here in Francis, Smith & Co.'s store.

One day just after a little boy had been taking his Hook Worm treatment, he asked his mother to cook him some Cream of Wheat for a light diet because he couldn't eat anything that was heavy on his stomach. So his mother told him to run on and hunt his father and tell him to give him the money to buy it with. So the little boy ran to his father and got the money. He went to Francis, Smith & Co.'s and called for a box of Cream of Wheat. The merchant went around and got the little boy a box. The little boy went in home crying, "Mother, I have a box." Then he said, "Mother, now cook it quick for I am hungry." So the mother went to work and cooked me. And this is

the way she cooked me. She got  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cups of water and put a teaspoonful of salt in and put it in the water; then she got one cup of me and poured a little out in her hand at the time and let me sift slowly through her fingers so that each little grain would swell and burst alike. Then she let me boil for five minutes. Then she put me in the double boiler and let me steam for thirty-five to forty minutes. After this I was ready for the little boy to eat. So the mother called the little boy and told him that the Cream of Wheat was done. So the little boy went and his mother dished him out a dish full of me and the little boy went to eating. He said, "Um, it's good, mother." "Is it?" said his mother. "You better bet it is." He did not know he was eating me but he was. I did him a lot of good, too. I builded up his worn out tissues and gave him power to move. After he had eaten me he played gayly. So you see, I did him a lot of good.

(Written by a sixth grade girl from Hindman School.)

### **A Letter from the Teacher of Agriculture in the Hindman Settlement School.**

When our country entered into the Great War a host of young mountaineers swarmed down these trails and hollows bound for the recruiting stations and the local boards. They were a warlike throng with an unadulterated patriotism descended from Washington's time, and there was not a foreign name nor a foreign accent among them. They were peculiarly American in name, American to the man, American to the core. The nation needed them and they had responded heartily, just like their fathers had done in all the wars before them. Enough men volunteered from Breathitt to fill the quota of that county, so they required no draft board. Was not such loyalty to the flag atonement enough for a hundred years of the bloodiest feuds? Let us never again refer to this patriotic spot as "Bloody Breathitt."



Some of them, these mountaineers, were left on Flanders fields, or just north of the Marne, but most of them have returned—have come back to their coves and their hollows. They did their duty and are satisfied. Of course it is a common thing to see returned mountain soldiers wearing sharpshooters' badges; we knew our boys could shoot. But what mean all these other medals? Oh, yes—and I might refer to particular individuals if I liked—he only captured a dozen or so Germans; or he only cleaned out a few machine-gun nests, single-handed, but what born warrior couldn't have done that! Sergeant Sandlin, a native of one of our adjoining counties, was one of the three Kentuckians who won the Congressional Medal of Honor, And Sergeant Alvin C. York, a mountaineer residing to the south of us, bears the unique distinction of having performed the "highest single-handed achievement of the war," killing 20 Germans, capturing 136 other and putting 36 machine gun nests out of commission.

Why shouldn't we capitalize the glory of our sons? Wasn't Hindman Settlement School drained of all her young men by the war? We are glad to record, however, that a number of our overseas heroes are back with us to finish their courses. These young men have seen much of the world and have many new ideas; and to be abreast of the times—but mostly to meet pressing needs—we have done some thinking and a little acting ourselves. Although quick to respond to proper nourishment, government authorities commented on the great number of mountain soldiers afflicted with malnutrition, or suffering from that cause. We had known this here at Hindman for a long time and have wanted to do something to educate the people along these lines, so in keeping with the desire we have now, perforce, established our Practice House, a practical home for household economics. Here a number of our girls live under conditions as ideal as we can make them, to harmonize with mountain life. A cultured, practical home maker has charge, and the whole arrangement savors as

strongly of the family atmosphere as possible. The teacher in charge is a married lady, an alumna of one of our eastern colleges, and her husband, also a worker here in the Settlement, is "the man of the house." Everything that goes to make home life what it should be is emphasized. It is easy to reckon what the influence of this home will mean in the lives of its inmates, each of whom represents a different community in this section, and we would not think of trying to estimate its possible good influences on posterity!

The Hindman Settlement School is also reaching out strongly in Extension Work. "Why", asked Miss Hatch, our extension worker, of a class in one of our schools, "does one take a bath?"

"The pores of your hide would git chuck full of dirt if you didn't", answered one of the bright younger boys.

Miss Hatch's work carries her to eleven country schools where she has sewing classes. She is also doing anti-tuberculosis health work. Every child in the course observes certain health rules and receives numerous promotions and badges for his fidelity and stoicism. I am here faintly suggesting the thought of a bath in a small tin pan in a mountain home. Certainly the boys deserve to be knighted, which they are, and with due ceremony. This course lasts fifteen weeks and many of the fundamental health laws are thoroughly ingrained when it is completed. The extension sewing classes last during the term of the public schools, or six months.

In connection with our extension work, we would make special reference to the service being rendered by Miss Carothers, our visiting nurse. We co-operate with the Red Cross in employing her, and her field of labor is the surrounding mountain country as far as she can ride and wherever she may be called. A few days ago, for instance, she was called out in the country thirty miles away over the roughest roads imaginable. She was gone two days and had some very thrilling experiences. There was typhoid in

the family where she visited, and some of them had already died with it, but she possibly saved the rest of them by teaching them a little sanitation and by informing them that the doctor in a town could administer an anti-toxin for this malady. In general, Miss Carothers carries on a campaign of education as well as nursing wherever she is called, and is therefore doing a most valuable work in sanitation.

These new departments are necessarily entailing an extra expense to our institution and we are now appealing to our friends to help us carry them to their highest point of service.

PERRY DAVIDSON.

### The Objects of this Association.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association exists for the purpose of giving the boys and girls in the remote mountain sections training suited to their local environment that shall enable them to go back to their mountain homes carrying with them knowledge of carpentry, agriculture, care of stock, sewing, cooking, housekeeping, simple nursing and care of infants, and domestic hygiene and sanitation.

The Association as yet has no schools exclusively its own, but co-operates with settlement schools in isolated districts by furnishing equipment for industrial training, and salaries of industrial teachers, and of extension workers who visit the remote cabin homes and give the parents help and suggestions which they eagerly receive. It also provides scholarships for deserving children who are eager for a chance but whose parents are without the funds necessary to pay their expenses.

We bespeak your co-operation and assure you that every dollar contributed to this work goes directly to the people for whom we are appealing.

## A Letter from the Berry Schools.

The Schools are now filled to the utmost capacity and we have turned away over two hundred applicants. Students are now registering for 1920.

The greatest problem that Berry is facing today is to raise money for the running expenses of the Schools.

I am greatly needed at the Schools and hope to be able to spend most of the winter here. I spent the entire summer here, and the work we did then is helping to take care of our large family now. But in order for me to spend the winter here, we must have more money subscribed. Our list of donors is not large enough to maintain the running expenses of the Schools.

I should like to make a strong appeal in behalf of the boys at our Mountain Farm School. We have twenty-five little boys, practically orphans, in training there for the Berry School. Their ages range from nine to fourteen years. It takes a great deal of patience and personal care to develop them. I am having them looked over to see that they are all right physically, and having their teeth carefully attended to. At this school we have one little boy whose name is York. He walked twenty-five miles to a railroad station to find his way to Berry. He is eleven years old, and came to us with only the clothes he had on his back.

We have with us a large number of former students who have served their country in the recent war and have come back to Berry to resume their interrupted studies. Their presence with us will contribute richly to the life of the school. A number of them are maimed, and one has lost his foot and is a cripple for life. It encourages me greatly to see these boys on the campus—they have fought bravely and are now returning to Berry to resume their normal duties.

Many of our girls who were nurses during the war are now holding places of trust and responsibility. One of

our girls is head nurse in one of the largest institutions in the South, and a number of the Berry School girls are taking training under her. This young lady began her work here at Berry and got her practical training in the hospital here. Another of the Berry girls has charge of one of the large institutions in the State and has hundreds of patients under her care daily.

In order to maintain our Mountain Farm School with its corps of workers, we must ask for \$100 for each one of the twenty-five boys we have there.

Besides this, we need money to furnish the school room there, and for other expenses.

I trust that some of the readers of this magazine will be interested to help us with these deserving boys and girls.

MARTHA BERRY.

### Conditions Too Often Found in the Kentucky Mountains.

(Written by one of the girls in the Practice Home of the Hindman School)

Many hours are spent digging graves that could easily be avoided. Many tears are shed, many hearts are broken, and many children are lost that would, no doubt, be helpers in making our sacred country grow wiser and better. These things could be avoided if the children were taken proper care of and given the food that their bodies need to grow and make these noble men and women.

Many parents who are too busy to look after their children seldom notice anything except the large abdomen and they think this an evidence of health and strength, but it is only a sign of weakness and an underfed child, or an overfed child on the wrong or right kind of food, and means that the child needs more care than it is getting. Children who are underfed will generally have large abdomens, small legs, and a sluggish yellow skin. They are restless in



the daytime and poor sleepers at night. Their faces have a sad expression and they are never happy. Such children are always feeble, and are always dangerous in moderate sickness.

\* When a mother notices that her child is becoming such an invalid, she should begin to notice the food she is allowing it to eat. If such a child is fed the proper kind of food and if it is properly prepared it will gradually develop into the child it should be. If it gets plenty of raw milk, starch and fruit it will very soon improve in life, vigor and happiness. At the same time, its abdomen will decrease, and as it grows smaller, you will find that the child grows larger and stronger. This should convince anyone that a large abdomen is a sign of poor health. It is never found in a healthy child, and is due in these cases to a poor, weak diet, and the stretching of the digestive organs to make room for the large amounts of poor unnourishing food that the child takes into the body.

Therefore when a mother sees the abdomen of her child increasing, she should feel in her heart that she is not doing her duty by the one that God has given her to bring up in a way that it may be able to uphold the standards of our country, and humanity.

---

The cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born and in which he passed the early years of his childhood can be duplicated in the mountain region to-day. And men of just such manly and heroic mold as he come from these same mountain cabins. It adds the element of hope and increases our obligation to these splendid mountaineers when we remember that he who did more to save our nation than any other man and sealed his service by his own life came from these humble but heroic people. Abraham Lincoln is a tremendous item in the debt that our country owes to these American Highlanders.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress, July 16, 1894, pending.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER and DECEMBER, 1919

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## Mrs. Samuel Spencer.

It is with much sorrow that we report the death of Mrs. Samuel Spencer, which took place in August at her summer home in Tuxedo Park, New York, after a considerable period of failing health. Mrs. Spencer had been actively identified with the Association from its beginning and was always a generous and enthusiastic supporter of its work. Among her contributions were the Louisa Spencer loomhouse at Christ School, Arden, N. C., and generous sums towards the salaries of industrial teachers in the various schools aided by the Association.

At the meeting of October 27th the Board adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: In the passing away of our beloved co-worker, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, this Association has lost a devoted friend, an earnest worker, a generous and liberal giver, and an efficient member of the Board of Trustees; and

WHEREAS: In her departure the Association has suffered a serious loss, and been deprived of the inspiration of a fine and charming personality;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED:

FIRST: That the Trustees of the Association fittingly record their high appreciation of her abiding fidelity, untiring energy, inspiring enthusiasm, and her great zeal in the

work of educational and industrial training of the white people of the southern mountains, which work she genuinely loved, and which was honored by her devotion.

SECOND: That the Board of Trustees shall place on record their high esteem of her work, as a member of the Board, and as vice-president of the Association, as some recognition of the substantial help and encouragement which she has given to the Association from the time of its organization, and which has contributed in no small measure to the success of the Association.

THIRD: That the Board of Trustees, individually and collectively, express their gratitude for her friendship and co-operation, and their deep appreciation of her splendid qualities of mind and heart.

FOURTH: That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association as a permanent record, and be published in the Association's Quarterly, and a copy be transmitted to the family of Mrs. Spencer.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES H. TAYLOR,  
JULIA D. STRONG,  
LEIGH ROBINSON,  
C. C. CALHOUN.

## The Work at Banner Elk.

REV. EDGAR TUFTS.

Our work at Banner Elk, N. C., is unique. In the first place, the sessions in both the Graded School and the High School begin in April, and close in December. The reasons for this are good. It is very much more economical. Nearly all of the fuel bill is eliminated, which is a great saving. It is very much pleasanter for teachers and pupils, on account of the delightful summer climate that we always have at Banner Elk. It also tends to take the girls off of the farms during the summer months where they have been accustomed to doing man's work and it allows them to be home

during the long winter months when their influence can be felt around the fireside better than it can during the summer.

In the second place, this work is unique because of its situation. It is in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, 90 miles north of Asheville, and 1500 feet above it in altitude. It is in a beautiful valley, which is itself 4000 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by mountain peaks that range from 5000 to 6000 feet. Very seldom do these great sentinels of the mountains allow a fog to settle down on the valley that nestles at their feet. They also protect it from many a stormy wind.

In the third place it is unique, on account of the different departments. There is a Graded School, where the first seven grades are taught. Next a High School, where there is a four year course. Next an Orphans' Home, which runs all the year, and where there are 48 mountain orphans. Next a Hospital, with an operating room, laboratory, and several rooms for patients. This department has been a great blessing to hundreds of people from the surrounding counties. It has also been the means of starting into the nurses' profession a goodly number of mountain girls. We know of at least twenty-five who have taken up this profession after first getting a start, and a taste for nursing at Banner Elk.

In each one of these Departments the Industrial work has been made very prominent. By this means the girls help to pay their way, and at the same time they get a practical training for life, which is as important as any part of their instruction.

In the fourth place this work is unique, in that it has never made a debt, and never turned away a girl because she did not have the money to pay her way. This has been made possible partly by the contributions that have come from the *Southern Industrial Educational Association*.

NEEDS:

The two greatest needs of this work are first *permanent*

*buildings*, and second an *endowment*. Already steps have been taken to secure both. A small sum is now in the bank for permanent buildings. We are adding to this fund as fast as we can secure contributions, and we hope to begin work in the early spring. We also have a nucleus for an endowment. It is not the hundredth part of what we need, but it is good as far as it goes.

If any of the friends of the mountain people would like to invest in an institution that has for its motto: "*In the Mountains; of the Mountains; for the Mountains,*" and one that will appreciate and carefully use whatever is given, we do not believe that they can find a better place than the Lees-McRae Institute at Banner Elk, N. C.

### A Model Home at Hindman.

A new feature of the school at Hindman, Kentucky, is the Practice Home, in which six of the older girls live with a house-mother, under whose wise direction they learn to become home-makers of the kind their environment calls for. Not only are they trained in cooking, sewing, in the order and system necessary to the up-keep of the home, with a cow, chickens and garden as part of the equipment, but they are given a practical knowledge of sanitation,—something sorely needed in the mountains.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association has assumed the salary of the house-mother for one year, as it believes that this is the kind of training which will transform the homes of the mountain people, making possible a coming generation that shall be healthier, stronger, happier and more productive to their states than any that have preceded it.

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The Exchange maintained by the Southern Industrial Educational Association has an unusually beautiful collection of articles made by the mountain workers. Because



of this opportunity to sell their products, the mountain people have taken up again some of the old industries that were fast disappearing, and have been stimulated to put forth their best efforts.

People desiring to furnish country homes will find a large assortment of blue and white coverlets, portieres, rugs, home-spun linen towels, and other articles from which to take their choice. It is interesting to note that among the articles of handicraftsmanship received this fall are some netted tidies made by women whose sons had learned the art in France and passed it on to their mothers.

The profits made in the Exchange, while not large on individual articles, are sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Association, so that every dollar received from contributors, from subscribers to the QUARTERLY, and annual memberships goes directly to the work for which the Association is organized.

### Two New Scholarship Funds.

Recently there have been established two memorial scholarship funds of five thousand dollars each, known as the Judge Seth Shepard Memorial Fund and the Ambler Memorial Fund. The income from these will give several deserving boys and girls an opportunity to attend some of the settlement schools aided by the Association.

### Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.



### Changes on the Board of Trustees.

During the year there has been a considerable change in the personnel of the Trustees, some of the most valued members being no longer on the board. Mrs. Samuel Spencer, for many years a most helpful and loyal Trustee, died in the summer, leaving a place that will be hard to fill. Mr. Charles Brand and Miss Clara Wilson have left the city, and Miss Cora D. Neal has been serving in the Y. W. C. A. work abroad. Owing to press of his teaching duties Mr. Herbert E. Day has felt obliged to resign. It is a great satisfaction to have ex-Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page again among the Trustees, as both he and Mrs. Page are warm supporters of the work which the Association is doing.

### A Tribute from an Interested Outsider.

There is no question, that the work of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, by the establishment of better and higher industrial schools in widely separated districts will stimulate endeavor in the local districts and lead to better public schools paid for by the people themselves.

The tax for public schools is already high in most of the mountain counties, when the condition of the people is considered, and the main thing in my judgment, is for the friends of the mountaineer to devise some means that would enable him to work out his own economic independence. There is nothing finer in the world than the independence and manliness of the mountaineer. Even where he has not a penny in his pocket he meets the millionaire and the pauper on even terms. He asks no favors, and all that he needs to make Darkest Appalachia, the equal of any part of this country in progress and enlightenment is equal opportunity.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

### Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Enclosed please find.....Dollars*

*for (purpose) .....*

*Name .....*

*Address .....*

*Date.....*

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer, and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,

1228 Connecticut Ave.,

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# Quarterly Magazine

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## Southern Industrial Educational Association

MARCH AND JUNE, 1920  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XII.

Nos. 1 AND 2.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

## (NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## Old English Folk Dances in the Mountains.

Perhaps the most interesting as well as fascinating of all the Old World survivals that have been found in the Southern mountains are the folk dances of "Merrie England," which were the special holiday features of nearly every English village of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. We print from the little publication put forth by the Pine Mountain Settlement School the following article upon one of these old dances:

### THE RUNNING SET

"Killiecrankie is my song,  
I sing and dance it all along  
From my elbow to my wrist,  
Heavy turn and double twist,  
How much further can I go  
From my elbow to my toe?"

So runs the rhyme we sing for accompaniment to one figure in our plays (dances) at Pine Mountain. Just as we have been taught ballads by children hailing from scores of creeks, so we have learned the gayest and liveliest old dances from various parts of the mountains. The pedigree of our ancient, beautiful songs we knew, but of the origin of our dances we were not sure. We believed them to be old, but that they were older than any country dances collected in out-of-the-way hamlets in Mother England we did not dream, until Mr. Cecil Sharp visited us and by chance saw our young people dancing. Mr. Sharp is the head of the English Folk Dance Society and is the authority on English folklore. The happy accident resulted in his publishing (with the collaboration of Miss Maud Karpeles), *Part V of the Country Dance Book*, containing *The Running Set* (Novello and Co.), dedicated to the Pine Mountain School. The introduction, from which we quote below, is full of the delight felt by the famous collector of folk-simples in discovering not only a more ancient dance than any he had known, but one of great beauty:

“In the course of our travels in the Southern Appalachian Mountains in search of traditional songs and ballads, we had often heard of a dance, called the Running Set, but, as our informants had invariably led us to believe that it was a rough, uncouth dance, remarkable only as an exhibition of agility and physical endurance, we had made no special effort to see it. When at last we did see it performed at one of the social gatherings at the Pine Mountain Settlement School it made a profound impression upon us. We realized at once that we had stumbled upon a most interesting form of the English Country Dance, which, so far as we know, had not been hitherto recorded, and a dance, moreover, of great æsthetic value. \* \* \*

“When the last book of English folk-dances was published—now some years ago—it looked as if the available material were at last exhausted, and that our knowledge of existing traditional dances had practically reached its limit. That further and most valuable material actually existed at that time in a country several thousand miles away from England, patiently waiting for the call of the collector, certainly did not occur to me, nor, I am sure, to any of my friends or collaborators. And even when, later on, I had penetrated into the Southern Appalachians and found the old Puritan dislike, fear and distrust of dancing expressed in almost every log-cabin I entered, the possibility seemed more remote than ever. My surprise, then, can be imagined when, without warning, the Running Set was presented to me, under conditions, too, which immensely heightened its effect. It was danced, one evening after dark, on the porch of one of the largest buildings of the Pine Mountain School, with only one dim lantern to light up the scene. But the moon streamed fitfully in, lighting up the mountain peaks in the background and, casting its mysterious light over the proceedings, seemed to exaggerate the wilderness and the breakneck speed of the dancers as they whirled through the mazes of the dance. There was no music, only the stampings and clapping of the onlookers, but when one of the emotional crises of the dance was



reached—and this happened several times during the performance—the air seemed literally to pulsate with the rhythm of the “patters” and the tramp of the dancers’ feet, while, over and above it all, penetrating through the din, floated the even, falsetto tones of the caller, calmly and unexcitedly reciting his directions. \* \* \*

“Whether the dancers and others to whom this book is addressed will agree with the high estimate of the æsthetic qualities of the Running Set that I have myself formed remains to be seen, but I shall be very surprised if within a few months of its publication the members of the English Folk Dance Society here and in England are not dancing it merrily in every one of the Society’s branches and centers.”

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### **Report of Committee to Secure Audit of Accounts of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.**

*To the Trustees of the Southern Industrial Educational  
Association:*

Your committee appointed to obtain a public accountant to audit the finances of the Association for the past year would respectfully report that they have secured the services of Messrs. Ernst & Ernst, a highly recommended and well known firm. Mr. Lawrence Ogden, representing Ernst & Ernst, made a complete examination of the entire financial system of the Association. He examined carefully all receipts, vouchers, sale slips, deposits and checks of the Exchange Department, and receipts, vouchers, checks, cash book, bank book and all accounts of the Secretary, Mrs. Stone, and also the statement and records of the Treasurer, Mr. Evans, and pronounced them in excellent condition and most satisfactory.

The report of Mr. Ogden, of Ernst & Ernst, is herewith submitted for approval of the Trustees.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) JAMES H. TAYLOR,  
MARY H. WHITE,

*Committee to Secure Audit of Accounts.*

## Fourteenth Annual Report of the President.

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association in Annual Meeting Assembled:*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I take much pleasure, in compliance with the requirements of our By-Laws, in submitting this, the Fourteenth Annual Report of the President, giving a brief history of how the affairs of the Association have been administered during the past fiscal year ending February 23, 1920, and the condition of the Association's affairs upon that date.

Notwithstanding this was our first year following the Great War, our receipts have been very substantial, as shown by the reports of our Financial Secretary and Treasurer, submitted herewith. These reports show that the income receipts of the Association from all sources except interest on invested bonds during the past year amount

to .....	\$13,327.62
From interest .....	899.94

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Making a total of.....\$14,227.56

Of this amount \$7,383.47 was for the educational fund, and \$5,944.15 for the administrative fund.

The importance of the work which our Auxiliaries are doing is indicated by the fact that of this total amount of income there was received from the New York Auxiliary \$4,825.00, and from the Philadelphia Auxiliary \$1,050; making a total from the Auxiliaries of \$5,875.00.

The funds of the Association are divided into the following classes: First, Active Educational; Second, Administrative; Third, Scholarship; and Fourth, Reserve. At the end of the fiscal year the amounts to the credit of these respective funds were as follows: Active Educational, \$2,106.97; Administrative, \$6,613.41; Scholarship, \$10,544.57, and Reserve, \$8,591.24; making a total of \$27,856.19.

The Active Educational Fund arises from voluntary contributions and the proceeds from various entertainments.

The Administrative Fund arises almost exclusively from the income from the exchange which will be referred to more particularly later on, and the balance, which amounts to but a very small proportion, comes from annual dues.

The Scholarship Fund consists at present of two permanent funds of \$5,000 each for scholarship purposes, which will likewise be referred to later on.

The Reserve Fund is composed of the balance of a contribution of \$15,000 from Mr. Cleveland Dodge for the employment of Field Secretaries, which balance has been increased by additions from the Administrative and other funds.

The work of the Association has been devoted principally to propaganda. This consists in calling attention to the great need of the white people of the southern highlands for an opportunity to help themselves in the way of practical, domestic and industrial education. At the same time a strong effort has been made to demonstrate to these worthy people something of the wonderful benefits which would accrue through such education.

Something of what has been accomplished along these lines is indicated by the fact that since its organization the Association's receipts have amounted to \$145,336.40.

I feel that it is appropriate here to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the very helpful services rendered by the Association's Treasurer, Mr. Joshua Evans, in the investments of the Association's permanent funds. These investments are of the safest possible character and are made to yield good returns through interest.

We are furthermore indebted to him for a very thorough investigation and report made of the affairs of the Association by one of the most reliable audit concerns of the United States, Ernst & Ernst, of Philadelphia, with offices in

Washington. These gentlemen spent more than two days on this work, which ordinarily would have cost from \$75 to \$100, but through the persuasive influence of our Treasurer, they most generously gave their ability and services as a contribution to our worthy cause.

They not only verified the figures of the Treasurer's statements, but made a complete audit of the records of the exchange. However, the most gratifying thing about the report is their statement that it was remarkable that in the examination of the accounts of an organization of this character everything should have been found to be in such "apple pie" order. The system and methods used by the head of the Exchange, Mrs. Stone, were referred to with enthusiasm as being in some respects models.

Notwithstanding this, the affairs of the Association are, of course, open to further examination and audit by the Electors or friends of the Association, and full opportunity will be cheerfully given them to make, or cause to be made, such examination as may be desirable.

The Association had the unusual experience of an increase in its administrative funds over its expenses until a considerable sum had been accumulated. Not wishing to have these funds lying idle, the Trustees determined to create, out of this accumulation, a Scholarship Fund. In recognition of the splendid services, covering 12 years, of our first President, Judge Seth Shepherd, the first fund so created was denominated the "Judge Seth Shepherd Memorial Scholarship Fund." For this purpose, in May, 1919, the sum of \$5,000 was set apart as a special fund, in perpetuity, the income from which is to be used in providing scholarships for mountain boys and girls in the mountain schools aided by the Association. This fund is so invested as to yield 6 per cent interest or \$300 per year. The investment of the fund and all other matters incident to the execution of the trust are left to the Board of Trustees.

The first school selected to receive the benefits of this scholarship is the Hindman School at Hindman, Kentucky. A scholarship in this school for the full term of nine months costs \$100. Thus it is seen that from this fund three poor boys and girls who might otherwise be deprived of all educational advantages are every year rescued from the effects of a blighted isolation and environment and are brought within the beneficent influence of an institution where they receive the greatest of all blessings, namely, that of being helped to help themselves.

In the early years of the Association's existence, one of its best friends, Mr. Daniel G. Ambler, made a contribution to the Association of \$5,000, to be used as a permanent fund, and which through accrued interest has been very considerably increased. The Association kept this fund invested for a number of years and in the meantime Mr. Ambler passed away. After the Judge Seth Shepherd Memorial Fund had been created, it was thought that no more fitting expression of appreciation of Mr. Ambler's helpful interest in the work of the Association could be given than to create out of his contribution to the Association another scholarship fund of \$5,000, known as the "Ambler Memorial Scholarship Fund." This was accordingly done in December, 1919. The proceeds from this fund are used to secure scholarships in the Berry School at Mt. Berry, Georgia, a school to which Mr. Ambler was very greatly devoted.

I am happy to report that through the assistance of the Association a Practice Home is maintained in the Hindman School in Kentucky. Mrs. Helen A. Davidson, the house-mother of this home, reports that a number of girls under her are making most satisfactory progress in the art of home-making—the greatest of all arts. In connection with this work of Mrs. Davidson, we have Miss Mildred Gordon visiting homes far back in the mountains and teaching elementary hygiene, sewing, cooking, canning, and housekeeping.



It is to be deplored that there are so few workers in this, the greatest missionary field open to Americans today. If the southern highlands were filled with workers of this kind the tremendous problem which now confronts us there would in less than ten years be satisfactorily solved.

I desire again to call especial attention to the matter of not making indiscriminate contributions to schools in this section, for even in so noble a work as this, imposters are to be found. Then again the incompetent and inefficient efforts which lead to waste and bring discredit upon the work should be avoided.

The Quarterly, our medium through which our members and friends are given information regarding the work in general is continued under the able editorial management of Mrs. Mary H. White, who has also acted as the Association's Recording Secretary from almost its very beginning.

May I remind you that it is the duty of the Electors at this meeting to fill the vacancies which occur on the Board of Trustees?

We of this Association can point with pardonable pride to an unsurpassed record in the administration of its financial affairs. Through its management the entire administrative and running expenses of the Association, including rent, salaries, printing, etc., are paid from the proceeds of the exchange, so that not one cent of the contributions to the Association goes to pay its administrative expenses. I understand, as a rule, that from 65 per cent to 75 per cent only of contributions to charity and philanthropic work reach the objects for which they were contributed. Not so with the Southern Industrial Association. With it one hundred cents out of every dollar contributed are used for the purpose for which the contribution was made.

May I call especial attention to the following: The total administrative expenses of the Association during the past year amounted to \$3,783.59, while the profits from the ex-

change amounted to \$5,599.04, which gives a balance of \$1,815.45. Thus it appears that after having paid the entire administrative or running expenses of the Association there remained out of the profits from the exchange \$1,815.45, which the Association itself can offer as a contribution to the educational fund. Has this record ever been surpassed?

The Exchange was started in 1913. The total sales for that year amounted to \$994.67, and during the seven intervening years, which cover the Great War period, these sales have increased by leaps and bounds until for the fiscal year just ending they amount to the astonishing sum of \$17,717.52, with a profit to the Association of \$5,399.04.

In this connection may I explain that the articles sold in the Exchange are manufactured by the highlanders in their highland homes. The highlanders fix their own prices on these articles. The Association handles the articles without any charge to the owners and sells them at what is considered a fair advance over the price fixed by the owners. Out of the proceeds the owners are paid their full prices. In this way, during the brief years the Exchange has been in existence, there has been remitted to these mountain industrial workers \$39,576.46. These remittances for last year alone amounted to \$11,763.70. Through this work hope and encouragement have been given to many a despairing highland heart and sunshine and happiness have been brought into many an obscure and desolate highland home. This reveals the spirit, yea, the very soul of our Association in its high mission.

This splendid achievement through our Exchange has been made possible by the unceasing and untiring efforts of our Financial Secretary, Mrs. Augusta Stone, who presides with combined grace and business ability at the Association's headquarters, 1228 Connecticut Avenue. All are invited to visit these headquarters and inspect the interesting collection of articles there which have been produced by our friends and co-laborers in the southern highlands.

In closing this report I desire to express, on behalf of the Board of Trustees and for myself, to our Auxiliary Associations in New York and Philadelphia, and to the organizations of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and to our other friends, both collectively and individually, our grateful appreciation of their helpful co-operation and assistance.

Respectfully submitted,

C. C. CALHOUN,

This 24th day of March, 1920.

*President.*

### **The School at Plum Tree.**

After 18 years of faithful and devoted service in building up the school for boys at Plum Tree, North Carolina, Rev. J. P. Hall has been obliged to give up his work because of failing health. His has been the work of a pioneer full of hardships and sacrifices, and he leaves behind him as proof of his labors a valuable property worth about \$80,000, six small churches that have been organized and buildings erected, besides the beautiful church at Plum Tree, and best of all, he has started hundreds of boys in their education.

Rev. Edgar Tufts, who has shown great executive and organizing ability in his work at Banners Elk, will become the head of the school at Plum Tree, while continuing to hold his former position. Both of the schools are situated in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, where they are accomplishing splendid results.

# Annual Report of the New York Auxiliary to the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

1919-1920

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:*

In making this brief report I wish first to congratulate the Association upon the continuation of its same high average of helpful work undiminished by the keen competition for funds constantly being made by innumerable charitable and civic bodies.

The affairs of the New York Auxiliary have likewise been satisfactory under the same conditions.

Our Mardi Gras Ball—now an annual event for several years past—was again beautiful to see, and a success financially.

Our Arts and Crafts Committee has made most satisfactory sales of the hand-work products of the mountaineers, and they constantly renew public interest in the mountain people by familiarizing the public with their interesting, useful and artistic work.

This committee has during the latter part of the corporate year established a permanent sales room. This is a great step in advance as well as evidence of past success and popularity.

Our membership remains about the same.

Our meetings have been well attended and have often been made of especial interest by the addresses of some of the teachers who work personally in the mountain schools.

Our receipts were..... \$4,492.20

Our disbursements were ..... \$4,200.00

This sum was distributed among 15 of the mountain schools.

I have the honor to be

Very truly yours,

MARY MILDRED SULLIVAN,

*President of the New York Auxiliary  
Southern Industrial Educational Association.*

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress, July 16, 1894, pending.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1920

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## The Conference of Mountain Workers.

The eighth annual conference of the Southern Mountain Workers was held at Knoxville, Tennessee, early in April, with an attendance of about 150 persons directly connected with educational work in the mountains. How well the late Dr. John C. Campbell laid the foundations of this organization was indicated by the fact that the leaders declared it to be one of the most enthusiastic and worth-while meetings in the history of the conference. Mrs. Campbell, who has been largely responsible for the activities of the conference since the death of her husband, May, 1919, was made secretary for the coming year. She is now editing Dr. Campbell's exhaustive report on education in the Southern mountains, and hopes to have the work ready for printing some time during the fall.

The personnel of the conference is made up of representatives of the 13 denominations doing work in the Southern highlands; public school officials, workers from church and independent schools, from community centers, and delegates from national, state and private organizations interested in promoting the welfare of the mountain people. The conference is made possible through the interest of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Most of the schools which this Association assists had representatives at the conference.



## **Annual Report of the Philadelphia Auxiliary for the Year 1919-1920.**

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational  
Association:*

For the sixth time, Philadelphia sends its greeting to you, with a keener appreciation of its privileges and a clearer conception of its opportunities as the years go by. Glad are we, its members, to do the little possible to us for the making more clear an understanding of Christian Cultural Democracy, and a higher plane of living more general through remote sections of Appalachia.

The World War has a few glistening silver linings to the dark grey of its many clouds, and one which we who are looking to our mountains with eager eyes, see most happily, is the awakening of the Nation to the existing limitations of those who live there, and the splendid qualities latent in these, which make it a great responsibility upon Nation and Church to develop this human asset of both—the man power most surely to be depended upon in time of need, purely American without taint of foreign Red or Bolshevik heredity. Their only limitations are their corruption or confusion of standards usual to ignorance and isolation.

Philadelphia Auxiliary has carried to successful completion the effort launched by our President in March, 1919, and there now stands in Norton, Va., the “317th Memorial Community Center” with equipped gymnasium, library and rest rooms, piano, victrola and tea service as a visible proof, by voluntary effort and contribution, of the Auxiliary’s appreciation of the Mountain Men in the World War. These men returned with an extended viewpoint of life, a new conception of woman in the home and in the world, with an awakened desire for community of interest as well as for outward expression and intercourse with others, and this Center was established to provide a place where these privileges were possible under discriminating and educational limitations and opportunities. The Business Men’s Club of the town pays the salary of a recently returned

canteen worker from France as extension worker and general supervisor of activities in and emanating from the Center. This work represents a cash cost of one thousand seventy-five dollars, but with the furnishings given, library, piano and other equipment, represents about twenty-five hundred dollars, or more, while the pleasure it is giving and the good it is doing can not be reckoned.

Many pleasant affairs were given by the Auxiliary during the year to raise this money so that not a dollar should be diverted from our usual work, and so far from taking any away, through the popular patriotic appeal, many new friends were made and the Arts and Crafts sales were increased, adding materially to the success of the year. Several clubs of Philadelphia and nearby places have opened their houses to us, and most successful sales of the Crafts have been held. The New Century Club of Wilmington and the Woman's Club of Germantown prove most delightful social as well as business privileges.

Many new avenues of opportunity are being opened to us. We are striving to secure co-operation in educational work from other organizations and are meeting with encouraging success, the Educational Section of the Philomusean Club being one of our supporters, and recently the General Dabney H. Mawry Chapter of the U. D. C. in Philadelphia gave two scholarships through the Auxiliary.

Intimate first-hand information and topical stories come to us through the various workers who have addressed the meetings through the year—Mrs. Erdman, of Germantown; Major Harrison, of the 317th Infantry at a special meeting in July; Mrs. Martin, of Norton; Mrs. Alexander B. White, Tennessee; Father Lobdell, of Rutherfordton; Rev. John C. Newman and Miss Beulah Dobbin of Patterson School. At the meeting when Miss Dobbin told the story of Patterson School she mentioned the love of music shown by the boys and girls, and their crude possibilities of hearing or expressing it. At the close of her talk, plans were made for sending a victrola to them, and in two weeks a large cabinet machine and forty records were sent. An organ was sent

to a wayside mission in Virginia, the only attendant expense being postage on letter of thanks sent to the firm giving it, which crated and shipped it, free of cost. So often only a little effort is needed and information of the need presented to the right party to bring cheer and extended usefulness to many.

Beside our educational work, we find an inspiring and delightful service through the philanthropic committees, activities which respond to outside and local appeals without calling upon the Auxiliary's treasury.

After the chairman of education reports the needs as sent to her from and through various schools, this committee calls a meeting to consider them and take action. When a request came recently from Pine Mountain asking for 48 aprons, "all sizes, even for boys," a sewing bee was quickly arranged and although the tongues of the workers vied with the hum of the machines, the order was filled, even 49 being sent. All this money is raised by committee effort.

A local appeal recently came to us as an organization, during the epidemic of influenza and pneumonia, for bed jackets, etc., needed by the 3,000 patients in the City Hospital, and another bee was called, and the pink and blue nightingales sang merrily as they flew through the machines and hands of the busy workers. They were deeply appreciated, taking as they did a bit of cheer and comfort to those under most depressing conditions, ill in a charity hospital.

The Treasurer's report for the year is herewith appended:

Total income for the year to Auxiliary..	\$3,506.19
Expenses of Auxiliary.....	2,693.46
Total income from Arts and Crafts....	2,897.81
Remitted to Mountain Workers.....	2,628.37
Community Center .....	1,045.00
Per capita tax and scholarships.....	1,050.00

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH O. LEWIS, *President*,  
Philadelphia Auxiliary.

### Medicinal Herbs in the Mountains.

The mountain people in more remote sections, being far from doctors, rely on nature's remedies in sickness, and the older women still gather the old time simples or herbs for medicinal use. An old mountain woman being asked to name a list of the herbs which she considered specially helpful, gave the following:

"Yellow dock is good for the bowels.

"Catnip is good to make children sleep.

"Take a little of wild cherry tree bark, mix it with whiskey for bitters.

"Yellow root or golden seal is binding or healing to the bowels; it's the best ever for sore eyes, as good as anything them brought on doctors can give.

"Sassafras can't be beat if yer blood gets too thick.

"Spice wood makes tea as good as coffee.

"Dogwood bark makes good bitters.

"Yellow poplar bark is good for a heap of things.

"Sour vine you can mix with all the others. It is good for anything.

"Stick weed is as good for chills as anything in the country.

"Dog fennel is as good fer flux as anything anybody ever took.

"Pocoon or blood root is good for yeller janders.

"Cowcumber bark gives yer a good stomach to eat if you ain't eating good, and cleans up yer color when you ought to be white and look sooty."

### Minutes of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting.

March 24, 1920.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association was held at the residence of the president; Mr. C. C. Calhoun, 1519 New Hampshire Avenue, on the afternoon of March 24, 1920, with the following electors present: Messrs. Cal-

houn, Evans, Robinson, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. White, Mrs. Stone, Miss Lindsley, Miss Casey, of Washington; Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Chase, of the Philadelphia Auxiliary. Among the guests present were Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Wetmore. Twenty-four electors were represented by proxies.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mr. C. C. Calhoun, who made a brief address of welcome to the members and friends of the Association. The minutes of the Thirteenth Annual Meeting were read, accepted and ordered to record.

The treasurer, Mr. Joshua Evans, gave a very complete report of the year's finances, a summary of which appears on page 23 of this Quarterly. In his report Mr. Evans made special mention of the remarkable increase of the work of the Exchange under the very efficient direction of Mrs. Stone, showing that the total sales for the year just ended amounted to \$17,362.74. The treasurer explained that in accordance with action taken of the trustees at the regular meeting of February, 1920, the accounts of the Association and of the Exchange had been examined and audited by a firm of professional accountants. He stated that Ernst & Ernst, whose representative spent three days upon the books, did their work free of charge, after learning of the objects for which the Association is organized. The report of the Auditing Committee was next presented, and upon motion the reports of the Treasurer and Auditing Committee were approved and ordered to record.

The report from Ernst & Ernst was read, in which commendation was given for the masterly way in which the financial secretary, Mrs. A. S. Stone, had kept the very complicated accounts of the Exchange. Upon motion of Mrs. Lewis, President of the Philadelphia Auxiliary, it was unanimously voted to send Ernst & Ernst an expression of appreciation on the part of the electors for their courtesy in auditing the accounts without charge.



The next order of business was the reading of the reports from the Auxiliaries.

The report of Mrs. Mary Mildred Sullivan, the honored president of the New York Auxiliary, read by the secretary, Mrs. White, showed that the interest and co-operation of the members have been faithfully continued, as appeared by the splendid financial results. Upon motion of Mr. Evans, it was unanimously voted that the report be accepted and ordered to record, and that acknowledgment be made to Mrs. Sullivan for the enthusiastic support of her Auxiliary.

Mrs. Louis Lewis, of the Philadelphia Auxiliary, presented her report and gave a most interesting account of the diversified activities and interests of the Auxiliary. Among the most vital things it is accomplishing is the work for the returned mountain soldiers at the community center of Norton, Wise County, Virginia. She explained that she had been able to enlist the interest of some of the coal and coke operators near Norton, and as a result an industrial school for the children of that neglected region is to be opened under their co-operation and support. Mr. Calhoun voiced the thanks of the electors to Mrs. Lewis for her enthusiasm and accomplishment in the work of the Association. Upon motion the report was accepted and ordered filed. Copies of the reports appear in this number of the Quarterly.

The Annual Report of the Association was then given by its president, Mr. C. C. Calhoun, who called attention in his prefatory remarks to the great loss that had been sustained during the past year by the death of Mrs. Samuel Spencer, whose interest had been unflagging from the very beginning of the Association, when the first meeting for organization was held in her home. He paid high tribute to the women of the Association, who, from the founder and her co-workers, down to the present, by their faithfulness and devotion are largely responsible for the maintenance and successful operation of the organization.

Mr. Robinson, pointing with pride to the splendid year's work, moved that the report be accepted and ordered to record.

In the general discussion that followed emphasis was placed upon the great desirability of increasing the number of Auxiliaries. Attention was called to the fact that in some of the mountain states organizations having in general the same aims as this Association are already in existence, so that separate Auxiliaries might seem to some a duplication of work.

The next in order of business was the election of trustees to fill the expired terms of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Bell and Mrs. White. Mrs. Lewis moved that the Secretary cast the ballot for the re-election of the four trustees whose term of office expired with this meeting. The motion was carried and the recording secretary cast the ballot as instructed.

Mrs. Lewis spoke of the ill-health of the founder of the Association, Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, now in California, and moved that a vote of appreciation be sent to her from the Electors. Seconded by Mr. Evans and carried.

The following were made electors of the Association:

Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, Mrs. Leigh Robinson and Mrs. C. W. Wetmore.

Mrs. Lewis spoke of the importance of reviving the Baltimore Auxiliary, as it was evident that a considerable degree of interest was still felt there in the work of the Association. The chair decided that the matter be taken up at a regular meeting of the board of trustees.

At 5.15 the meeting adjourned, and the members and guests accepted Mrs. Calhoun's invitation to gather for friendly intercourse around her hospitable tea table.

At the close of the electors' meeting the trustees present held a special meeting, at which it was voted to change the hour of the regular monthly meeting from 8 p. m. to 4 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY H. WHITE,  
*Recording Secretary.*

### **The Alvin C. York Foundation.**

Sergeant York is the mountain boy whose exploits in the Argonne Forest have made him a world-wide hero. On the 8th of October, 1918, with a rifle in his left hand and his repeating revolver in his right hand, he killed more than 20 of the enemy, captured 132, including a major and three lieutenants, and put out of action 35 machine guns.

His war experience brought home to him the need and value of education and he is now devoting himself to bringing educational opportunities to his own people, for in his own home community there has been no school for two years.

The York Foundation has been organized under the laws of Tennessee for the purpose of founding and maintaining a school or schools in the mountain sections which shall give opportunity for training and preparation in productive living and useful citizenship to the young men and the young women of the remote mountain districts of the Appalachian Highlands. The Foundation plans to provide a school which will start at the bottom, not a "university."

Sergeant York has refused many offers for his own personal gain, and is lecturing under the direction of the Foundation, all the proceeds of his lectures being given to this praiseworthy enterprise.

The trustees of the Foundation include ministers, newspaper, professional and business men of the State of Tennessee.

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### **President Frost of Berea.**

After twenty-eight years of devoted service, William Goodell Frost of Berea College is compelled through failing health to bring to an end his active connection with the institution which will ever stand as a monument to his consecration and outpouring of self. Through its students Berea has prepared thousands of workers who are solving the industrial and educational problems of the mountains, and who are carrying to the mountain people

the light which President Frost's idealism has kindled in their lives.

Dr. Frost hopes in his well-earned leisure to carry to completion some writing that he has been contemplating for many years.

### Financial Statement.

Condensed from the Report of the Treasurer, Joshua Evans, Jr., to the President and Board of Trustees for the Fiscal Year Ended February 23, 1920.

Total assets all funds, February 24, 1919.....	\$24,527.22
Income received from all sources since.....	13,812.44

Total.....	\$38,339.66
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Disbursements .....	10,898.59
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Total assets in all funds, Feb. 23, 1920..... \$27,441.07  
distributed as follows per summary of funds as shown by  
audit of Messrs. Ernst & Ernst, certified public accountants.

Administrative Fund—Cash .....	\$6,613.41
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Investment Fund—Securities .....	6,100.00
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Seth Shepard Memorial Fund—

Note secured by first mortgage...	\$5,000.00
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Cash .....	129.45
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	5,129.45
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Ambler Memorial Fund—Securities.....	5,000.00
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Reserve Fund—

Securities .....	\$2,000.00
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Cash .....	491.24
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	2,491.24
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Educational Fund—Cash .....	2,106.97
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Total.....	\$27,441.07
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Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

### Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Enclosed please find.....Dollars*

*for (purpose) .....*

*Name .....*

*Address .....*

*Date.....*

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer, and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

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**Quarterly Magazine**  
OF THE  
**Southern Industrial Educational  
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(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XIII.

Nos. 1 AND 2.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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**FOR THE SAKE OF LEARNING**

ETHEL DE LONG ZANDE

It was barely more than the break of light when little Nance rushed from her breakfast to give her last caresses to the two pet lambs. Pappy had gone to feed Old Maud and she knew Mammy would call in a minute and ask if she'd filled the flour poke with apples for her brothers and sisters. She danced across the yard to the barn, so excited she hardly felt the bite of the frost on her bare feet. The lambs were stirring in their pile of fodder when she flung herself upon them.

"I won't be missin' you, little fellers, 'cause I'm going to school, but I reckon you'll bleat atter me. You and me has been such playmates. You all must run atter Maw now, and she'll salt ye and set ye out milk. When I come home at Christmas time you'll be right smart chunks of sheep, and mebbe you'll hardly know me."

Though the pet lambs bleated after her all the way back to the house, they did not disturb her gaiety. For a year she had been waiting for a place in the school twenty miles away across the hill. Ever since she could remember, her older brothers and sisters had gone there and brought back tales of the women who taught there, of the learning you could get, of the plays and frolics.

It had always been planned that as soon as there was a place in the school for her, the "baby one," Nance should go too, and now, night before last, Stacy Ellen had written that a little girl had dropped out and she must come right away. Nance felt proud elation—at last she was to go to a real school. How often had she heard Pappy say: "I wouldn't mind the child walkin' four miles to school if she jest could get larnin', but we've had such sorry luck with teachers here lately, 'pears like going to school destroys the least ones' minds 'stead of larnin' them."

As she helped Mammy pick out a mess of sweet potatoes to take to her new teacher for a present, Mammy said:

"Now Nance, I don't reckon you'll git dissatisfied, but if you do, don't you give up. You stick it out. Maw wants you to know more'n she does when you're growed."

"Why no, Mammy, I'm jes' proud to git to go. It's only two months to Christmas, and I'd never get homesick that quick."

At last she was up behind Pappy on Old Maud and they were started. Little Nance had never been off the waters of Salt Lick and as they forded Rockhouse she allowed that sure must be the Mississippi, it was so big. Holding tight to Pappy, the little eleven-year-old girl thought her day's ride a great adventure and wondered how Rufus could ever have cried, as he once did when he was starting to school, and begged Mammy to let him stay at home.

When at last, just as the sun ball dropped, they came to the school, it seemed more wonderful than Nan's dreams. Such fine houses, such a welcome from her brothers and sisters, so many children gathering in front of the fire after supper to sing song ballads!

"Oh, Pappy, tell Mammy I like it fine!" she told him.

For two days she liked it fine. Then something strange happened inside her and she could think of nothing but home—the pet lambs; the red peppers hanging from the loft in the kitchen; the small, cozy, dark room, so sheltered and safe; Pappy playing the dulcimer after supper and singing, to please her, the ballad of Fair Ellender. She wanted to come down the hill from hunting chestnuts and see blue smoke rising from the chimney and the cows gathering about the house waiting for Mammy to milk them. Most of all, she wanted Mammy to come to the door, and call, "Nance, come, bring in some stove wood for me, Honey." She could only cry her heart out at night and every day beg an unyielding Rufus to take her home. But Rufus, who had gone through his own pangs, would not help her. At last, after four days of "purely misery," little Nance slipped off just as the light broke, and with

the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon found her way across the hills. It was dark when she reached home, the firelight was streaming out of the open door, and Mammy was washing up the supper dishes. Nance flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, Mammy, I don't never want to leave ye again, nohow. There haint no school able to make me satisfied away from you." "Why, love hit's heart," said Mammy, "my baby was homesick, was it? And hit didn't allow hit would be! An' run away, did ye, all by yourself? Well, honey, just ye sit down now and have a baked sweet tater and some milk afore you drop off to sleep. You must be plumb wearied out."

Somehow little Nance got the notion that Mammy was purely glad to see her and she fell into a sleep of deepest satisfaction when she finished her supper. In the morning, to her surprise, there was Rufus who had started after her as soon as they found she was gone and had been an hour or so behind her all along the road. She never dreamed any one would worry about her at the school—she had just come home! "They was all good to me, but I couldn't be satisfied."

Nobody questioned her running away all the day long, till evening, when she was helping Mammy wind yarn. "Little Nance," said she, "you be goin' back tomorrow with Rufus to school, be'nt ye?" "Oh, no, Mammy, I'll just stay with you and get on with what larnin' I've got, an' you kin teach me to dye and to weave." As her mother sat silent and unsmiling, she went on: "I heerd you tell the school women oncet you reckoned things was evened up to fellers, 'cause if you hadn't been nowhare nor seen nothin', you could spin and weave, and they couldn't!"

Then her mother surprised her—the mother whose gentleness was unfailing, but whose words were few. "Nance, you listen to Mammy, Honey. You know what little larnin' I've got, but you don't know how hard I come by it. When they talked about puttin' the post office here, Pappy



couldn't write his name and I could only read a little. We studied how we could get knowledge enough to run the post office, an' he was so busy tendin' the crop and gettin' out fencin' he couldn't go to school. So we laid it out for me to take the baby—hit was Stacy Ellen then—and go across the hill and get the larnin'. It was hard on your pappy to have the three leetle fellers at home to look atter while I was gone, and it was hard on me to strike out four miles with the baby atter I'd milked and got breakfast and done up the work. When I come home hit would be supper time and milkin' time again, and I never got no time to teach your pappy till all the sleepy-headed little fellers was put to bed. Then we'd build up a big bresh fire and read and write till midnight.

"Well, it took us three months to get able enough in readin' and writin' so we could keep the post office, but we started in about fodderin' time. Then the inspector come along and cast down us mighty nigh as soon as we was begun, for there was statements to make which took knowledge of figgerin'. Pappy was for givin' up, but I says, 'Now Aleck, I'll go back to school and get up on figgers and larn ye nights.' He says: 'No, you've got the children's yarn stockings' to make an' more linsey to weave an' your beans and apples to dry and your cabbage to put down—I don't see how ye kin. You've fell away a sight a'ready packin' that baby eight miles a day.' Well, I *was* pore, but I didn't care about keepin' a post office as much as I did that my little young uns should have learned parents. I wanted them to be upstanding. I says to your pappy: 'You let me go, you kin spare me the steer to ride now, and teacher will help me extra!' Teacher was an awful good-hearted young feller. So we fixed it. I got the knowledge of figgers and afore Christmas we knowed enough to make out them reports.

"Well, Honey, we sot our minds to give our young uns larnin' afore they come to such a pass as ours. 'Pears like

each one that's gone off was harder to see go. A hearth without your little fellers settin' around it is mighty cold, no matter how big the fire is. An' I've thought since your pappy's gettin' bowed over, he ought to have his boys to help him. But we've held on and now there's Cyrus off to college and 'Lizabeth teaching school, and three more still in school. Even if's so lonely without you, Honey, Mammy can hardly live, she wants you to go back. It looks hard, jes' like the neighbors say, to raise a family an' then have nary a child at home nine months out'n the year, but I kin pet your little lambs for ye and study about the good time we'll all have Christmas and if mammy kin stand it, can't you? I won't force ye to go—I couldn't never bear it onless you was to tell me you could be satisfied, but it would hurt your pappy and me mightily not to raise our baby one toward humanity."

Mammy's hands had dropped the ball of yarn and she sat looking at little Nance with such mingled yearning and valor that even the little girl felt the glory of years of sacrifice. She, too, could be brave. How she was to stand those lonesome feelings inside she did not know, but she could take the road her mother pointed out for her. "I'll go back with Rufus to-morrer," she said, "and I'll go till I git all the larnin' an' manners you want me to have. But I won't never go off to college nor teach school. I'm aimin' fer you to larn me to tromp the treadles and weave Ladies' Delight an' Pine Blossom. I—I don't want to be a teacher and live away from ye. I don't want to be nothing finer than just a *mammy* like you."—*Reprinted from The Home Mission Monthly, November, 1920.*

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The efficiency of an illiterate people in competition with an educated nation is as the crooked stick against the sulky plow; the sickle against the reaper; the bullock cart against the express train, the ocean greyhound, and the aeroplane; the pony messenger against the telegraph, telephone, and wireless.—*Bureau of Education Bulletin, 1917, No. 22.*

## REPORT OF THE PRACTICE HOME OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS AT HINDMAN

HELEN ALDRICH DAVIDSON, *Director of Practice Home.*

October has been, as always in the mountains, one of the most beautiful months of the year. So far we have had no cold weather, which has delayed the much splitting of kindling wood, the carrying of coal and the badly chapped hands which winter brings to a family living in a house entirely heated by soft coal fire places.

Our family has changed some since last year, but I will tell you about the girls whom I now have. First comes Georgia, eighteen, a great big jolly wholesouled youngster who, until last year, when she came to school here, had never seen a town.

Next we have Mary, eighteen, very capable and bright in her practical work, but does not enjoy "book larnin'" as much.

Flora, nineteen, is quite idealistic and fine-grained. Last year I almost gave up her developing into a cook, but after a summer at home she seems to have improved immensely. I heard through a near neighbor of hers that she worked in the field all summer from daylight till dark and on Saturday afternoon would clean the whole home, put flowers around, covers on the table, and do all the cooking for over Sunday. She also made an attempt to instill table manners into her numerous brothers and sisters.

Malvery is a quiet, sweet, dependable girl of seventeen, the joy of my heart.

Maida and Lettie, both sophomores in the regular high school work, are living in the Practice House. They come from one of the best mountain families. Their good stock and careful raising are quite evident. They are also blessings and do much in helping me keep my standards of housekeeping high. Maida is sixteen and Lettie eighteen. When Lettie came here a month ago she was eighteen

pounds below what a girl should weigh of her age and height. Now I am glad to say she has gained ten pounds and there has begun to show beneath her skin the ruddy glow of health. This gain seems almost like a miracle, as we have been having a dearth of eggs, milk and butter.

The hens are moulting. I agree with one of the girls when she said, " 'Pears like it takes a powerful long time for them hens to get shet of their feathers.'" The pastures are getting dry and corn has not been gathered for the winter. This means not enough food for the cows and I presume it is not "cow nature" to give milk under such conditions. With no milk there is no butter, and our old friend butterine is no more. Our mail service here in the mountains is worse than ever before. It is rumored that mail destined for Hindman is piled up so high in the postoffices at the railroad that storage houses must be built to hold it—400 pounds of mail being the limit the carrier must bring each day. By the time Hindman has been reached much of this mail has been thrown off at the intervening postoffices, leaving only a very small quantity for this place. With practically no butter, little milk and few eggs, a person who revels in balanced meals and in enforcing the rules that make for the good health of the family has, indeed, a difficult time. However life always has its compensations. We have practically all of our supplies on hand for the winter. Let the roads be as bad as they may, with split peas, dried corn, macaroni, cheese, prunes, peaches, potatoes, onions and a cellar full of canned fruits and vegetables, we can not be reduced to "taters and beans and beans and taters."

Our class work is moving along satisfactorily. In my advanced cooking class with my Practice House family we are finishing up our class work in cooking with the study of canning, preserving and jelly-making. I should have liked to have given the theory before our practical

work at the beginning of this fall term, but the food to be canned came in so thick and fast that we could take but little time for class work.

The work in household management is very interesting to the girls. They have been studying the factors to consider in the choice of a general location of a house, the particular site, the advantages and disadvantages of renting a home, building, buying, etc. I am trying principally to adapt it to mountain conditions and to make it of practical use to the girls in later life. In case they are not to live in the mountains, I am giving a general idea of housing conditions in larger towns and cities, why rents are high, etc.

My advanced class in cooking and dietetics with the sophomores in High School is doing splendid work. I am now piloting them through the last intricacies of pies and desserts, and we are now about ready to study "Feeding the Family" by Mary Swartz Rose of Columbia. It is a gem of a book, perfectly scientific, but written simply and clearly. I want to make the girls enjoy it so that none of them will consider keeping house, or bringing up a family without it.

The Health Club so far has been a huge success. Without doubt I have personally received more inspiration from this than from any other one project that I have started since I came to Hindman. I had hoped to get hold of twenty-five children between the ages of 8 and 10, but when we had our first meeting I found myself besieged with fifty children, all clamoring to belong to the club. We finally eliminated the "seven year olders" and took into our fold the children between 8 and 12. Since it is not practical to have more than twenty children in a club, we divided them into two groups. Now we have a club for children from 8 to 10 years of age on Wednesday and the others on Friday. Fortunately this makes the groups exactly of the same size. The club meetings are held in the kindergarten from three to four in the afternoon. There



is a piano in the kindergarten, plenty of little chairs and space for games. Half of the time is taken up with a health talk and a discussion of the children's progress in the Health Crusade. After this we have songs and games. The songs are little health rhymes which are published by the National Association for The Prevention of Tuberculosis. These children are town children exclusively and these clubs the only semblance of social lift that they get outside of school. It would be hard to imagine a more enthusiastic group of children. Their shining eyes and merry laughter make one feel that life is truly worth while as long as there are children in the world.

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\*It is with extreme sorrow that we inform our readers of the death of Mrs. Davidson in the hospital at the Hindman School, May 19, 1921.

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### A BIT OF MOUNTAIN HUMOR

A singular thing about the mountaineer is his ability to take a humorous view of life even under tragic circumstances. Rev. John Deal, rector of the Episcopal church in Franklin, N. C., tells a story that illustrates this. A mountaineer named Joshua Smith was on trial for running an illicit still and both he and his lawyer had made a game fight against the evidence, but it was finally apparent that conviction was inevitable. At this point the counsel for the State resumed his badgering of the defendant, who was then on the stand in his own defense.

"You say you live on Buck Creek?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And your first name is Joshua?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, are you the Joshua that made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir; I'm the Joshua that made the moonshine!"

Even facing the certainty of conviction Joshua couldn't resist the temptation of breaking a lance with the dull-witted lawyer.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1921

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## IN MEMORIAM

JULIA D. STRONG

A year ago—it hardly seems so long—there came into the rooms of this Association, in Washington, one of the teachers from the Hindman Settlement School, at Hindman, Kentucky—Mrs. Helen Aldrich Davidson. She was passing through the city on her way to her home in New England, where she meant to spend her vacation, returning in the fall to her work at the school. Mrs. Stone was, of course, the first to greet her, and by a happy chance one of the trustees was also there and had her first meeting (and her last) with that bright, alert, enthusiastic woman.

She stayed some time and told at length of the Practice Home to which her time and energies were given, of what she had been able to accomplish there, of the many improvements she had in view on her return, of her intense interest in the whole work, and as she spoke her face showed the depth of her feeling. Then she said good-by and went away. In the fall she returned to Hindman and took up her task again with increased interest. It was in April of this year, after two years in the Practice Home, that she wrote to Mrs. Stone, "I have enjoyed my work to the uttermost

this year and am looking forward to a new term in the fall with great anticipation and encouragement." Later came her reports for April and May, and just at the end she writes that she feels her work has been "worth while in every respect."

So short a time ago—and now when it seemed to be all so valuable, so greatly needed, that work is done. Within a few days she has slipped out of life taking with her the precious baby for whom that life was given, and leaving behind her a husband bereft, and work, to our short-sighted eyes, unfinished. Our loss is great, we keenly appreciate all that she has been and done, and in these few words, we pay tribute to this faithful, devoted teacher, who has handed in her last report, and answered "present" in another life.

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## THE NEW HONORARY PRESIDENT

THE WHITE HOUSE,

Washington, April 26, 1921.

MY DEAR MRS. STONE:

Mrs. Harding asks me to say that it gives her much pleasure to accept the courteous invitation tendered her by the Southern Industrial Educational Association, to be Honorary President of that organization.

She is much interested in the splendid work that is being accomplished among the Southern Mountaineers, and hopes for all success in these efforts.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) LAURA HARLAN,  
*Secretary.*

## SHUTTLES AND DRAFTS

By FRANCES L. GOODRICH

Twenty-five years ago a few women in Brittain's Cove, near Asheville, began in a modest way to revive the fast dying craft of hand-weaving in the Southern mountains. From this attempt grew the Allanstand Cottage Industries, Inc., with a salesroom on the principal business street of Asheville and with sales for the year 1918 amounting to \$10,000.

It is interesting to remember the beginning of the enterprise. There were at that time no looms in use in the cove, but there were coverlets that had been woven not long before, most of them colored with Diamond dyes. One old spread was a charming contrast to the rest, with its golden brown dyed with chestnut-oak bark, on a background of cream. We set ourselves to reproduce the older work, using dark dyes, indigo, and madder.

With much merry consultation the first wool was bought, a blue pot set, the wool carded and spun. When yarn was prepared for three coverlets, some blue, some red, and some a velvety black, a trip was made to a house on the Paint Fork of Ivy, where was still heard the beating of the old-fashioned loom and where was great store of coverlets and of "drafts" by which to weave them.

Three weeks later our first coverlets came home on horseback behind the messenger. Our excitement was great as we unrolled the web and cut and sewed the strips to make the two blue and white "Double Bow Knots," and the "Missouri Trouble" in black and red. Coverlets could be produced and it was soon proved that they would sell. A loom was set up in the cove and the industry was fairly started. In our minds its purpose was threefold: first, to give paying work to women in isolated homes; second, to give to women who seldom go beyond their own dooryards a new interest, the pleasure of producing beautiful things, and to foster habits of thrift and of keeping work up to a

standard; third, to save from extinction the old-time crafts. The second of these is the most important, however cogent the others, and has so proved itself.

From its small beginning the growth of the Industries has been continuous though not always rapid. Hard work was required and experimenting. From the older women secrets of old vegetable dyes were learned and many plants are now in use, from the black oak of the forest to the broom-sedge of the fields. A characteristic of these dyes is their unfailing ability to live at peace with each other.

In the mountains and in other parts of the country as well, were found stores of old drafts, by which the weaver draws in the threads of the chain through the four sets of harness and by which she tramps to open the sheds for the warp thread. These drafts are long strips of paper filled with figures and lines; usually rolled up and tied with black thread when not in use and when wanted fastened on the loom in plain sight of the worker. Old drafts are full of pricks made by a pin, stuck in and moved along to keep the place.

The names of some of these patterns mark historical events, as "Braddock's Defeat," "Bonaparte's March," and "Polk and Dallas." Others were named from real or fancied resemblances, as "Flowers of May," "The Rattlesnake," and "Cat-track and Snail-trail." "St. Anne's Robe" and the "Double Irish Chain" doubtless came with the settlers from the old country.

Among all the coverlet weavers of whose work I know, Mrs. Elmeda Walker stands first. Her work has set the standard for other weavers. Some years ago she wove many yards for the mountain room in the White House. We are loyal folk in the mountains and Mrs. Walker put all the joy of her craft into those yards of blue and white "Chariot Wheel." At the age of eighty-four she still sends her beautiful webs at intervals to the Asheville shop.

As we went on, other crafts were found in the moun-



tains worthy of development. Among our wares are baskets of many kinds, brooms, shuck hats, and toys. There are still many coverlets and the same fabric is made for hangings and table-runners and cushion-covers. In a heavier weave it is used for rugs, and during the time when wool was scarce much was woven in a material all cotton, with good effects in color and texture. Tufted and knotted spreads come from homes scattered through the mountains, and on Laurel there is a community of women who produce spreads in the appliqué patchwork in patterns old and modern and in workmanship of surpassing merit.

There are a number of other concerns whose business it is to revive and continue mountain crafts. Some are connected with schools or other institutions, some stand alone like the Allanstand Industries. Together they make a chain of good purpose and achievement of no small value, holding in these fast changing times to some things of real account in the times going by, to the love of beauty in common things, and the habit of doing small things well.—  
*Reprinted from Home Mission Monthly, November, 1919.*

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It is with pleasure that we call attention to a new contributor to the QUARTERLY, Irene Hudson of Benson, Minnesota. Her article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1921, entitled "The Schoolma'am of Sandy Ridge," is a graphic record of her experiences in the mountains of Virginia, where she served not only as teacher, but as nurse, funeral director, general adviser and friend at large to the whole community. She has given a most interesting and vivid picture of the circumscribed lives of the mountain people under conditions of hardship and privation and has described their wedding, funeral and social customs with the pen of a sympathetic but keen observer.

Her article in this number gives a faithful and vivid picture of the exigencies of mountain travel, incidentally showing the difficulty of maintaining public schools in these remote and neglected regions.

## A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN JOURNEY

IRENE HUDSON

I have had a most interesting trip over into Kentucky, to visit the Hindman Settlement School. No one at our station in Virginia could tell me how to get there, so I took a westbound train on Saturday noon for Kentucky, hoping eventually to arrive in Hindman. At five-thirty on Saturday evening, I found myself in a hotel in Pikeville, Ky., with no chance of getting out until Monday at five-thirty in the morning. In answer to my questions about reaching Hindman, I received only discouraging remarks from drummers and trainmen about the perils and uncertainties in store for me.

The following Monday afternoon I mounted Beck, a most accommodating mule, at Lackay for the sixteen mile trip over the mountain to Hindman. The first thing we had to do was ford the river that was running high with the spring floods. At times, the water came up so high, I thought Beck and I would go under, but we didn't. Next followed four miles of squashy, gummy, mucilage-like mud that came up to Beck's knees. Squelch! Splash! Clump! The old girl never faltered. Finally the road turned into the creek bed. There the firm sand and rock bottom made much better going. For six miles, we climbed in and out of it up to the top of the Ridge of the Cumberlands. It was a beautiful day. The trees and flowers were waking to the first call of spring. There was an indescribable freshness in the air, that made me want to breathe from my heels up.

The man who had procured the mule for me caught up with me after an hour or two. It was easily seen from his gentle graciousness and extreme consideration that he came from the finest of mountain stock. A truer gentleman I have never met. He called out a hearty greeting as we passed each cabin. We discussed John Fox's novels at

great length, as Mr. Cameron knew many of the real characters.

It was seven-thirty when we reached Hindman and *very dark*. As we stopped at Mr. Cameron's house, in true mountain hospitality, Mrs. Cameron asked me to stay all night with them, although they were just moving in that day, but I declined, and Mr. Cameron took me to Miss Furman's cottage at the school. A muddy, travel-begrimed stranger, yet Miss Furman took me in and gave me a hearty welcome.

After our sooty log cabin, the dainty, attractive guest room looked very grand and gave me the kind of feeling the boys out of the trenches must have when they come back to a real bedroom. I was so stiff from riding old Beck, I couldn't tell whether it hurt more to stand up or sit down.

The next day I spent visiting the Settlement and talking with the different instructors. Miss Stone gave a faculty tea for this same high-booted, flannel-shirted stranger, at which the atmosphere was so homey and the conversation so interesting that the boots and shirt felt entirely at home. I was especially interested in seeing what has been accomplished in twenty years, when we are just in the pioneer stage up at Sandy Ridge.

It thrilled me as it must thrill every one to hear of old Uncle Sol's trudging forty miles across the mountain to plead with "them wimmen" for a "chanet" for his "pretty-speakin," and "easy-larnin' grandchillun," and of all the vicissitudes these courageous women have borne in their great achievement.

A homey, wholesome atmosphere pervades the place. The children live such a happy, normal life that they go about their work responsibly and joyously. One can't help feeling the beautiful spirit of the school. In the work shops, the barns, the weaving cabin, the gardens, and the school rooms, everywhere I felt this same atmosphere.

After supper, a warm, spring, starlight night, as Miss

Stone and I walked around the grounds, we passed the old weaving cabin. The front window was open. Through it we could hear a melodious, girlish voice singing, "Barbara Allen," and see a sweet-faced, dark-haired girl swaying back and forth in her chair before the fireplace, to the rhythm of the soft accompaniment—she was chording on a banjo.

Later we went over to the little girls' cottage, just about bedtime for them, and heard them sing delightfully several ballads together. Then a very attractive child sang "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor," a complicated and tragic one. In the morning, I had awakened to hear one of the children singing "Sourwood Mountain" and the "False Knight," as she was cleaning the hall. I have heard the children on Sandy Ridge sing these same tunes.

Miss Grigsby let me read a play that was written by one of Uncle Sol's grandchildren, a bright, auburn-haired girl of sixteen, a senior in high school. This was written in response to a request from the English teacher that they write a one-act play, using their own mountain dialect and have the scene laid in the mountains. She has written the sort of thing the Irish players put on. The dialect is the only perfect rendering of the mountaineer phrasing that I have read. If Barrie or Yeats had written it, it could not be more of an exquisite little gem. Isn't it fine that Uncle Sol's grandchildren are getting a "chanet" and proving the stuff they are made of!

The mountaineers are a fine stock. I rejoice that these women who have the vision to give them the best of our twentieth century ideals without destroying their delightful individuality, are at the head of this wonderful school. It takes big people for such a job. They are not trying so much to impose our civilization on the mountaineers as to help them to develop the sterling qualities they already possess.

In my opinion the Hindman Settlement School is an ideal

mountain school. I like all of it, but there are some things that I like especially and that I think are the basis for its tremendous success. It was founded as a response to the urgent appeal from the people in the village who have co-operated to make it a success. It is non-sectarian, but decidedly Christian. The children have not been forced to change their religion, but are required to go to church and Sunday school on Sunday in the village to whatever denomination their parents belong. Best of all it isn't trying to make these children over, according to narrow "uplift" methods, that make all important the adoption of outward manners and dress and superficialities of the twentieth century. At Hindman, the idea is to preserve the native, charming individuality while developing the fine latent characteristics so quick to respond to the right treatment.

I should like to have stayed longer in such a fascinating place, but as the creeks were running high and a tide expected, I decided I'd better get away when I could. When I arose at six, the rain was pouring down. Notwithstanding, I had Beck brought around. I wore my corduroy suit on top of my riding skirt, my hat pinned to one hip and a huge basket I had bought in the Fireside Industries department, on the other arm, over all of this a long, black rain cape and cap, loaned by Miss Stone. Beck took one look at me and made up her mind that she wasn't for having such a looking object on her back. As I was as impeded by my raiment as if I'd been enveloped in a barrel, it looked as if the only way I'd get on, would be to have a strong man come along and put me on. Meanwhile the rain came down as if the floodgates of heaven had been opened wide. To my deliverance came the strong man, but he used his strength on Beck, while I climbed aboard myself, vowing that nothing could get me down until Beck swam the last creek into Lackay.

My companion this time was the mail man. We talked



of many things, the war, his two boys in France, the trials and tribulations of rural mail carriers, and then we harked back to 1861, when he was a boy of eight years and had his first day in school. According to his opinion, education is on the decline because teachers have ceased to use the "Blue-backed Speller." He philosophized on mountain life in general, making this terse remark, "The trouble with these 'ere folks back in the mountains, they's allus a settin' roun' waitin' fer somethin' to happen. Ye've got to make somethin' happen."

I thought, "Old Boy, what did you ever make happen?" As he went on to tell me about his farm and the property he owned, and because his boy had gone to war, he was carrying the mail in his place, and how many Liberty Bonds he had bought, I concluded perhaps he had "made somethin' happen."

It poured every step of the sixteen miles, but with the lovely bluebirds and cardinals, and the interesting old mail man, and the new impressions of the school to think about, I didn't mind being soaked. I spent six days on this trip, covering a distance of less than a hundred miles as the crow flies. It has all been tremendously worth while.

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## A NEW BOOK ON OLD BALLADS

Those who are interested in the recent discoveries in this country of ballads of old-world origin will find much delight in the volume entitled "The Quest of the Ballad," by W. Roy Mackenzie, Professor of Literature in Washington University.

Prof. Mackenzie has spent his summer vacations in Nova Scotia, where in hamlets and villages and among the fisher folks, off the beaten track of the summer tourist, he has found a rich field of research for the ballad lover and collector. In one chapter, entitled "Genuine Antiques," he

has gathered together the survivals of the old English and Scottish ballads, among which are most of those that have been found in the Southern Appalachians, and it is most interesting to note the variations between the versions of the widely separated localities. In a fashion altogether charming Prof. Mackenzie has given delightful glimpses of his wanderings and his experiences with the plain, simple folks of an older day, from whom he gleaned the ballads, both new and old, that make up this collection.

The book is published by the Princeton University Press; \$2.10 by mail.

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### IT IS GOOD FOR CHILDREN

To work under kindly and intelligent direction, with their feet in the soil, their heads in the sunshine, and their lungs filled with good fresh air;

To work till they are tired and hungry, and can eat heartily and sleep soundly;

To work with Nature and become familiar with Nature's phenomena and laws as they can not from any set lessons in school;

To work at tasks that can not be finished in an hour, or a day, or a week, but which must continue through weeks and months and years, with a reward only for those who hold out faithfully to the end;

To form the habit of endurance to which such work must lead;

To work at something in which the relations of cause and effect are so evident as they are in the cultivation and growth of crops;

To work at problems the results of which are not wholly subjective, and in which their degree of success or failure is written more plainly and certainly than by per cent marks in the teachers' record books;

To know the mystic joy of work in cooperation with the illimitable and unchanging forces of Nature;

To come to learn the fundamental principle of morality that every person must contribute to his own support, and by labor of head or hand or heart pay in equal exchange at least for what he consumes.—*P. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education.*

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WHEREVER we may be born, in stately mansion, or in flat, or tenement, or under the humblest conditions, we are pretty much alike, and it would be a rash man who would try to measure brains by the cost of the nursery. Go anywhere you will, there is a human soul demanding a fair chance, having the right to know what has happened in the world, having the right to be enriched with the stories and poetry of life, having the right to be inspired by the deeds of men of force who have lived amid struggles in the past, having the right to be shown the way upward to that wholesome life which is absolutely independent of circumstances and which is strong and successful because it is the life of a man or a woman doing a man's part or a woman's part in the world which is fairly understood.—*Charles E. Hughes.*

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### Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

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\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

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\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer, and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,  
1228 Connecticut Ave.,  
Washington, D. C.

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## UP ON SINGIN' CARR

Being The History of a Little Schoolhouse That Began to  
be Built in the Kentucky Mountains\*

BY OLIVE V. MARSH

One dusty, blistering hot August day in the mountains of Kentucky, a weary mountaineer urged his equally weary horse to the finish of a twelve-mile ride. He had come from Singin' Carr, as it is familiarly called, the struggling community at Dirk, Knott County, Kentucky. He had made the long ride to get something for which the heart of him was sore, a teacher.

Two of us "foreign" women—meaning women from "outside," beyond the mountains, where schools were good and teachers to be had, answered the call from "Macedonia," Ruth E. Weston and I.

"We ain't a bit afeared," said the caller from Singin' Carr or Carr Creek, "but what we can git a house fer ye to live in, ef ye'll jest come an' he'p us to git goin.' We're poor but I reckon they's enough food on Carr to feed ye!"

The man who had come on this quest for help for the oncoming generation told us with a certain sort of patient eloquence, of the long, disappointing struggle. A year before the little community had enthusiastically raised the frame of a schoolhouse. They had given the land and they gave the timber. The gift of "timber" meant actual hard work, chopping and hauling. Then they gave their labor and got the framework of the building up. And then came the bitter disappointment. Promises had been made them that if they would give the land and timber—as they had—money would be supplied for the remainder of the material and labor. The county, a poor one, had already given all that was in its power to give. The promised funds, because of sickness and its inevitable costliness, failed to come. What were they to do? They had heard of Miss Weston and myself and decided to make a bold appeal for help. So we came.

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\*Reprinted from the magazine, *The Farmer's Wife*. Sept., 1921.

Aunt Lucy, ninety years of age, was our first hostess. She is the oldest member of the Carr Creek Community and one of the most interested. She took us two "foreign women" into her home for a month while we were waiting for the little cottage on the mountain side to be finished and for that month her home was the headquarters of the Community Center.

The story of that cottage which we have named The Patchwork Cottage, is perhaps unique in community stories. How it grew from an idea in the mind of someone to a place of shelter one could call home, is almost a miracle.

Said Aunt Lucy to me one day, "I heerd you-all's door ain't come. They's a door to Pap's old log house. Hit's a good door—not like the brought-on kind. I'd like to hev hit up whar you-all's goin' to live. Hit'd be right clost to whar Pap's a-lyin'. I reckon he'd kindly like hit thar."

So it was through the generosity and "advanced thought" of Aunt Lucy and others like her, interested to have a school for the young mountaineers, that we finally were able to live in our Patchwork Cottage on the mountain side, about five rods from the peaceful spot "whar Pap's a-lyin'." Windows and parts of windows had been donated; old pieces of screen did their duty; the earnestness of the people to make it possible for a teacher to live among them, was such as to inspire and arouse the most laggard to utmost service.

Before the Patchwork Cottage was finished—so to speak—Miss Weston began her primary teaching in an old storehouse that let in the rain and kept out the light. Hiram Taylor, a mountain storekeeper and teacher, began teaching the older children in a small and still less habitable room of the storehouse. The only light in this room comes through the door when it is open or through the chinks between the planks. The seats are rough boards nailed together. There are no desks and there is a constant competition between the voices of the reciting children and Aunt Lucy's pigs which live not far off.

Looking down from the mountain side upon this little temporary school in its dark little hollow, stands the naked frame of the new school building. I am looking at it as I write and I long for the help of some generous hand that will cover the skeleton and equip the school for the faith of these mountaineers deserves to be met more than half way!

The "new school" around which clusters such fond hopes and dreams—and ninety-year-old Aunt Lucy ranks high among the dreamers—commands a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains and the bottom land through which Carr Creek goes singin' its world-old, wordless song.

"I'm glad the school's up that-a-way," said a mother of twelve children, "fer hit's right smart healthy for the chaps among the pines." Just beyond the school there is a natural spring from which gushes pure clear water, unpolluted with the vicious typhoid germ, the scourge of the bottom lands. This too will be "right smart healthy" for the school children.

Just beyond the unfinished schoolhouse in the pines is our Patchwork Cottage near "whar Pap's a-lyin'." In its tiny living-room the primary school has its "books." The seats are just planks of wood resting on movable blocks of wood. Through two windows we get "light a-plenty." There are two other windows, boarded up temporarily, one with planks, the other with a door. Only the first plank floor has been laid and as it had to be made of unseasoned wood, the cracks grow steadily wider. On sunny days we wrap up in whatever we can find and have school out in the sunshine. But the children do not mind the cold. They have in them the sturdy spirit of their native pines and their truly wonderful ancestors.

"Cold or no cold, I'm a-comin' every day," and Willard smiles sturdily into the Teacher's face. "There ain't no turnin' me!"

Willard is one of nine children. The family lives in a typical two-room cabin. But they are out and bound for an education. It is a sight to see three of them riding to

school on a kicky old mule, these snowy days. They have to cross Carr Creek in order to reach the Patchwork Cottage. And, it seems, to mule ears, the voice of Singin' Carr must have charms, for says Willard to Teacher:

"Does you-all count it late if the mule stands in the middle of the Creek an' there's no stirrin' him? If 'twas that-a-way, I reckon you just wouldn't."

And I reckoned I wouldn't—and didn't.

The mountain mothers are all hard working. Wholeheartedly, they want "learning" for their "young-uns," and somehow they find time and somehow they find cloth to put patch upon patch so that the children will be decently covered for school.

The older women spin and knit. In many cases, the blankets have been made by the ancient hand looms. Miss Weston and I are going to try to revive this fine old industry which has begun to die because women with families of from ten to fourteen children have little time for weaving. Aunt Lucy was one of the champion weavers of her day and she still wears a linsy woolsy skirt which, she tells us, she wove "jest atter my last man went to that other war and never came back." Its black-and-red checks are still bright and it is none the less warm for its huge patches.

When our school building is habitable—may all good hearts help us speed the day!—Miss Weston and I plan to have a room where we can set up a loom and teach weaving to the young girls.

Corn is the food staple. Unless it can be made to grow, there will be no food. All the members of each family must work in the corn field, spring, summer and fall. And the field is the steep mountain side, so steep that at first glance—and second and third—it seems impossible for even a mule to stand there and much less to plough. But it is done!

On hot summer days, men, women and children, climb the mountain side, hoes over shoulders. To hoe in the up-

per row, is an honor, so there are many contests and proud is the "chap" who wins first.

In the fall, the leaves are pulled from the stalk to be preciously hoarded for fodder. The corn in the ear is left on the stalk till it has been touched by the frost three or four times. This corn, planted and cultivated and harvested by such hard work on the part of all, is food for pig and chicken and folks. From the meal the women make the famous Kentucky corn bread and I defy anyone to prepare a more appetizing meal than Aunt Lucy does of fried chicken and corn bread.

In spite of poverty and crowded, chilly cabins, the people are happy and their religious spirit is deeper and more genuine than any I have met elsewhere. Every month, meeting is held at the head of Carr. Everybody goes on Sunday, men and women riding double on mules; whole bunches of beautiful children astride ambling farm animals. The preachers wait for inspiration before they preach and it is miraculous what words come from the lips of these illiterate mountaineers. "Stuttering Johnnie" will preach for an hour without the least sign of hesitation.

And so, in spite of a chilly patchwork cottage, we two "foreign women" are glad we answered the call of the weary horseman who rode twelve miles to deliver the Community appeal in person. We know that the people have done all they can. They have no money to buy material and it is our work to get it for them. We know that the solution of the mountain problem lies in establishing these community centers. Through them, feuds will be erased and the moonshine still will be a thing of the past. If good men and women out in the world who have to spare of this world's good, will close their eyes for a moment, and see the mists and the grayness of the mountains, the swirling creeks, the muddy roads and the stony paths, and seeing, understand and love and help, because the spirit of love is in their hearts, then the Patchwork Cottage will disappear, and in its place, "clost to whar Pap's a-lyin'" there will



be a sturdy community cottage with real glass windows letting in the sunshine, doors that stay closed when the wind blows, a "sure enough" floor, through which you can't lose a pencil, if you happen to own such a treasure, and a school—a real school—with desk and a blackboard and light and warmth and happiness and—a future!

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### **A MODIFIED VERSION OF "AMERICA"**

The conference called by the Illiteracy Commission of the National Education Association, and held in New York City recently, was opened with the singing of a slightly modified version of "America." Instead of the line, "Protect us by Thy might," the copies furnished the representatives of the eleven States participating contained the line, "Teach all to read and write." The Chairman Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, who has been making a tireless crusade against illiteracy with her "Moonlight Schools" in the South, had suggested this substitution. The plain inference is that before seeking the protection of a might from without we ought to do for ourselves all that we can to insure the protection of an intelligence from within.

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### **TWO NEW WORKERS AT HINDMAN**

School has been going on a month and the workers all seem much interested and well fitted for their places. I feel we shall have a successful year, if only we can get enough money to run things. I have never known it so hard to raise money in all the history of the school, but I have faith things must soon be better.

It is certainly a great comfort to know that we have so much interest and help from you and the Southern Industrial Educational Association and we trust it may continue indefinitely. We have secured an excellent woman as Mrs. Davidson's successor in the Practice Home, Miss

Lucile Naylor of Malta, Ohio. She is a graduate of High School, Normal School and a Home Economics Course at Ohio University at Athens, Ohio, also taught two years at the University. She was for two years at the Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. She is a refined, cultured woman, very much interested, very neat, systematic, a perfect housekeeper and determined to make her girls do their best. Only one of last year's girls was left, but she has two other girls who have been in the settlement for years, one having finished eighth grade and one ninth and she has also three new girls. I was invited over for dinner the other evening and every thing was well cooked and served. We are delighted with Miss Naylor and her work and think she will do much with her department.

Mrs. Lillias R. Warren has charge of the Extension work and began the last week of August, when the school opened. She is a widow, lost her husband in the service, about thirty-five years old, from Wells River, Vermont, has had three years at Smith College and graduated at University of Alabama and had a business course at Simmons.

She has had experience in housekeeping and is a capable woman, interested to serve wherever needed. She goes to nine district schools each week, spending one night at the farthest and still rides Prince, the horse Miss Gordon had. Most of her schools are the ones taught by our old girls who are greatly interested to have the work and to co-operate with her. She has classes in sewing, canning and health work.

#### OUR SETH SHEPARD SCHOLARSHIP BOYS

Jasper and Henry are both back and are very interesting. We have been having all the children examined for trachoma, and inoculated for typhoid fever as usual. Some one asked Jasper if he had trachoma and he said the doctor examined him and told him he did not have trachoma, but he would have to be operated on for hookworm. You will be interested to know that only eight out of three hundred

and fifty school children were found to have trachoma, when at Dr. Stucky's first clinic there were 80 per cent who had it. Jasper is very full of mischief but his family are ambitious for him and he wants to get an education. His father and mother can not read or write. He is the only boy and they are very proud of him.

Henry is an exceptionally bright boy, is growing fast and getting along well at school. We expect great things of him.

With great appreciation for the salaries of these two workers as furnished by the Southern Industrial Educational Association and hoping that you will have a most successful year and thanking you for all you have done and still do for us, I am

Most cordially,

MAY STONE.

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## HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL

### REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE PRACTICE HOME

October has been for the most part a lovely month. The trees have had on their prettiest dresses, gay reds, yellows and greens, in varying shades. The first of the month was crisp and cool, but the past week has been warm and springlike—and we have had real summer rains.

We began October with one of our little dinner parties. Polly Ann, as hostess, entertained two of the workers and a nice little hostess she made too. In fact, she did much better than I ever dared hope. We have had a number of such parties this month and each has been quite successful.

The girls take pride in their baking, their "light bread" in particular. They love to make it and I often hear such a remark as—"I wish I was goin' home soon, so's I could show Mom,—She don't know how." The people through here use quick breads almost entirely. I find many foods

which the girls have never tasted, and some they have never even heard of—not unusual foods either. I find, too, that there are many good, wholesome foods that they do not like. So you see I am having lots of little problems coming up each day. I am endeavoring to teach them to like all wholesome foods so that they may have more of a variety of diet.

In sewing class we have finished our kitchen aprons and each girl is making some sort of dress,—whatever she thinks she needs most and can best afford. These vary from percale to taffeta. One of the girls said at a recent sewing period, “Shucks! Last year they couldn’t bag me into sewing!—Now I’m just crazy about it!”

Between supper and study hour we often read, and I have read one book aloud to the girls and they are clamoring for another. Our October motto has been—“Waste not, want not.” These mottoes, one for each month, they are keeping in their notebooks, and are trying to live up to them all the while.

One of my flock, Emily Fetterly by name, decided a few days ago that she would prefer to “take all her books,” so she left us and has gone to another part of the settlement. In her place I have Girdell Dingus, who preferred this work to the regular school work.

I have told you briefly of our work, now hear a little of our play. Hallowe’en was a gala day for us, one never to be forgotten, for we had a “shorenuff” party. Each girl invited one of her best friends, or some “kin,” for a couple of hours in the evening. I had ordered quite a little stuff sent in, in the way of decoration. Part of it arrived; much of it never did. But I managed to get together a few “trimmins.” Things did look attractive in a way—albeit crude—and the girls were delighted. One of my girls invited her sister and told me afterward what her sister had said;—“I never knew anyone *could* have such a good time. It all seemed just like a *good* dream!” Many of them had never seen a real party in their lives and my poor

makeshift was a marvel to them. It was truly a joy to me just to watch them.

Thus in a veritable "blaze of glory" ended our second month of school.

L. NAYLOR.

### **Extension Worker's Report for October, 1921**

Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:

Five days a week I visit schools, prepare work for the week and have an extension club on Saturday, and ride out about two miles and a half to Sunday School on Sunday. I have one long trip lasting two days and sometimes three—perhaps some day I can tell you some of the thrills I have had on it.

The children have been surprisingly regular in attendance in spite of the fodder pulling, sorghum milling, potato and bean picking, and the early frosts which found most of them shoeless. The number in my various classes ranges from six to fourteen. The small girls are doing spool knitting (they will sew their strips together and make some useful article). In sewing we learned the stitches and are now making practical garments such as bloomers, apron, petticoat, slip, and gown.

In the Health Crusade I aimed to have a contest between schools. Each child in order to be eligible must do at least fifty-four of the health chores a week for five weeks. Not as many have come up to standard as I had hoped for but nearly all are trying to do as many as possible. I feel that their interest in good health is aroused and their habits are improving.

In one school they were very anxious to have cooking but there did not seem to be any way of doing it. Finally the teacher and I hit upon an idea. I give the girls a little talk and end with one or two recipes and full directions for making. On Saturday afternoon the teacher and girls meet at one of the homes and they cook.

Nearly all the schools have large coal stoves with a front



door seven by nine inches. Now that the fires are started we cook at the various schools where I am at noon. Different girls bring ingredients as I assign them and we make such things as potato soup, cocoa, French toast, etc. While we are cooking I tell them about food values, cleanliness in the home, etc.

Until it grew cold enough for cooking at noon we played games and sometimes (when an opportune moment came) talked about good citizenship.

Occasionally I get cold and tired as I am traveling along between schools and I just think that I am wasting time, but as sure as I feel that way the next teacher I see will tell me how they have been watching for me all the morning. I enjoy the work immensely. There is so much one can do!

Now for the news: One of my teachers has been married this month and another has had a baby girl. The latter said that she was sorry to miss so much school but she could not get back short of two weeks.

Next time I will tell you something of the home life of an extension worker.

Faithfully Yours,

LILLIAS R. WARREN.

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## BACK TO THE HILLS

The love of the hills was born in the mountaineers, and is strong today in the hearts of their children, who, though they might find life in the lowlands easier, would pine away there for a "whiff of mountain a'r." An old lady left her home in the mountains for a level farm in Ohio, and came back after a short year. Her friends expostulated with her: "Why did you come back here, where you have to hoe corn up above your head? Why, your farm 'most any time might slip off the hill down into the creek." "Law sakes, honey," she replied, "there warn't nary a hill fer me to land my eyes up ag'inst."

ETHEL ZAUDA.



# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## THE OBJECTS OF THIS ASSOCIATION

The Southern Industrial Educational Association exists for the purpose of giving the boys and girls in the remote mountain sections training suited to their local environments that shall enable them to go back to their mountain homes carrying with them knowledge of carpentry, agriculture, care of stock, sewing, cooking, housekeeping, simple nursing and care of infants, and domestic hygiene and sanitation.

The Association as yet has no schools exclusively its own, but co-operates with settlement schools in isolated districts by furnishing equipment for industrial training, and salaries of industrial teachers, and of extension workers who visit the remote cabin homes and give the parents help and suggestions which they eagerly receive. It also provides scholarships for deserving children who are eager for a chance but whose parents are without the funds necessary to pay their expenses.

We bespeak your co-operation and assure you that every dollar contributed to this work goes directly to the people for whom we are appealing.

## WHEN I "DROPPED" OVER THE MOUNTAIN

BY WILLIAM HENDERSON

*Superintendent of Shantymen's Christian Association,  
Toronto, Canada.*

The mountain was Pine Mountain, Ky., and the word dropped was very literal, for after following the "Boot-leggers trail" to the top the descent was so steep that more than one drop accompanied the progress downward.

I had been informed that there was something worth seeing at the other side of Pine Mountain, and in the Settlement school I certainly found this was so.

The first thing that drew my attention as I approached was a number of large wooden buildings of attractive styles of architecture dotting the valley.

Seeing a child going to the nearest building, I enquired who was the lady in charge of the settlement, and was quickly led to an attractive cottage, rustic style, where Mrs. Zande, who with Miss Pettit founded the settlement, gave me a hearty welcome, though we were perfect strangers and my visit unexpected.

While enjoying a very refreshing afternoon tea (English style) two mountain women came in, and as soon as they heard I was a preacher, begged me to come to Big Laurel and preach for them Sunday, as they had no preacher. Though this was Thursday and I had planned to leave the valley the next morning, such a request could not be refused.

The result was a four days visit that has been one of the most delightful in a long life of varied experiences in all parts of the world.

Miss Pettit, having the interest of the whole community at heart, mapped out visits to various outlying schools for each day, and when distance required it, placed a riding horse at my disposal, but the most interesting experience was the school itself.

Here are gathered about a hundred children ranging in

ages from the four-year-old chubby, rosy cheeked tot, to the big eighteen-year-old, stalwart young man. He with some others in the school has made big money working in the coal fields, which they squandered as fast as made.

One of the lads had spent \$1,100 for a piano, and been obliged to sell it again when work stopped. In some way or other they had realized their need of education, not being able to read or write, and had come to this school. The progress they had made in a few months was something remarkable.

Taking the whole community of children, one could not meet a more delightful, healthy, or well behaved lot anywhere in Christendom. Among themselves they were like an ideal family, kind and thoughtful to one another, and to their teachers and strangers, models of politeness. At least this was true of all except the newest arrivals who needed teaching in these virtues.

It seemed almost incredible that these children often came from homes where families of eight to twelve were brought up in one-roomed, scantily furnished cabins.

### THE SIMPLE LIFE

Acquaintance with the women who were carrying on this work revealed the fact that one, teaching the girls dress-making, had been for years Dean of a large women's college. Another, acting as house-mother, had for years been a teacher of mathematics in a school for wealthy girls, and half the staff had probably traveled over Europe either for pleasure or education. Yet here in this lonely place among the mountains these women were rising at five-thirty, breakfasting at six, each one at a table with her own family surrounding it, on the simplest fare.

As a rule no butter was served at any meal, oatmeal porridge being the staple food for breakfast. A granite-ware plate and mug for drinking water were all the dishes used, and any desserts there happen to be are often served on the same plate used for the first course. Though dispensing

with the multitudinous dishes that make housekeeping such a bug bear to those who have their own work to do, perfect table manners were expected and observed by all the children. The habits of cleanliness and good living thus inculcated are taught in every phase of the home-life of the children living in the community of families under the care of the various workers.

### THE SCHOOL

In the school the children learn everything from elementary instruction in reading and writing to second year high school, the qualified teachers either giving services free or for a nominal salary.

### THE BARN

In the barn, which was kept beautifully clean we found eleven fine cows, some Jerseys, and others Holsteins. These gave a plentiful supply of milk for all the needs of the school. An exceptionally capable woman, herself a mountaineer, superintended this branch.

### THE SAWMILL

There being lots of available timber on the property of the Settlement School, a little sawmill converts this into lumber for all the various buildings, and to supply the carpentershop, where boys are taught to turn it into articles of furniture. In this connection it may be mentioned that a scientific forestry instructor is one of the staff of the school and teaches the boys the value of reforestation, while applying these principles to their own woods.

### DYEING AND WEAVING

In an effort to revive the home spinning industries that used to be general in the mountains a number of hand looms are kept at work by the girls. The homespun yarn is dyed with the old wood dyes, and colored blankets, warranted to last a life time, are woven here. The instructress

of this branch is provided by the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

### THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

Though the Settlement is without any regular pastor, a real Christian spirit permeates the life of the homes, and is fostered by the home mothers. Thus, I found a very receptive band of children when it was my privilege to take their chapel service. Other ministers visit as they have opportunity and are made welcome.

### COMMUNITY WORK

In addition to the main settlement, schools are maintained at points respectively six and four miles in either direction. A very competent woman doctor and four resident nurses are maintained to help the whole neighborhood.

Frequently it falls to the nurse to spend two days and nights in one cabin giving the whole family hookworm treatment. The woman doctor rides at all hours of the day and night swimming her horse over swollen streams, occasionally, and following dangerous trails answering calls for her help. When children need treatment for adenoids, they are sent free of charge to Lexington or Louisville hospitals.

### SUPPORT

This excellent work is entirely supported by free will offerings and anyone wanting a good investment towards good citizenship in the rising generation cannot do better than send money to the Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Building, Lexington, Ky.

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### THE LEES McRAE INSTITUTE

The Lees McRae Institute is a Christian Industrial School in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, in the State of North Carolina not far from the Tennessee line. For twenty years it has been heroically waging a relentless

warfare against ignorance and vice. More than fifteen hundred girls and boys have been trained by the faithful teachers who have taught in this school.

The Lees McRae Institute was named for two splendid women, Mrs. E. A. McRae of North Carolina, and Mrs. S. P. Lees of New York. One was a devoted mission worker in her native state, the other was a generous giver to several of the institutions in the South.

The Lees McRae Institute is divided into two departments, one for girls at Banners Elk and one for boys at Plumptree. These two are both in the same county, but separated from each other by a distance of twenty miles. The girls' department opens in April and closes in December, the boys' department opening in September and closing in May.

The Lees McRae Institute, owes no small part of its success to the help that has come from the Southern Industrial Educational Association. Ever since the founder of this Association, Mrs. Gielow, and its first President, Judge Shepard, visited the school at Banners Elk, it has shown an interest in this institution.

The Lees McRae Institute does not have many needs for it is situated among a people of simple habits, but while these needs are not many they are very urgent.

One of the greatest needs is scholarships for worthy girls and boys. At the present rate of charge, one hundred dollars will pay the expenses of a girl for a year at Banners Elk and one hundred and fifty dollars will pay the expenses of a boy at Plumptree.

Any friends or Auxiliaries of the Association that would like to have a part in the Industrial Education of the girls and boys of the mountains will find the Lees McRae Institute glad to co-operate with them. We will hunt out the raw material and carefully polish it if they will furnish the money that is just as essential as the skilled labor that we are furnishing.

EDGAR TUFTS,  
Banners Elk, North Carolina.



## A MOUNTAIN CHILD'S SUMMARY OF RULES OF HEALTH

The following résumé of a forty-five-minute talk on health and hygiene, given in a schoolroom down in the mountains of North Carolina, was made by a child nine years of age, to take home to her mother. The child certainly caught the essential points:

If ye wash yourself inside and out no pisin will stick to you and make you sick.

Your mouth was made to eat with and yer nose to breathe with. Ef ye don't do hit this a way ye might get a sickness.

Ef you haft to spit, kiver it up with dirt.

Ye needn't have varmints in yer hed ef ye don't want him. I fergit the name she give the stuff that will kill 'em, but if ye keep clean they won't be any.

Ef sores air made clean and kep clean ye won't get blood pisin.

Worms is dirt come to life in you, as should not be thar. Wash all garden stuff keerful and clean your spring.

Ef ye don't scour yur teeth yer mouth might be a swill pail and ef waste is not got rid of ye might get a fever.

Ef ye keep yer finger nails clean ye can scratch yer hide without danger of pisin. And hit air not polite to hev dirty nails.

Ef ye have sore eyes, don't spread 'em among others. Be keerful not to use no one's basin or towel or handkerchiew.

Ef ye see a baby with sore eyes, tell a doctor. Little babies don't belong to have nothing the matter with 'em.

Ef you get hurt get fixed right away or tomorrow it will be a bigger hurt. A house afire is too late.—*Journal American Medical Association.*

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## CHRISTMAS SALE

A special exhibition was arranged at Christmas time and the Trustees and Electors were invited to visit the exchange

and see the many interesting articles which had been received from the mountain workers in the cabin homes and the schools.

Much gratification and pleasure were expressed by everyone at the marked improvement in the work. The colors in the weavings were softer and better blended and the baskets more carefully finished off.

Among the articles which attracted most attention were the new spreads tufted and knotted on the unbleached muslin in lovely soft colors; blue, pink, lavender and yellow. These were greatly in demand and sold rapidly.

The results of the sale were most satisfactory and many new friends were made.

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### REMINISCENT MOOD OF A PIONEER.\*

The talk of our old neighbors, who remember when land was bartered from the Indians, and witch doctors could charm a bullet so it would go round a corner after an enemy, is the precious treasure of Pine Mountain. These pioneers of the "young times," whose like the world will never know again, hold you spellbound with tales told them by their grandsires.

The other day Uncle Calvin, as he sat on his porch in the mellow autumn sunshine, fell to talking of the Nolans, his forbears. His "great-grandpap, when he was only a chunk of a boy," was playing on the deck of a ship in the harbor of Dublin, and was carried out to sea before he knew it. The sailing master would not turn back, and the lad was forced to work his passage to America, "as was the way for one in his fix." He landed in Maryland and was bound out seven years to learn the potter's trade. One day while he was moulding saucers, Miss Mary Wadkins came along and showed such interest in his occupation that he dropped a hot saucer into the apron she daringly held outstretched. The saucer burned a hole through, and broke as it fell to the ground! "This action," said Uncle Calvin,

\*Pine Mountain Notes, Vol. I, No. 6.

“led to talk, which *produced* an acquaintancy, out o’ which grew the intimacy of love—so to courtin’ an’ weddin’.”

The tale has it that he became one of the first gentlemen of Maryland, and one of Washington’s bodyguard. When the Revolutionary war had passed, he settled in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, where Uncle Calvin’s grandfather was born. Then you have the picture of the pioneer going deeper into the wilds, as far as the Clinch River in Virginia. “Come along the war of 1812,” and he volunteered at Tazewell, fighting under General Gaines at Fort Erie. Later, being the “game-follerin’ kind,” he led his family along the Wilderness Road, through Cumberland Gap, and into Kentucky County, Virginia, as Kentucky was then called. Where Middlesboro is now, he found a “wild and unappropriated land,” which he and his son surveyed, and which “properly would belong to the Nolans,” had they not continued to follow the game up the Pine Mountain Valley. “Grandpap’s twelve children populated the wilderness a right smart in those days.”

If you press him to tell about his own life in the valley he will say, “Hit aint worth tellin’,—livin off so fer I didn’t git much education,—but I’ve had time to ponder on the Good Book, an’ hit calls for study if you’re to act by it. I’ve had my hand in politics hereabouts, and reckon we’ve got to keep the government clean. Look at that mountain! There haint nothin’ fairer in the world than hit October-colored as hit be now.”

“Well, I’ve seed a sight of changes in my day. Them war the days of Injuns behind trees and panthers a-yellin’ of a night. I’ve seed the woods full of wild turkey and deer, and I’ve seed ’em go west that man wouldn’t *molest* ’em. My pappy used to throw stones out of the path and say they’d be a road through here some day, and now there is, and another ’n a-comin’ across the top of the mountain, and there’s the School a-settin’ up the road.”

Mention of the School brings him to Victoria, his granddaughter. “Hit’s the only young thing the old woman and

I have got, but hit's the steadfast, studyin' kind, so we're a-sendin' hit to stay at School and git hit's chance.

"Some day, if you come ag'in when my mind haint so tuck up with 'lectioneering for the new magistrate, and this here railroad strike that's threatenin' the country, maybe I can recollect somethin' else fer ye."

---

## **SAVE AND DEVELOP AMERICANS**

When the whole story is told of American achievement and the picture is painted of our material resources, we come back to the plain but all significant fact that far beyond all our possessions in land and coal and water and oil and industries is the American man. To him, to his spirit and to his character, to his skill and to his intelligence is due all the credit for the land in which we live. And that resource we are neglecting. He may be the best nurtured and the best clothed and the best housed of all men on this great globe. He may have more chances to become independent and even rich. He may have opportunities for schooling nowhere else afforded. He may have a freedom to speak and to worship and to exercise his judgment over the affairs of the Nation. And yet he is the most neglected of our resources because he does not know how rich he is, how rich beyond all other men he is. Not rich in money, I do not speak of that, but rich in the endowment of powers and possibilities no other man ever was given.

Here is raw material truly, of the most important kind and the greatest possibility for good as well as for ill.

EX-SECRETARY FRANKLIN LANE.

---

## **APPRECIATIONS FROM PUPILS AT THE HINDMAN SCHOOL**

Recently a prize was offered, by a Louisville friend, for the best essay written by our students, on the subject "Knott County and Our School." We feel you will be glad to know what the School and Settlement life means

to them, while they are still here, so we quote extracts from these papers.

"They don't just teach us in our books, but we are taught how to do most everything from scrubbing the floor to reading Latin. The School has helped the co-operation through the County. The country people live a far ways from each other. This helps to bring them together and to not just work for themselves and to take advice from educated people. The school is helping us to make the best of what is in us and to be strong, useful citizens."

"There have been great changes in the county and the lives of the people, things have bettered themselves every way. The progress of the county is slow but sure. Health and Sanitation are working their way wonderfully."

"Some, in their search for wisdom, go on to College, while others who are not so ambitious, go back to their little mountain homes and teach their families the things they themselves have learned here about sanitation and the many things the homes need."

"The greatest point to our school is the working system. All the children have to work an equal amount. Children that can't work and won't work are not allowed to remain in school. The teachers work also, they do things for us by giving us knowledge and we do things for them by cleaning their rooms, etc. The school has saved hundreds and hundreds of people from being ignorant because they were too poor to go any where else."

"In addition to the knowledge received from the study of books, the girls are so trained in Music, Sewing, Laundry, Cooking and Weaving, that when they go to their homes, they can improve the conditions and make those who surround them healthier and happier. The boys, when they have finished, can make furniture which any one would be proud to own. Every boy and girl is assigned work and in this way, if they are industrious, they can pay all expenses. This is not only beneficial financially, but makes the place more homelike. At present many girls and boys are



waiting for a chance to enter this school, but there is room for no more. If this school had not been founded, it is impossible to imagine what state of conditions our county would have been in at this time; but still there is much room for improvements along this line of education and in order to accomplish these, there must be more schools of this kind or increase in the size of this one."

"We hope our school will be able to continue the work that she is doing and today, her fame, as being one of the best schools in the State of Kentucky, is wide; and last of all, the deeds of our school are not legendary and far fetched but real."

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### **THE DANIEL AND CLARISSA AMBLER FUND AT WORK**

The following letter from Miss Berry gives information concerning the three boys who are the recipients of the Ambler scholarships:

I believe I have told you the story of Anderson and William (half brothers). I found them in the poor house. The father had married the third time, and I took the boys because their own mother had asked me to before she died. The father is now dead. The boys have been with us since they were five and six years old and both are splendid boys. I took Anderson with me on a little trip into the mountains recently and he had an opportunity to study conditions there. He is quick and bright and was very much interested in visiting the cabin homes with me and distributing catalogs and books. It was a great opportunity for him to take an interest in people unfortunately situated. We attended some of the country churches and he felt it deeply when he found that the minister could scarcely read the gospels—"the blind leading the blind." I am going to take William with me on the next trip. William was a delicate boy when he first came, but since having his tonsils and adenoids removed he has grown to be a quite sturdy



boy. He is an expert swimmer and it is a picture to see him in the water. He is also fond of animals and likes to take care of the chickens, and does it well. They have both passed their examinations well and made their grades. The teachers are pleased with their progress and with their general development.

Charlie G—— is not physically strong and has had a poor start. He is not the equal physically of the other two boys and is handicapped in a way, but he is faithful and earnest. He learns slowly but retains what he does learn. He is fond of agriculture and says he expects to make a trained agriculturist.

Thanking your Association for making it possible for these young boys to be trained and fitted for the work of good Christian citizens.

Sincerely,

MARTHA BERRY.

---

Possibly some of the readers of the QUARTERLY may not know that the Association has established two memorial scholarships funds of \$5,000.00 each, the Judge Seth Shepard Memorial Fund and the Daniel and Clarissa Ambler Fund. The income from these funds is giving opportunity for an education to five deserving children in the schools at Hindman, Ky., and Mount Berry, Ga.

---

### Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

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MRS. A. S. STONE,

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# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

## Southern Industrial Educational Association

[INDORSED BY THE NATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU]

MARCH AND JUNE, 1922  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XIV.

NOS. 1 AND 2.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS  
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**"Twenty-eight, and Hain't Got a Man!"\***

Aunt Ailsie first heard the news from her son's wife, Ruthena, who, returning from a trading trip to The Forks, reined in her nag to call,—

"Maw, there's a passel of quare women come in from furrin parts and sot 'em up some cloth houses there on the p'int above the court house, and carrying on some of the outlandishest doings ever you heared of. And folks a-pouring up that hill till no jury can't hardly be got to hold court this week."

The thread of wool Aunt Ailsie was spinning snapped and flew, and she stepped down from porch to palings. "Hit's a show!" she exclaimed, in an awed voice; "I heared of one down Jackson-way one time, where there was a elephant and a lion and all manner of varmints, and the women rid around bareback, without no clothes on 'em to speak of."

"No, hit hain't no show, neither, folks claim; they allow them women is right women, and dresses theirselves plumb proper. Some says they come up from the level land. And some that Uncle Ephraim Kent foted 'em in."

Next morning Aunt Ailsie was delighted to see her favorite grandson, Fult Fallon, dash up the branch on his black mare.

"Tell about them quare women," she demanded, before he could dismount.

"I come to get some of your sweet apples for 'em, granny," he said. "'Peared like they was apple-hungry, and I knowed hit was time for yourn."

"'Light and take all you need," she said. "But, Fulty, stop a spell first and tell me more about them women. Air they running a show like we heared of down Jackson-way four or five year gone?"

Fult shook his head emphatically. "Not that kind," he

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\*Abridged from the story by Lucy Furman, "The Quare Women," in *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1922.



said. "Them women are the ladyest women you ever seed, and the friendliest. And hit's a pure sight all the pretties they got, and all the things that goes on. I never in life enjoyed the like."

Aunt Ailsie followed him around to the sweet-apple tree, and helped him fill his saddlebags.

"Keep a-telling about 'em," she begged. "Seems like I hain't heared or seed nothing for so long I'm nigh starved to death."

"Well, they come up from the level country—the Blue Grass. You ricollect me telling you how I passed through hit on my way to Frankfort—as smooth, pretty country as ever was made; though, being level, hit looked lonesome to me. And from what they have said, I allow Uncle Ephraim Kent fatched 'em up here, some way or 'nother, I don't rightly know how."

Next morning, which was Saturday, Aunt Ailsie mildly suggested at breakfast, "I might maybe ride in to town today, if you say so. I can't weave no further till I get some thread, and there's a good mess of eggs, and several beans and sweet apples, to trade."

Uncle Lot fixed severe eyes upon her. "Ailsie," he said, "you wouldn't have no call to ride in to The Forks today if them quare women wasn't thar. You allus was possessed to run atter some new thing. My counsel to you is the same as Solomon's—'Bewar' of the strange woman'!"

However, he did not absolutely forbid her to go.

Two hours later, clothed in the hot brown-linsey dress, black sunbonnet, new print apron and blue-yarn mitts which she wore on funeral occasions and like social events, she set forth on old Darb, the fat, flea-bitten nag, with a large poke of beans across her side-saddle, and baskets of eggs and apples on her arms.

The half-mile down her branch and the two miles up Perilous Creek had never seemed so long, and the beauty of green folding mountains and tall trees mirrored in winding waters was thrown away on her.

"I am plumb wore out looking at nothing but cliffs and hillsides and creek-beds for sixty year," she said aloud, resentfully.

"Pears like I would give life hitself to see something different."

She switched the old nag sharply, and could hardly wait for the first glimpse of the "cloth houses."

They came in sight at last—a cluster of white tents, one above another, near the top of a spur overlooking court house and village. Drawing nearer, she could see people moving up the zigzag path toward them. Leaving the beans across her saddle, she did not even stop at the hotel to see her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, but, flinging her bridle over a paling, went up the hill at a good gait, baskets on arms, and entered the lowest tent with a heart beating more rapidly from excitement than from the steep climb.

The sides of this tent were rolled up. A group of ten or twelve girls stood at one end of a long, white table, where a strange and very pretty young woman, in a crisp gingham dress and large white apron, was kneading a batch of light-bread dough, and explaining the process of bread-making as she worked. Men, women, and children, two or three deep in a compact ring, looked on.

Soon Aunt Ailsie and the crowd went up farther, to where the largest tent stood. Within were numerous young men and maidens, large boys and girls, sitting about on floor or camp-stools, talking and laughing, and every one of them engaged upon a piece of sewing. Another strange young woman, in another crisp dress, moved smilingly about, directing the work.

"What might your name be?" asked Aunt Ailsie.

"Virginia Preston."

"And how old air you, Virginny "

"How old would you guess?"

"Well, I would say maybe eighteen or nineteen."

"I'm twenty-eight," replied Virginia.

"Now you know you hain't! No old woman couldn't have sech rosy jaws and tender skin!"

"Yes, I am; but I don't call it old."

"Hit's old, too; when I were twenty-eight I were very nigh a grandmaw."

"You must have married very young."

"No, I were fourteen. That hain't young—my maw, she married at twelve, and had sixteen in family. I never had but a small mess of young-uns,—eight,—and they're all married and gone, or else dead, now, and me and Lot left alone. Where's your man while you traveling the country this way?"

"I have no man—I'm not married."

"What?" demanded Aunt Ailsie, as if she could not have heard aright.

"I have no husband—I am not married," repeated the stranger.

Aunt Ailsie stared, dumb, for some seconds before she could speak. "Twenty-eight, and hain't got a man!" she then exclaimed. She looked Virginia all over again, as if from a new point of view, and with a gaze in which curiosity and pity were blended. "I never in life seed but one old maid before, and she was fittified," she remarked tentatively.

"Well, at least I don't have fits," laughed Virginia.

There was a stir among the young folks, who rose, put away their work, and gathered at one end of the tent, under the big flag. Then the strange woman who had taught them sewing sat down before a small box and began to play a tune.

"Is there music in that-air cupboard?" asked Aunt Ailsie, estonished.

"It is a baby-organ we brought with us," explained Virginia.

"And who's that a-picking on hit?"

"Amy Scott, my best friend."

"How old is she?"

“About my age.”

“She’s got a man, sure, hain’t she?”

“No.”

“What—as fair a woman as her—and with that friendly smile?”

“No.”

The anxious, puzzled look again fell upon Aunt Ailsie’s face.

Afterward, when the dishes were washed and all sat around in groups under the trees, resting, she said confidentially to Virginia,—

“I am plumb tore up in my mind over you women, five of you, and as good-lookers as ever I beheld, and with sech nice, common ways, too, not having no man. Hit hain’t noways reasonable.”

Already the young people were trooping blithely up the hill and past the dining-tent. For from two to three was “play-time” on the hill, and every young creature from miles around came to it.

The older folks followed to the top of the spur, and Virginia told a hero-story, and the nurse gave a five-minute talk; and then the play-games began, all taking partners and forming a large ring, and afterward going through many pretty figures, singing as they played, Fult’s rich voice in the lead. Aunt Ailsie had played all the games when she was young; her ancestors had played them on village greens in Old England for centuries. Her eyes shone as she watched the flying feet and happy faces.

“Women, if I was sot down in Heaven, I couldn’t be more happier than I am this day; and two angels with wings couldn’t look half as good to me as you two gals. And I love you for allus-to-come, and I want you to take the night with me a-Monday, if you feel to.”

“We shall love to come.”

“And I’ll live on the thoughts of seeing you once more. And, women,”—she drew them close and dropped her voice low,—“seems like hit purely breaks my heart to think of

you two sweet creaturs a-living a lone-life like you do, without ary man to your name. And there hain't no earthly reason for hit to go on. I know a mighty working widow-man over on Powderhorn, with a good farm, and a tight house, and several head of property, and nine orphant young-uns. I'll get the word acrost to him right off; and if one of you don't please him, t' other will; and quick as I get one fixed in life I'll start on t' other. And you jest take heart—I'll gorrontee you won't live lone-lie much longer, neither one of you!"

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### Explanation.

Readers of Lucy Furman's story will like to know the foundation beneath her account:—

In the heart of the Kentucky mountains, that romantic and little-known region long regarded as the home of feuds and moonshine, the first rural social settlement in America was begun in the summer of 1899 under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Kentucky.

Half-a-dozen young women from the more prosperous sections of the state, under the leadership of Miss May Stone and Miss Katharine Pettit, went up into the mountains, two and three days' journey from a railroad, and, pitching their tents, spent three successive summers holding singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten classes, giving entertainments for people of all ages, visiting homes—establishing friendly relations with the men, women, and children of three counties.

The second summer—that of 1900—was spent at the small county-seat of Knott County, Hindman, at the Forks of Troublesome Creek; and here, at the earnest solicitation of the people, accompanied by offers of land and of timber for building, a combined social settlement and industrial and academic school was permanently established in 1902—the pioneer of its kind in the southern mountains.

Beginning in a small way, this work has, in twenty years, grown to large proportions and exerted a deep influence upon the life of half-a-dozen mountain counties, having become not only the best known of all the mountain schools, but the model for the more recent ones.

Miss Lucy Furman has been for many years connected with the Hindman Settlement School, and has written a number of stories about the mountain children, which have been printed in magazine

and in book form. In the series of stories, "The Quare Women," starting in this number of the *Atlantic*, she goes back to the very beginnings of the work, the tent days with their varied and unusual adventures, and gives an authentic picture of the people whom ex-President Frost of Berea College has so aptly called "our contemporary ancestors," and of the impact of modern life and ideas upon them.—*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1922.

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### A Little Book of Mountain Verse.

Ann Cobb, who has been a worker at the Hindman Settlement School for several years, has recently published a little volume of verse upon the Cumberland Mountain people, bearing the friendly title of "Kinfolks," from which these poems are quoted.

---

#### Kivers.<sup>1</sup>

Yes, I've sev'ral kivers you can see;  
 'Light and hitch your beastie in the shade!  
 I don't foller weaving now so free,  
 And all my purtiest ones my forebears made.  
 Home-dyed colors kindly meller down  
 Better than these new fatched-on ones from town.

I ricollect my granny at the loom  
 Weaving that blue one yonder on the bed,  
 She put the shuttle by and laid in tomb.  
 Her word was I could claim hit when I wed.  
 "Flower of Edinboro" was hits name,  
 Betokening the land from which she came.

Nary a daughter have I for the boon,  
 But there's my son's wife from the level land,  
 She took the night with us at harvest-moon—  
 A comely, fair young maid, with loving hand.  
 I gave her three—"Sunrise" and "Trailing Vine"  
 And "Young Man's Fancy." She admired 'em fine.

---

<sup>1</sup>In the Kentucky mountains for generations the sole outlet for the artistic sense of the women has been the weaving of woolen coverlets, many of them of elaborate pattern and rare beauty.



That green one mostly wrops around the bread;  
 "Tennessee Lace" I take to ride behind.  
 Hither and yon right smart of them have fled.  
 Inside the chest I keep my choicest kind—  
 "Pine-Bloom" and "St. Ann's Robe" (of hickory brown),  
 "Star of the East" (that yaller's fading down!)

The Rose? I wove hit courting, long ago—  
 Not Simon, though he's proper kind of heart—  
 His name was Hugh—the fever laid him low—  
 I allus keep that kiver set apart.  
 "Rose of the Valley," he would laugh and say,  
 "The kiver's favoring your face to-day!"

---

### The Widow-Man.

I've brung you my three babes, that lost their Maw a year  
 ago.  
 Folks claim you are right women, larnd, and fitten for to  
 know  
 What's best for babes, and how to raise 'em into Christian  
 men.  
 I've growed afeared to leave 'em lest the house ketch fire  
 again.  
 For though I counsel 'em a sight each time I ride to town,  
 Little chaps get so sleepy-headed when the dark comes  
 down!

A body can make shift somehow to feed 'em up of days,  
 But nights they need a woman-person's foolish little ways  
 (When all of t'other young things are tucked under mam-  
 my's wing,  
 And the hoot-owls and the frogs and all the lonesome crit-  
 ters sing).  
 You'll baby 'em a little when you get 'em in their gown?  
 Little chaps get so sleepy-headed when the dark comes  
 down!

### Observations of a Mountain Worker.

Dear Miss Stone :

As you know, when I left Hindman after my summer of work there, I hoped to return and remain permanently as a volunteer worker. Events beyond my control have decreed that, for a while at least, it must not be. My disappointment is keen, after spending these months with you, and seeing the many lines along which your work is expanding, and how much needs to be done through the personal touch.

Certain things rise with special vividness to my mind.

First, a trip "away back of the beyond," with one of the girls of the school to her home, in which I had been told I should find life truly primitive. So it seemed at first glance,—the windowless log house, the home-made bedsteads, chairs, table, shovel, poker, the big gourds for salt, lard, sugar, etc., the festoons of shucky beans from the rafters. But in some way, sheets had been procured for my bed: and the mother's biscuits for breakfast, large, yellow, heavy, were followed at dinner by the small, white, crisp ones of her daughter, your pupil. Most pathetic of all, by our plates at the table reposed small squares cut from newspapers,—the nearest approach to napkins that could be compassed. Both parents were illiterate,—the father had been out of the mountains once, when taken down to the Federal Court at Louisville, for moonshining, and the trip seemed to be the brightest spot in his memory. He said he had quit moonshining and even drinking because of his one little son, upon whom he gazed with fond pride, and who was to come to the Hindman School with his sister when the new term began. The mother, a patient, wistful drudge, old before her time, apologized for her own and her husband's shortcomings. "I hain't got nary grain of larning," she said, "and I am a mighty sorry, ignorant ole maw for my young uns." But your girl, laying a hand on her shoulder spoke up loyally and lovingly, "You're just the best ole maw in the world!"

Then there was the Annual Footwashing and Communion Service of the Old Regular Baptists over on Carr Creek, followed by a baptizing. Fifteen or sixteen hundred people were present, and there were seven or eight preachers. Each would take a text and preach to it in a wonderful minor sing-song, with much threatening of hell-fire for the sinners, and many affectionate exhortations to the black sunbonneted sisters and the coatless brethren, who formed a deep hollow square about the preacher's table, and who, before the end, were all up and weaving about in a kind of spiritual ecstasy. But the significant part was that all the young men and maidens stood thick around the edges and outskirts, taking no part whatever in what meant so much to their mothers and fathers. To a young college man, a former pupil of your school, I said:

"What of the future? Is there danger of the young folks dropping this form of worship without gaining something else?"

"Yes," he answered thoughtfully, "there is danger. It all depends upon what modern education gives them."

"What does the change mean to you personally?"

"This is my mother's form of religion. It must pass, because there is no place in it for education and freedom of thought. But it has kept the light burning through the days of our illiteracy, and it is my business to help tide over the transition."

Then I remember so well that day we crossed the mountains to visit Rhoda, famous for her "pretty weaving," and she offered, as a matter of course, to get dinner for the unexpected party of seven. As we lingered on her porch, watching her "tromp the treadles" of her loom with bare feet, listening to her quaint English and wise remarks, holding her poise and dignity, and the quick, fine intelligence of her dark eyes, we were convinced that, under different circumstances, she would be fully equal to the presidency of a woman's club, or capable of heading an important civic organization.

One of the party said afterwards it would be a pity to destroy such naturalness and unconsciousness of self even by education. So it would be in a way: and, as far as Rhoda is concerned, her day is past. But her children face a new and complicated world, with problems their mother never dreams of. The big commercial interests will drive as hard a bargain as the inexperience of the mountaineer will permit, for his timber rights, his mineral rights, his land even, and then he will have nothing to fall back on save work in the mining camps. And the fact that the mountain people are of the best and sturdiest American stock will scarcely help them here—you know the horrors of some of the mining towns, with their gangs of bad foreigners, bad negroes, the riff-raff of the world—certainly a more forlorn, abandoned aggregation of humanity could not be imagined. Commercialism is having its innings before the mountaineer has been prepared to meet the problem—though I know your school has long foreseen this and has done its best.

And speaking of the changing conditions, I am reminded of the August Mothers' Meeting at the school, during which the mothers threw amazing and illuminating questions at me. They were facing the problem of taking their girls and boys through adolescence. On the day before, a college boy, formerly at your school, had explained the wildness of the young men to me by saying, "When we are babies, nothing is too good to do for us. When we are six or seven, our parents begin to call us 'feisty,' and by the time we are thirteen they are sure we want to be bad, and I reckon they're right." I was delighted and surprised to find that, around Hindman, at any rate, mothers are waking up and wanting to know how.

One other picture remains hauntingly with me,—that of the fascinating old woman of sixty-eight, whose keen wit, fine dramatic gift, and intense mental activity, lacking proper outlet, had caused her to become a notorious gossip and scandal-monger, but who said to me one day, "I reckon

I've shed millions of tears because I hain't able to read," and who thenceforth came eagerly and faithfully every day during the summer for her lessons, and, before it was over, could not only read almost everything, but could write quite a passable (and always interesting) letter.

The cruel waste of fine human material,—material highly fitted for leadership—is the thing that strikes me most forcibly and painfully in your mountains.

I close this letter with probably the only worth-while sentence in it,—enclosed find my check. I do want to feel that I am helping the great cause along.

Faithfully yours,

MINNIE W<sup>H</sup>ITHAM.

### Mary E. Horner.

Word has been received of the death in April of Miss Mary E. Horner, who for twelve years was principal of the Valle Crucis Mission School in the district of Asheville, North Carolina.

Miss Horner was a most devoted worker and exerted upon the girls who came under her teaching and guidance an influence that will have far-reaching results among the mountain homes. Her watchword was service and her pupils caught her spirit and her vision, so that life will be richer wherever they go.

Recent visitors to the Headquarters of the Association have been: Miss Wilmer Stone, who has been at the Pine Mt. Settlement School, Kentucky, for seven years as house mother at the "Far House"; Dr. Geo. Hubbell, Mrs. R. B. Parker and Miss Jennie Burkes, from the Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn.; Mrs. E. S. Porter, who gave a very interesting account of the work being done by Miss Rose McCord at the Wooton Settlement, Kentucky, where Miss Large will go in September as director of Fireside Industries, and Mrs. John C. Campbell.

## A LETTER FROM LEES-McRAE INSTITUTE

Banner's Elk, N. C.,

Dear Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:—

Yesterday we made some history here at Banner's Elk. We broke ground for the first of our longed-for permanent buildings, and we did it with a will, and with many a mattock and shovel, everybody taking a turn, from Mr. Tufts to the kindergartners! This lusty trench digging was the closing feature of the program of speeches and songs and school yells.

All the valley was there, and everybody brought baskets and boxes of supper two of the Trustees coming up the mountain to grace the occasion. After the program we all gathered at the long tables under the chestnuts, and ate great quantities of delicious country fare; the girls played a fast game of basket-ball, and the men "shucked" their coats and played a regular "torn-down" game. It was a stirring time. And now the new buildings are at last begun, for we began them ourselves! This one, the North Carolina building, is to be the central one, and is to contain the offices, recitation rooms, dining-room and kitchen. The other two,—the Tennessee and the Virginia buildings, are to be for the High School and Graded School dormitories. A gathering like this is good for us all. It takes the school workers out of their rut, and gives them time to look about and find what a lovely world our work lies in, and what good neighbors and help we have. And it shows the neighbors how well and happy and carefully-raised our children are, and how they must be proud and prouder to have such a school among them. We are making some progress, too, in municipal spirit, and are, excited over the prospect of a road at last! We have suffered all these years for lack of one, and thereby for lack of contact with the world, lack of markets for our most excellent food stuffs, and inaccessibility to our good friends who want to visit us.



But poor roads have not kept the children away. Many of them come in wagons which have grown old in service on just such, or far worse, roads. And the station on the little Narrow Gauge is only eight miles away. From there they arrive, in the middle of April, from all parts of the state, from far south and even, this year, came one child from New York. I want to tell you a little about her. The family once lived in Asheville. She has lost both father and mother, and the large family of children is scattered to the four winds. She does not even know where her baby sister is! Here is a bit from the letter she wrote, which came into Mr. Tufts' hands, and brought her here. "I just don't know what is going to become of me. I haven't any education and I just can't get along in this world. Will you please ask the head man if he will try to get me in school some place. I am willing to work my best. Oh, you do not know how bad I want to go to school." And the child is paralyzed, too! That is, she has never outgrown the effects of a stroke she had some time ago. But she is improving wonderfully, under our dear Dr. Tate, and with the patient help of our little music teacher she is getting more and more use of her poor right hand. Her sweet, bright, joyous expression does the heart good.

We have other very pitiful cases. One poor distracted mother, whose husband's health has completely failed, and now his mind is gone, had to bring two mere babies to us to look after. And you may be sure "Miss Mildred" took them in, to her home and her heart. And she even steals time from her manifold duties, as house-mother for the graded school, to sew for them, for they have very little to wear. This little "Lady Principal" is a widow now, and in her loneliness has turned again to her old love,—the little children of the poor. She mothers them and spansks them, washes them and teaches them the catechism, and many a good mother of future big mountain families will rise up and call her blessed. In fact some of these in our

neighborhood owe much to her. We had many a wife and husband in the crowd of yesterday that have been to school here, and many little kiddies of the second generation bring their dinner pails to school each day.

This year we all go to meals at the High School, which has an ample kitchen and dining-room, and an excellent manager in Miss Phiher. And it is a heartening sight to see the children's cheeks fill out and grow rosy, and the weaker ones put on pounds. Miss Stewart, our lovely new teacher from Mississippi, has gained eleven! And we all find ourselves quite able to eat unlimited beans and potatoes and apple sauce, all of our own raising, after a mountain walk or a game of tennis on the court the young college men have laid out for us.

"Time fails me to mention" the hospital and its wonder-worker, Dr. Tate, but I will anyhow! For he is getting the desire of his heart—a home of his own. The land is being leveled and the plans are made, for a dear, homey cottage, on the ridge between the Halls' cottage and the hospital, with a glorious view of Grandfather Mountain from the rear and of Beech from the front.

The Orphans' Home is flourishing, and the farms, both there, and here at the school, are abundantly sowed and well worked for a bumper crop. How I wish that every one of you might be here to-day, and sit on the porch with me and enjoy this view—a great, impressive panorama of hills upon hills, from Blood Camp to Hanging Rock, and the river and the old mill, and the hemlocks marching up the slopes, and the cloud shadows drifting across. But come and see for yourselves. And see for yourselves how much we need that scholarship! How our little, neglected ones, both in "time er books" and play-time are "learnin' the mos' manners," as the red-headed twins would say, and learning the Bible and Christian living besides.

SUSAN E. HALL.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1922

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

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## The Southern Industrial Educational Association

was organized in 1906 for the purpose of promoting industrial education for the mountain people of the South.

The Association endeavors to reach a part of the 1,500,000 children scattered in the fastnesses of these mountains. Of the 216 counties in the Appalachian region, 98 are spoken of as distinctly "mountain counties." The population of this region is about 4,000,000.

The children who live in this section get an average of only twenty-six school days a year.

A 20-year-old mountain boy or girl has had less education than a fourth grade city school child.

Quoting from a bulletin of the Bureau of Education, Dr. P. P. Claxton, former Commissioner of Education, says:

"The Southern Appalachian Mountain Region is rich in resources. Its population contains a larger per cent of native-born white persons than that of any other part of the United States. The great majority of these are of the sturdy stocks—English, Irish, Scotch, German and French Huguenot. The energy, native ability and patriotism of these people are known to the world. Yet, because of historical and geographical reasons, the section as

a whole is backward in development, and a large per cent of the people are illiterate. Here, as elsewhere, and probably to a greater degree than in any other section of this country, the development of natural resources and the turning of potential wealth into actual wealth must depend on the education and training of the people. To this end the people are eager to help themselves."

The Association is nonsectarian and works cordially with all existing boards. It endeavors to be a clearing house of information regarding these schools and gladly offers its aid and such information as it has to those who may be interested in this work.

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### **The Association Offers**

- To assist established schools and institutions where industrial training is given.
- To co-operate with public educational agencies; to aid their efforts by securing equipment and properly trained teachers. It makes a constant study of mountain conditions.
- To send workers into strategic points in the mountains who shall establish community centers in which teaching in industrial arts and domestic science is given.
- To assist in developing the native industries of the mountains, such as weaving, basketry, quilting, making of furniture, etc.
- To teach the conservation of resources. To instruct in farming, cattle raising, canning, sanitation, care of the sick, etc.
- To teach better citizenship and care of the homes.

These people have great capacities and possibilities and need only a chance.

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### **Dr. George A. Hubbell.**

At the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, Dr. George A. Hubbell, who has been president of Lincoln

Memorial University for twelve years, tendered his resignation as President. His resignation was accepted with resolutions of appreciation by the Board, and a committee was appointed to choose a new president in due time.

Dr. Hubbell has wrought well in his building of Lincoln Memorial University and in leaving this field of labor he takes with him the high esteem and genuine friendship of thousands of old students, friends, and donors of the University. His broad human sympathy, sincere devotion, and untiring efforts in behalf of this great mountain school will be felt for many years to come, and the growth of the University during his incumbency of office stands as a fitting monument to his labor as a pioneer educator.—*Mountain Herald*.

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### Neglected Children of Appalachia\*

SARA A. BROWN.

Appalachia is said to cover approximately the same area as the Alps. It extends about 650 miles Southwest, and spreads over parts of the eight states of old Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. The children of Appalachia, I have the privilege of knowing, live in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Tennessee. Their appeal is peculiarly compelling; first of all because they are just natural children, with all the charm of childhood, and because they are living in a world far removed from that world which lies "just b'yond yon mountain." Horace Kephart says, in "Our Southern Highlanders," "Time has lingered in Appalachia. The mountain folk still live in the eighteenth century. They are creatures of environment, enmeshed in a labyrinth that has deflected and repelled the march of our nation for 300 years."

The valleys of Appalachia are narrow, usually rich and

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\*Abstract of paper read at Sixteenth National Conference on Child Labor.



fertile; the back country rough; roads unworked, are impassable, even on horse-back, several months during the year. Roads frequently disappear entirely, give way to "bushed-out trails" so narrow it is difficult for a foot passenger and a horse-drawn sled to pass. Mountain children live near falling waters, along lazy mountain streams, a mystic beckoning that leads the boy "out to fetch me in a squirrel or a wild turkey," and the girl and boy to gather wild berries and fruits from early morning until late night. Mountain children are as wild and uncontrolled as the elements about them. More than any children we know, they do just as they please. They are keen, shrewd, high-strung, capable of initiative when once their interest is aroused. They are, first of all, free, born of free-men, who have no regard for the rights of others and know no law but their own desires. Mountain folk have not learned to work with neighbors for any common cause. They are willing to follow a leadership that knows how to meet them on their own ground and are making slow progress in developing a community spirit. Mothers with younger children "make the crops" while fathers and older boys go out to public works, bringing in a cash wage. They live literally in "a land of make it yourself or do without."

The children of Appalachia possess no prescription for immunity from diseases common to childhood. Distance from physicians, distance from telephone, conditions of roads, lack of nursing care and nursing instruction, ignorance and defiance of the simplest necessities of hygiene make protection from disease a myth and medical care practically impossible. Traveling clinics and Red Cross nurses offer about the only medical care available. McDowell County, West Virginia, has a county dental clinic, supporting a staff of 25 hygienists and dentists through a tax levied for the purpose. During this spring they began their second round of examining all children in the rural schools. Marvelous are the stories. They sound like miracles, and are. Kentucky State Board of Health has a trav-



eling trachoma clinic visiting several mountain counties this summer. Phthisis is common among mountain children. We visited a little 10-year old girl, unable to breathe when lying down. The mother "lowed as how she'd outgrow it." A doctor had seen the child two months previous, when he came to examine the father for commitment to the State Hospital for the Insane, and once last year the mother borrowed a horse and wagon and took her to a doctor 12 miles distant.

Mountain children play naturally and freely when they have any one to play with, but wholesome recreation is woefully lacking in the life of the mountain child, due to isolation, lack of community spirit, of a library or in fact reading matter of any kind, and to a religious repression which denounces all games as sinful diversion. Jack, a much neglected tramp boy of 14, living with a feeble-minded old woman, pointed to the dilapidated log church, in answer to our question as to what he and his pals did for fun, "Go over thar to 'vivals.'"

Mountain farm work is no easier than any farm work, and from observation we are confident many children are required to perform tasks far too heavy and for too long hours. Mr. Gibbons assures us the greatest evil in rural child labor is the too-much of such as it is, rather than a question of the kind of tasks required.

The children of Appalachia and their parents unknowingly challenge the eight states of which they are a part, they challenge all states to break down the barriers that separate, to know them, to understand them, to make available education and training for leadership among themselves, to protect them from neglect in every form.

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Two new trustees were elected at the annual meeting: Mr. Lawrence R. Lee and Hon. John J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

## TRUE MOUNTAIN HOSPITALITY

BESSIE MILLS EGAN.

Night was pushing the day out fast, making it impossible for me to reach the valley before dark, so when I came to the prong in the path that led to Ashby Sour's mountain home, I decided to put myself under his care for the night. I was sure of a welcome for Virginia hospitality is not confined to plantation homes and the raw hide latch string of every mountain cabin waves as hearty an invitation as the open arms of Old Dominion planters.

A walk of ten minutes through a skirt of pines, whose whisperings were drowned out by the good-night twitterings of blue birds, brought me to the edge of a clearing. Here, a friendly supper sign, the fragrant wood smoke from a mud-daubed chimney, beckoned me on to the "two pens and a passage" where I hoped to spend the night. I was unabashed by my intimation that it was full to bursting with the stairstep off-spring of Ashby Sours and his good wife Emma Suze, for trundle beds and stoop-shouldered lofts have a surprising capacity for stowing away mountain children.

Nor were my hopes without justification. After seven different varieties of "houn" dog had welcomed me in a more or less questionable outburst, for the growing dusk prevented a sight of their tails, my prospective hostess came forth. Wiping her mouth with the corner of her checkered apron, she assured me that they would be "mighty proud to keer fer me fer the night," while nine curiosity-stamped faces formed the back ground for her lean, gaunt figure.

She was just "dishin-up," but took time from her savory duties to dust off a crippled chair with a monstrous hawk's wing, bidding me rest a spell while little Ache was dispatched to the spring for a gourd full of the "finest water on the Blue Ridge."

Inside, the glow from the open fire outshone the flicker-

ing light of the lantern suspended from one of the ceiling rafters, black as ebony with age and smoke. Steel "varmint" traps on the wall, glinted with the flare, which revealed, too, the home-made fishin' poles in the chinks between the logs, the ever ready gun above the low-hung door and the cumbrous iron cook pots and three legged skillets that flanked the hearth on either side.

On invitation to "pull up," we scattered ourselves along the benches on either side of the rough pine table, and though a sparsity of dishes and a lack of variety of food prevailed, the gap was more than filled by the warmth of hospitality that mingled with the steaming cabbage and hoe-cake.

To Emma Suze, I was something above clay in that I had "rid on the kyars," while the bits of wisdom and philosophy gleaned from her unique expressions, placed this isolated mountain woman on a plane far above the every day level of man.

To use her words: "I'm tied down hyar with my nine younguns and pears like I caint do nothin fer nobody. I've got a fine slight with the sick, fer these arms is as strong as white oak, but hyar I am, nailed to this puncheon floor. That's why I don't never want nobody to pass through this clearin' hongry, fer about all I kin do, is to fill up holler stungups."

And as I looked at her rough red arms, "so powerful with them that's ailin'," so endowed with mother tenderness, I thought of the rich reward that is promised those who give but a cup of cold water in His name.

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### Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

### Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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*for (purpose) .....*

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Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer,  
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MRS. A. S. STONE,

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# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

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## Uncle Ephraim's Fourth of July Oration at Hindman, 1900\*

On Tuesday noon, Uncle Lot announced to Aunt Ailsie that he would go to the strange women's Fourth-of-July picnic the following day, and would take her along.

"Hit appears to be my duty, as a law-loving man, like they said, to be thar on the hill in case of trouble, which is nigh-about sartain to come, there not being hardly a gethering in two year, be hit election or court or funeral-meeting or what not, that hain't been shot up, and sometimes broke up, ginerally by Fult and his crowd."

About eight o'clock Wednesday morning, the two started down the branch—Uncle Lot, a tall, grizzled figure in dark homespun and black slouch hat, leading, on Tom-mule; Aunt Ailsie following on the old fat fleabitten Darb. Profiting by the quare women's example, she had discarded the hot brown-linsey dress in favor of an everyday one of blue cotton; but she still clung to the black sunbonnet and light-print apron—inevitable badges of the respectable married woman.

When they arrived at The Forks, the one street was lined with nags,—they could scarcely find two palings to tie Tom and Darb to,—and a stream of people was zigzagging up the steep hill behind the court house.

The first thing they saw as they toiled up past the deserted tents was a tall pole, with the great flag which usually hung in the large tent flying before the breeze. It was set beside the flat rock, just at the top of the ascent, which the women had named Pulpit Rock. Beyond, on the level top of the spur, were numbers of seats made by laying saplings across logs; and here elderly folk and mothers with babies were tightly packed, while hundreds wandered about or sat under the trees or against the small, latticed grave-houses; for the spur-top was also a burying-ground.

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\*Abridged from "The Quare Women," by Lucy Furman, *The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1922.

The programme was already beginning, with the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by the class, Fult's rich voice leading. Then followed a prayer by Uncle Lemmy Logan, an Old Primitive Preacher. Then the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Lawyer Nath Gentry, and a song and march by fifty little kindergartners who aroused more enthusiasm than any of the performers; then Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, read, somewhat haltingly but most impressively, by Uncle Lot. Then more patriotic songs by the class, and an oration, "The Founding of Our Nation," by Robert Galbreth, a young lawyer just returned from Law School.

All had gone finely so far. Everybody was reassured by seeing Fult and Darcy in such conspicuous and peaceable proximity, and attention was rapt, even the scores of babies being quiet. Then, when everybody hung breathless upon the orator's words, and he was just launching into his peroration, three loud pistol-shots were fired in the immediate rear of the crowd. Instant panic fell. Women, without a word, seized their smaller children and scuttled down the hill like rabbits; men sought the shelter of trees, all save a compact group, headed by Darcy and Uncle Lot, which made for the scene of the trouble. Aunt Ailsie wrung her hands.

"I seed Fulty leave the singers a little grain ago," she said; "I'll warrant hit 's him!"

It was. They found Fult bending, pistol in hand, over a prostrate young man. "Hit 's Charlie Lee, my best friend," he said. "He holped me sarch all comers for liquor this morning, and then I left him and two more to patrol the hill whilst I sang. First thing I knowed, I seed him behind a tree tipping a bottle, and gethered that he was drinking some he had tuck off of somebody, and, knowing his weakness, I felt sartain he'd never stop till he was crazy drunk. I had give my hand to the women thar would be no drinking on the hill, and there wasn't but one thing to do—take hit away from him. When I come back to do

so, he already had enough in him to be mean, and refused to give hit up; and when I tried to take it anyhow, he drawed on me. I seed then the onliest thing to do was to shoot the pistol out of his hand, which I done, scaring him pretty bad, and maybe grazing two-three of his fingers, but not hurting him none to speak of. Hit was the only way."

Sure enough, while Charlie's hand was bleeding profusely, it was found that there was not even a bone broken.

"Where's the fotchted-on nurse-woman?" was the cry.

But she was already at hand, with a small first-aid outfit; the fingers were quickly bandaged, and Charlie, sobered by the shock and extremely shamefaced, was soundly berated by Fult for his faithlessness.

Then Uncle Ephraim stepped forward and spoke authoritatively.

"Fult here deserves a vote of thanks from the citizens of this county for keeping the peace here on this hill today, and not having hit broke up by even his best friend. In the name of the people, and the women, I thank him." He solemnly offered a hand to the boy, who took it, flushing.

Uncle Lot also stepped forward. "I hain't never in life seed you do nothing I tuck pride in before," he said to his grandson; "but you done hit today when you went pine-blank again' your feelings and your friendship to maintain the peace." He also put forth his hand, which Fult accepted as one in a daze.

In fifteen minutes the women and children were all back, relieved and smiling, and the young lawyer was completing his peroration. There was then a slight pause in the proceedings, while everybody talked of the panie and its happy ending.

Then, very slowly, Uncle Ephraim Kent, a notable figure, with his mane of white hair, his crimson hunting-jacket, his linen trousers and moccasins, his tall, lean body very little bent by the passing of eighty-two years, mounted the pulpit-rock and faced the audience.

"Citizens and offsprings," he began, "hit were not in my thoughts to speak here in this gethering today, even though the women axed and even begged me so to do. I never follered speaking, nor enjoyed listening at the sound of my own voice, the weight of no-larning allus laying too heavy upon me. But carcumstances has riz and sot up lines of thought that calls for the opening of my mind to you, and I will therefore do the best I am able.

"And firstways I will say how I rej'ice that them shots that brung fear to our hearts today was good shots, and not bad ones, fired to keep the peace by one that has too often follered breaking hit. And I'll say furdur that, in my opinions, Fult never would have broke hit that first time but for old, ancient wrongs, done afore he seed the light, sins of the fathers, visited down on the children, and ketching 'em in a quile they can't hardly onravel."

The audience, well-knowing that the old man referred to the killing of his son, Rafe, by Fult and to the previous warfare between Kents and Fallons, listened breathless.

"But," continued Uncle Ephraim, "let me leave that sorrowful tale for a spell, and go back to the good old days when there wa'n't no sech things as wars betwixt friends and neighbors—the days when our forbears first rid acrost the high ridges from Old Virginny or North Cyar'liny and along these rocky creeks and tuck up land in these nor-row valleys. A rude race they was, but a strong, with the blood of old England and bonny Scotland in their veins, and in their hearts the fear of naught; a rude race, but a free, chasing the deer and the b'ar and the wild turkey and the Indian, tending their craps with a hoe in one hand and a gun in t' other; a rude race, but a friendly, banding together again' all foes, helping one another in all undertakings. Some of 'em, like my grandsir, the old cap'n, come in to live on land that was granted 'em because they had fit under Washington; t' others jest wandered in and tuck up what pleased 'em.

"Well, atter they settled theirselves in this rugged,

penned-in land, then what happened to 'em? Well, right thar was the trouble, *nothing* never happened. Here they was, shut in for uppards of a hunderd year, multiplying fast, spreading up from the main creeks to the branches and hollows, but never bettering their condition—you might say, worsening hit. For before long the game was all kilt off, and life become the turrible struggle hit still is, jest to keep food in our mouths, raising craps on land that 's nigh straight-up-and-down, like we have to. And while a many of the first settlers, like my grandsir, had been knowledgeable men, with larning, their offsprings growed up in the wilderness without none, because there wa'n't no money to send the young-uns out to school, or to foteh larning in to 'em. And the second crap, of which I was one, was wusser and ignoranter still, being raised up maybe like me, eighty mile from a schoolhouse or church house; and the third was wusser and meaner yet, and so on down to now, when they hain't no better, though there is a few pindling deestricht schools here and yan.

“And about the onliest times in all them years our folks found out thar was a world outside these mountains was when the country sont in a call to fight hit's battles. Then we allus poured forth, rej'icing—like when thar was trouble agin with the British, and we mustered under Old Hickory behind them cotton-bales and palmetty-logs at New Orleans; and then later, when Mexico got sassy; and then when the States tuck sides and lined up, you know how we fit through them four year—mostly for the Union; this here stiff right arm I fotehed back remembers me of hit; then thar 's this here leetle war in Cuby, too, not long finished.

“All of which proves we air a brave and fighting race. And if the fighting had stopped with wars for our country, all would have been well. But, citizens and offsprings, hit never stopped thar. You all know how, when thar wa'n't no outside wars to keep us peaceified, there was allus them amongst us, for thirty year and more, that could n't take



no satisfaction in life unless they was starting wars amongst theirselves. If ever a people was wore out with wars and troubles, we air them people; if ever folks yearned and pined and prayed for peace, we air them folks.

"Yes, many's the time, walking the ridge-tops, standing up yander on the high rocks, I have looked down on the valley of Troublesome and agonized in sperrit over hit, calling upon the God of Israel to send us help and peace. Many 's the time, too, up there, I have dreamed dreams and seed visions.

"And several times in sech visions, friends, I have beheld down there below, in the valley of Troublesome, all manner of peaceful and happy homes, where every man had his mind made up to let liquor and guns alone, and the women folks tended their offsprings in the fear of the Lord, and even the young was too busy getting larning to be briggaty and feisty.

"I allow, moreover, that there is but few here that, in their better hours, hain't beheld and wished for the same. But how hit was to come about, did n't appear. We wa'n't able to help ourselves, or bring about a change; hit was like a landslip; things had got too much headway to be turnt back. We needed outside help, but where hit was to come from, nobody knowed. But from the time I were a leetle shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on yon hillsides, I have had faith to believe the Lord would send hit in some time, from somewheres, and have never ceased a-praying for hit.

"And in the week past, friends, sence these here women tuck up their abode with us, hit has appeared like my prayers was answered, my visions a-coming true. I hain't heard a gun fired off sence that first night they come in; I have seed the boys that ginerally drinks and fights and shoots (because they hain't got nothing better to do) all a-gethered in, happy and peaceable, singing and playing and even sewing; and the gals, that is apt to idle and squander their time, taking joy in larning how to cook right vittles and dig out dirt; and the older folks likewise

waking up to things they never heard of before; and me myself,—which hit don't seem nowadays possible, but yet hit is true,—me, that nigh a lifetime ago had give up all hope of ever being knowledgeable; me, with you might say both feet in the grave, becoming a man of larning. For the women here has already teachd me my letters, and I'm studying on Page 3 of my Primer; and before the summer passes I 'll be a-reading in my grandsir's old yaller Bible I have churrished so long, praise the Lord!

“In all which, friends, I see the hand of the Almighty. Hit is Him that has sont these women in to us; hit is Him that has led 'em along the rough way to our help; hit is Him that has answered my long-raised prayers. And now, may the Lord dig round our hearts with the mattock of His love, till the roots goes to spreading, and the sap to rising, and the leaves buds out and the blossoms of love and righteousness shoots forth and abounds in all our lives!”

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### Hindman Twenty Years Later

DEAR FRIENDS:

The twentieth anniversay of the Hindman Settlement School, celebrated last May, was an occasion of such great pleasure and inspiration, that we should like to share the experience with all our friends and supporters.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached on Sunday by Mr. Albert Smith, who was principal of the school for three years and who has ever since been a friend and helper of the people of the mountains.

On Monday there was an exhibit of the work done by all the industrial departments. The excellent furniture, made by the boys in the workshop, consisted of pieces suitable to be used from the porch, kitchen and dining room to the bedroom and library.

The wonderful results shown by the younger children in hand-work and older ones in sewing showed ability on the part of the children and patience and devotion on the

part of the teacher. The smaller children had made useful articles in miniature, girls of the fourth and fifth grades had made underclothes and dresses by hand; girls of the eighth grade, underclothes and dresses by machine; the Juniors, pretty colored organdies; and the Seniors, dainty white dresses for graduation. Girls of the fourth and fifth grades had made a very artistic quilt, with baskets of pink flowers appliquéd on white and some from each class had done the fine quilting.

The Fireside Industries Department showed a great variety of willow and split baskets, brooms, rustic furniture and woven articles. (These articles are made for sale. Information may be had by writing the department.)

The Alumnæ Luncheon on Tuesday was the special occasion devoted to renewing old associations. The luncheon was prepared by the girls of the Practice Home and the Cooking Classes and the early vegetables were from our own garden.

It was an especial privilege and pleasure to have with us Miss Katherine Pettit, one of the founders of the School and here for ten years; as well as Mrs. May Elkin Day, a teacher for the first three years; Miss Harriet Butler, our faithful nurse for ten years, who organized the health work of the settlement and community; Mrs. Katherine Hurxthal Stewart, who taught the Kindergarten for four summers and raised the money to build and equip our attractive Kindergarten building; Miss Southworth, our Domestic Science Teacher for nine years; and Mr. Kelly Day, a member of our first local Advisory Board, an ever loyal friend and wise counsellor, whose help, particularly in the early years, did much to make the way easier for us.

Among the guests were several here for the first time, and many Knott County people, who have stood by us through all the twenty years; notably: Mrs. Eva Hays Duke, in whose father's hospitable home we spent our first night in Knott County, on our two days' journey from the railroad at Jackson and where we were welcomed many

times later at the end of a day's travel through rain, cold or heat, and always given a good, hot supper, a cheerful fire and a comfortable bed; Dr. J. W. Duke (now a member of our Advisory Board) on whose land we pitched our tents at Hindman in 1900, and whose dear mother took us into her heart and under her protection when we were strangers, and who still loves to talk of those first days; Mr. J. M. Baker, another of our Advisory Board, and Mrs. Baker, in whose home we lived when we came to start the school and who have been our cordial neighbors and friends.

Mr. Kelly Day, who was born and brought up in Knott County, and who has known our work since the days of the first camp in 1900, and who has been living away from Hindman for some years, has expressed his appreciation of the school in a letter after his return from the reunion, as follows: "It had been five years since I had last been at Hindman, and I assure you that, in even five years, to say nothing of the first fifteen years of the school, I can see a wonderful improvement. I was most happy to hear so many expressions of appreciation of the good work of the school from the people in Hindman and throughout the county. A number of the men of the town remarked to me that they would have left Hindman for some better business location, where they could make more money, but that they could not afford to take their children away from the school. I have often remarked that I fully believe you have the best all-around school in this county any where. I never looked into the faces of a finer body of boys and girls and young men and women than that in your auditorium at the Commencement. The fine spirit of them all was so pronounced, that I was made to remark, 'This is the finest body of young Americans I have ever seen.' It was so different from what we saw on similar occasions twenty, ten, or even five years ago in this same place, that I could fully appreciate the wonderful progress of the school. My heart is so full I can hardly write. I hope

the good work may go on and the influence of your school continue to spread as it has in the past."

Much is being accomplished along health lines through the work of the doctors and the public health nurse, who have already examined 1,085 school children in 21 public schools in the county. Two clinics have been held in the Settlement Hospital by doctors from the State Board of Health, many children have had tonsils and adenoids removed, a specialist has examined crippled children, and a group of them will go soon to the city hospitals to be relieved of their suffering. The nurse and extension worker are also working along the lines of sanitation in the home and the school.

At the request of the people of the neighborhood, we have taken this year, a small country school nearby and are making it a center for educational and social work. The men, women and children have cooperated heartily. One day we all met for a "working," when the women and girls scrubbed and cleaned the school house, while the men and boys made tables, shelves, laid a walk and worked the road. They have rented a cottage for the well-trained teacher and a volunteer worker, and on Sunday afternoon young and old come out for Sunday School. We hope some friends will send us maps, globes, pictures and material for hand-work at this school and that it may in time prove to be a model one-room country school.

We are most grateful to our good friends who have helped us through the hard times of the past year and made it possible for us to meet our obligations.

Will you not continue to contribute as generously as you have in the past? We believe there are greater opportunities for work before us than those of the last twenty years.

We therefore ask your cooperation and help to make a reality of our ever-widening vision of the possibilities for good of the young people of the Kentucky Mountains.

Very sincerely,

MAY STONE.

## Extending Our Work

The Association has added two more schools to the list of those with which it is co-operating,—Crossnore, North Carolina, and Wooton, Kentucky.

At Wooton a community center has been established under the able leadership of Miss Rosa McCord, which is doing splendid work in an isolated community. A clinic by the State Board of Health was held recently, a library of 700 books has been gathered together, a cottage for teaching fireside industries, which also serves as a practice home, has been established, while a barn and chicken houses are important factors in the plant. A letter from Miss Large, who has been sent there by the Association as extension worker, gives our readers some idea of the conditions which make Wooton a most important strategic center.

Crossnore is in one of the mountain coves of North Carolina, and during the seven years since work was begun there a farm of 75 acres has been purchased, the school has grown from a one-room shack, that was a disgraceful pretense of a rural school, to a five-room building with five good teachers, has built a co-operative cheese factory, a grist-mill, an electric light plant, an industrial building and a teacherage. The school is doing splendid work in its community under the direction of Mary Martin Sloop, who has a peculiar gift of leadership.

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## Christmas Sale

The Special Christmas Sale held at the Exchange during December was a great success, and it could hardly have been otherwise, for with so many beautiful things it was not hard to arrange the rooms attractively.

The baskets were filled with bitter-sweet, cat-tails, dried grasses, milk-weed, straw flowers and bay berries, which proved most becoming to their soft grays and browns.

A great improvement has been made in the finish of the



baskets, due to the refusal to purchase anything from the workers which was not well made.

It being possible now to obtain more wool, a much greater variety of blankets and "kivers" and lovely soft homespun scarfs and baby blankets were sent in. More linen weaving is also being done and many table and bureau covers in the natural color and cream with blue borders woven in, found a ready sale.

The new colored tufted bed-spreads being quite inexpensive continued to be popular for wedding presents and many people ordered curtains and scarfs to match the spreads, making a very complete gift. The spreads are tufted in pink, blue, lavender, yellow and white.

The women of the Kentucky mountains do the most wonderful old-time quilting, and some lovely specimens of their work were on exhibition.

Many of the friends we made during the war, when Washington was filled with strangers, did not forget us after they returned to their homes, and orders were filled as far west as California.

It is with great satisfaction we receive letters from the mountain workers telling of the homes they have been able to build and the children they are sending to school with the money they have earned by articles sold through the Exchange.

We are always glad to send articles out on approval to our far-away friends, and are most grateful to all those who have made this work possible.

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### **Why This Association Exists**

Scattered through the 98 mountain counties of Southern Appalachia are approximately 1,500,000 children who have little or no opportunity for education. In some sections the average school term is less than thirty days per year, and there are many boys and girls who have passed out of their teens with less education than the fourth-grade child in a city school.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association, realizing that the Settlement School and the Community Center offer the best means for developing these young people of the mountains, co-operates with agencies already at work in different sections, the best of which are the settlement schools. In these schools the children receive training suited to their peculiar environment, which sends them back to their homes with a practical knowledge of carpentry, agriculture, care of stock, domestic hygiene and sanitation, sewing, cooking, housekeeping, simple nursing and care of infants. This Association co-operates with the settlement schools by paying salaries of industrial teachers and extension workers, and providing scholarships for children whose parents cannot afford to pay the necessary expenses for eight months in a settlement school.

In this copy of the *QUARTERLY* are several letters and reports which show the very far-reaching results of this kind of training in the reaction upon the mountain homes.

It is for the purpose of raising funds for providing salaries and scholarships that this Association makes its appeal. Not a penny that is contributed to this work is used for expenses, but goes directly to the work for which the Association stands. Will you not become a subscriber to the *QUARTERLY*, which is only one dollar a year!

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### **The Creed of the School Garden Army Soldier.**

I believe in the plant and the soil, helped by the air, the sunlight and the rain, as the great producers of food and beauty for the use of man.

I believe in my mind and my body as the means by which the plant and the soil may be made to produce this food and beauty.

I believe in working happily together with my fellows, without strife or contest, that the people may be fed and the world made beautiful.

I believe in America, and I pledge my honor so to work and to play that I shall be proud to be called an American.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

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## In Memoriam

### Thomas Nelson Page

Since the last issue of the QUARTERLY, our beloved President, Honorable Thomas Nelson Page, has been summoned to labor in a higher sphere.

Dr. Page planned to close his career, which had been one of great usefulness and honor, on the Oakland Plantation, in Virginia, where he was born. In this quiet retreat, hallowed with the memories of childhood and the traditions of a noble ancestry, he sought to spend the rest of his days. These days were fewer than he dreamed, for on November 1, 1922,—one of those days of color and glory he had described as “Smiles of God”—the message came to him as he walked in the rose garden at Oakland.

Thomas Nelson Page, scholar, churchman, diplomat and statesman, was an artist who crystallized the spirit of the Old South in his prose writings and preserved for posterity a truthful record of a civilization and a culture that are rapidly becoming only a memory.

More than this, the author of "Marse Chan" was a master of character delineation. His fiction people presented the perfection of cameos in their utmost devotion to type. There were no anachronisms in his productions nor false accents in his negro dialect tales. He knew whereof he wrote.

From childhood on the same Virginia plantation where ended his labor, he had been imbued with the traditions, the ideals, and the heroic history of the Old Dominion. There was background too, in his own descent that would still more acquaint him with his chosen topic, the motiff, as it were, of his long and honorable career in American literature. In his line of ancestors were numbered pioneer leaders and colonial governors of Virginia; Revolutionary heroes; great churchmen; builders of America all, and staunch adherents of the Old Dominion through all the epochs of her being.

This passion for public service and devotion to state and national ideals that had distinguished the men and the women of his race, flowered into full blossom in the person of Thomas Nelson Page, and from his school days he was known among his companions for his chivalry, his spirit of fair play and his love of his state and country.

Educated as became the son of a noble Virginia house, young Page selected the law as the means whereby he was to fulfill his boyish dreams and ambitions.

After three sessions at Washington and Lee University he graduated in law from the University of Virginia in 1874, and practiced his profession for nearly twenty years in Virginia. This legal training was of inestimable value to him in after life, for it taught him the equities in human relationships and gave a balance and roundness to his writings when at length he took up literature seriously.

During this period his life was blessed with the fragrance of a wonderful romance with the lady who became his first wife, Anne Seldon Bruce. Their married life was only a short two years, from 1886 to 1888, but he im-

mortalized her lovely nature in "Meh Lady," one of the most pathetic and classic of his stories. After her death he turned to his writings for comfort and began his series of successes in the field of American letters.

Five years later, Mrs. Henry Field, of Chicago, became his second wife, whose death a few months before his own was a profound grief to him.

The welfare of the Episcopal Church in America was of great concern to him. Session after Session he sat in the House of Deputies of that church as a delegate from the church in Virginia, and many constructive pieces of religious legislation were due to his far-sightedness.

The crown of his career came when President Wilson appointed Dr. Page as ambassador to Italy, a country for which he had always cherished a sentimental interest and with whose arts and letters he was thoroughly familiar. It so happened that he served during the war period, and won all Italian hearts by his spirit of justice and his untiring efforts on behalf of the Allies.

For many years Dr. Page had been one of the electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association. In the early days when the Association was struggling for existence, he gave to it the power of his great influence, and helped with his wise counsel and commanding presence to put it on a firm, enduring basis. Neither his great labors as one of America's leading authors, nor the stress of deep responsibility in one of the most critical situations during the world's greatest war, could destroy his interest in the work of the Association. And so after his return from Italy to America, one of the first things he did was to renew his activities in its behalf. He most graciously consented to act as President of the Association, and very fittingly he was unanimously elected, which position he was holding at the time the end came.

One of the last acts of his noble career was to send a check for \$100 to the Association. The Trustees of the Association sent this donation as a memorial scholarship

to one of the mountain schools of Virginia, and naming it the "Florence Nelson Page Scholarship." This, together with the telegram from him to the Board of Trustees, regretting his inability to be present at the meeting on the afternoon of October 30th, just two days before the final summons, closed his active labors in the Association.

What a beautiful and striking example that this great author, scholar and statesman should have closed his career which had been resplendent with honors, in assisting to carry the light of knowledge and hope, and the comforts and happiness of home life into the dark and isolated regions of his country.

Rich in the honors of the mighty, he steadfastly remained the friend of the lowly; and as a young poet sang, "He went to meet Death as a friend," while the world mourned and America wept for this son of the Old Dominion who had wrought mightily in his day and generation.

CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN.

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### Leigh Robinson

Three days after the distinguished President of the Association was taken from us, on November 4, 1922, another notable Virginian, Mr. Leigh Robinson, the Vice-President and member of the Board of Trustees passed away.

Seldom, if ever, has any organization such as ours sustained two losses as great, almost at the same time; for rarely indeed has any organization been so fortunate as to have on its governing board two such members as were these distinguished Virginians.

Mr. Robinson was born in Richmond, Virginia, February 26, 1840. Like Dr. Page, Mr. Robinson came of the best cavalier stock of the Old Dominion, and right nobly did he live up to the high traditions of his ancestry. The keen wit, the genial humor, the gentle, courteous manner, the indomitable courage, and the chivalrous de-



meanor of that stock, were strikingly exemplified in all that he said or did.

When the souls of our people were being tried over the principle of local self-government, the settlement of which almost rent the nation asunder, he unhesitatingly placed his life in the pawn of battle in defence of principle as he saw it. When that great question was finally settled through fire and blood, against him, he laid down his arms with a soldier's honor unsullied, and turned his activities to the work of helping to build up those institutions which his people had almost lost in the sacrifice which they had made in the righteous defence of what they believed to be a great principle. Shortly after the Civil War, Mr. Robinson began the practice of law in Washington, undaunted by the difficulties which were to be overcome by such a course, on account of those whom he had so recently opposed in arms being completely in control. His professional learning and attainments soon placed him at the head of the bar in the Nation's capital.

Notwithstanding he had been educated in the leading institutions of learning in Virginia, and had acquired an extraordinarily broad culture, especially in the classics, his heart was touched with deep consideration for those who had been less favored in this respect. It is not surprising, then, that when the Southern Industrial Educational Association was being organized he became one of its strongest and most helpful supporters. For more than a decade and a-half he gave liberally of his time and substance to the Association and the objects for which it stood. The Association was incorporated December 27, 1905, and the records show that he was made an elector in December, 1906, and a trustee in March, 1907, which latter position he held until the day of his death. But the value of service cannot be measured by time. The loyal devotion, the broad vision, the ability to plan and execute, and the courage to do the wise, right thing, instead of what is always the popular thing, determine the value of

service. According to these standards Mr. Robinson came up to the full measure of the highest service to the Association.

He greatly delighted in learning that through the work of the Association the heart of some highland mother had been gladdened, and some mountain home made more comfortable and happy, or that as a result of the work of the Association some highland boy or girl had been given an opportunity through educational facilities to break away from the deadening environment of isolation. It was a great pleasure to observe in the Board meetings the expression of delight which illuminated his entire countenance as the achievements of the Association along these lines were reported.

He was a man of extraordinary mentality. The regal supremacy of his mind was unaffected even by the dull, cold hand of death. Two days before he passed away he gave a most illuminating account of the almost forgotten exploits of a Revolutionary War hero, and on the day before the end came he quoted with verbal accuracy and clearness many stanzas from his beloved Shakespeare, and brought his labors to a close with references to the great Book of Books, which had been a lamp unto his feet and an inspiration to his soul.

CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN.

### **Revival of Fireside Industries \***

By MISS MARY H. LARGE

To one whose interest in the living conditions in the Southern Highlands is the outgrowth of a long period of personal experience in the mountain homes, it is a joy to find a locality where such conditions are keeping pace with the forward march of the civilized world.

These dwellers in the highlands are, as a rule, keen to

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\*Extract from an article in the *Mountain Herald*, October, 1921.

recognize the value and to adopt any discovery or invention that tends to transform the "trivial round, the common task," from drudgery into pleasure.

Their primitive practices, though full of interest, are the natural sequence of long years of isolation and are rapidly becoming obsolete owing to the influences of good schools, the telephone, rural mail delivery and better roads.

The lives of the Cumberland mountaineers are full of charm. Their customs, even in the most remote corners, by no means deserve a wholesale condemnation. Their unfailing hospitality has become proverbial; their old ballads and games possess interest raised to a high power. Even their manner of speech is most impressive. To "aim" to do a thing implies its immediate performance. The double negative in their speech does not make an affirmative, but renders the negative doubly sure. The accepted theory for these peculiarities in speech, their inheritance from an Anglo-Saxon ancestry, hardly covers all the unique phrases one may sometimes hear.

Recently a woman telling of the pecunious old man in her neighborhood who had been murdered for his hoarded wealth said: "He always was quare. When he was a little boy he'd mize an' he'd mize anything he could get hold of." The verb she used is obsolete, but it expressed her meaning exactly.

The mountain women, shut off from the world in their lonely cabins, formerly found an outlet for the desire to create something beautiful that is inherent in every woman by weaving the blue and white coverlets with their various names and drafts. In many cases the cotton had to be carded and spun for the warp, then the sheep were sheared and the wool picked, cleaned and dyed. Afterwards followed making the warp, the tedious job of winding the threads on the warp beam and then drawing each thread through the proper needle eye and space in the reed. All this had to be done before the real weaving began.

An old weaver of coverlets was asked if weaving was not tiresome work and she replied: "No honey, weavin' is plum easy, but drawing in the chain (warp) is the dickens."

Recent inventions have relieved this job of its difficulties, but the ease with which one can buy machine woven fabrics is banishing the looms and the spinning wheels from the mountain firesides.

Handwoven clothes have their value and place in the world and a reaction against the machine made materials has already set in. There is always a market for a genuine well-made product and now, when discarded heirlooms are being brought down from the attic and sold for fabulous sums to the collectors of the antique, it seems especially appropriate that those industries should be revived.

An institution that will further and encourage this end surely deserves the co-operation of everyone interested in the traditions and development of the American people.

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### **Extension Work at Wooton, Ky.**

*To the Board of Trustees, Southern Industrial Educational Association, Washington, D. C.*

The beautiful fall weather that has continued up to date has made it possible for me to journey about on foot with ease, 13 miles a day being about the highest record I have made. Fortunately the homes of this county are comparatively near together.

The public school at Wooton has all the grades up to and including the ninth grade, or first year of High School. About 100 pupils attend and there are three teachers, all of them excellent. Miss McCord is School Trustee. Beside the regular course of study this house furnished sewing teachers, not only at the Wooton school, but also at three other schools in this district. The residents at the Community House conduct Sunday Schools in four of the

outlying school houses. There is also a small but active band of Boy Scouts and the Christian Endeavor is represented here both in the Senior and Junior branches.

As I wrote previously, much work has been done and is being done to improve the roads. You may know that there is not a mile of railroad yet built in Leslie County. One day early in November the first automobile ever seen here made its way over from Hyden, the county seat. Of course it was a Ford, or it could never have succeeded in pushing its way over the steep mountain trails and through the rocky creek beds. The owner kindly took most of the school children a ride over the good strip of road many of them had helped to make. Quite a number of the children had never before seen a "naughtymobile."

The difficulties of transportation act as a hindrance to rapid progress in any line. It takes so long to get needed materials. But now that the pioneer Ford has been through, one can hope for quicker and easier modes of travel before many more months have passed.

Respectfully yours,

MARY H. LARGE.

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### Martha Berry's Illness

*The many friends of Miss Berry will be pained to learn of her illness, as told by the following article, printed by the Atlanta Constitution, Nov. 14 1922:*

Announcement of the serious illness of Miss Martha Berry, founder and director of the Berry Schools, of Rome, Ga., which appeared in the news columns of *The Constitution* Wednesday, is deplored by the hosts of friends and well-wishers of this philanthropist and public benefactor, who are to be found, not only in all parts of the south, but throughout the whole country.

According to the news report Miss Berry's illness is the result of her having overtaxed her strength in her efforts to supply wholesome mental nourishment for the poor boys



and girls of the mountain districts of Georgia and neighboring states.

For more than twenty years Miss Berry has devoted all of her time and her private resources to the development of the institution which, as a brilliant, talented and charming young woman, she founded; and as compensation for her ceaseless efforts and zealous devotion she has seen it grow from a little school in a one-room log cabin into the great educational plant which it is today.

It is an institution that essentially reflects the gracious and dynamic personality of its founder—an institution dedicated to the service of the masses and to the development of latent human resources that have long been neglected.

No boy nor girl has ever been denied admittance to the Berry Schools' "Door of Opportunity" on account of poverty.

But, seeking admission, many have been turned away because of the institution's lack of facilities to accommodate them.

Each year the popularity of the institution has increased to such an extent that the demand made upon it has been greater than its ability to serve, and at the beginning of the current school year several hundred applicants were unable to gain admittance and their names were added to the "waiting list."

On account of her compassion for those mountain boys and girls who are hungry for education Miss Berry is said to have overreached the limits of her physical strength in her efforts to recruit the financial resources necessary to provide the needed accommodations and equipment.

Considering the singular merits of the Berry Schools—of which Professor Willis A. Sutton, superintendent of the Atlanta school system, said in a recent address delivered on the Berry campus, "this is the most perfect environment I have ever known; here the practical and the aesthetic are perfectly blended"—the institution should



neither suffer from the lack of material support nor be dependent upon the ability and resourcefulness of any one personality to finance its operations and activities.

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### Letter from a Volunteer Worker

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I know you are all interested in the work I'm doing, so I'm not going to take up time explaining why I left sunny California to come here. Sufficient to say I'm at Pine Mountain this year giving my services, and doing my best to train twenty-five boys to be happy and useful, hoping that later they will be happy, useful citizens in this great United States.

My day is a busy one, but I'm contented and happy and love my boys, many of whom are the sons of moonshiners or feudists.

One little fellow with the hottest temper I've ever known, has a father who has killed three men and is lying in wait for three more. When I first came it was no unusual thing to hear a commotion on the middle-sized boys' porch and later hear a chair or other article of furniture that came in handy fly against the wall, this act being followed by words not meant for ears accustomed only to Sunday School language. It was always Ray who threw the chairs and always before the day was over a sorry little boy wanted to be excused. Now his greatest ambition is to get on the honor roll of the Boy Scouts. I'm sure you will be glad to hear that it is two weeks since he threw his last chair or has given way to this terrible temper of his, and I think he is as happy over his triumph as I am.

Perhaps you would like to know what we do before breakfast. At four-thirty the alarm goes off to awaken the boys who milk, and at five another alarm reminds the boy who carries the mail that it is time for him to be stirring. The first alarm usually awakens me, for I want to be sure that the day's work is not delayed because of the failure of any boy in the performance of any duty assigned to him. At

5.30 the rising bell rings and forty-two feet are heard as the boys jump out of bed. Ten minutes later each boy is busy at his before-breakfast task, which lasts ten minutes. There are twenty-eight beds to be put airing, three dressing rooms, the upper and lower halls, the living room, the porches and stairs to be swept and put in order, the slop-buckets carried out and emptied, the library put in order, the pitchers to be filled, the play room put in order, the fire built so that we shall have hot water, the fire laid in the fire-place, wood to be cut, coal to be brought, chips to be picked up, the cellar to be put in order, the playground cared for, and one boy goes out to pick up papers which have been carelessly dropped by others. So you see we really have no time to play.

I wish I could make you see in your mind's eye some of my boys. Frank, for instance, a big brown-eyed six-footer, nineteen years old according to the family reckoning. Until a year ago (when he went to Lincoln Memorial University for seven weeks) he had never been in school and says he could not even count beyond ten; now he is in the fourth grade and working as hard on his simple arithmetic as your boys ever worked on geometry or trigonometry. He tells me that he used to smoke and drink and was generally bad, except with girls, whom he always treated as he wanted other boys to treat his sisters. He is gentle as a woman and so sweet and lovely both with me and the little fellows, who simply adore him. One day after I had explained to the boys why I thought they should take off their hats to the workers, he met me out of doors, and taking off his hat in the most graceful manner possible, asked me whether, when he stood talking with me he should put his hat back on his head or hold it in his hand. Not infrequently he comes to my door after he is undressed and ready for bed to say good-night or to ask some question as to how he can improve himself. This may seem strange to an outsider that a big boy should come to my room in his nightgown, and I must say I felt

queer at first, but they look upon a night-gown as they look upon their day dress, and far be it from me to disturb them in their innocence. I'm here to try to bring the trying boys to the standard of the fine boys, and do not feel discouraged at what I have accomplished in the two months since I came.

(Signed) CLARA WILSON.

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### Kentucky Superstitions.

Lovers of folk-lore will find rich material in the volume entitled *Kentucky Superstitions*, by Daniel Lindsey Thomas and Lucy Blaney Thomas (Princeton University Press). This very varied and unique collection, nearly 4,000 in number, is gathered in the main from three sources—the mountaineers, originally from the Virginias and the Carolinas; the lowland whites; and the lowland negroes. The superstitious beliefs still retained by the old-type mountaineers are, in general, those that were brought to Kentucky by their English and Scotch-Irish ancestors and which still actively survive in the mountain fastnesses. Besides the curious folk remedies, medicines and charm cures still trusted by the highland people, is the very wide-spread belief in the presence and power of witches. Perhaps there is at this time no other place in the English-speaking parts of the world where superstitions concerning witches receive so much credence. With the opening up of the mountains by the new industrial activities and the gradual spread of education among the younger generation, these primitive beliefs and practices must of necessity disappear in a few decades, so that this volume constitutes a most valuable contribution to this particular field of literary research.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

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\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

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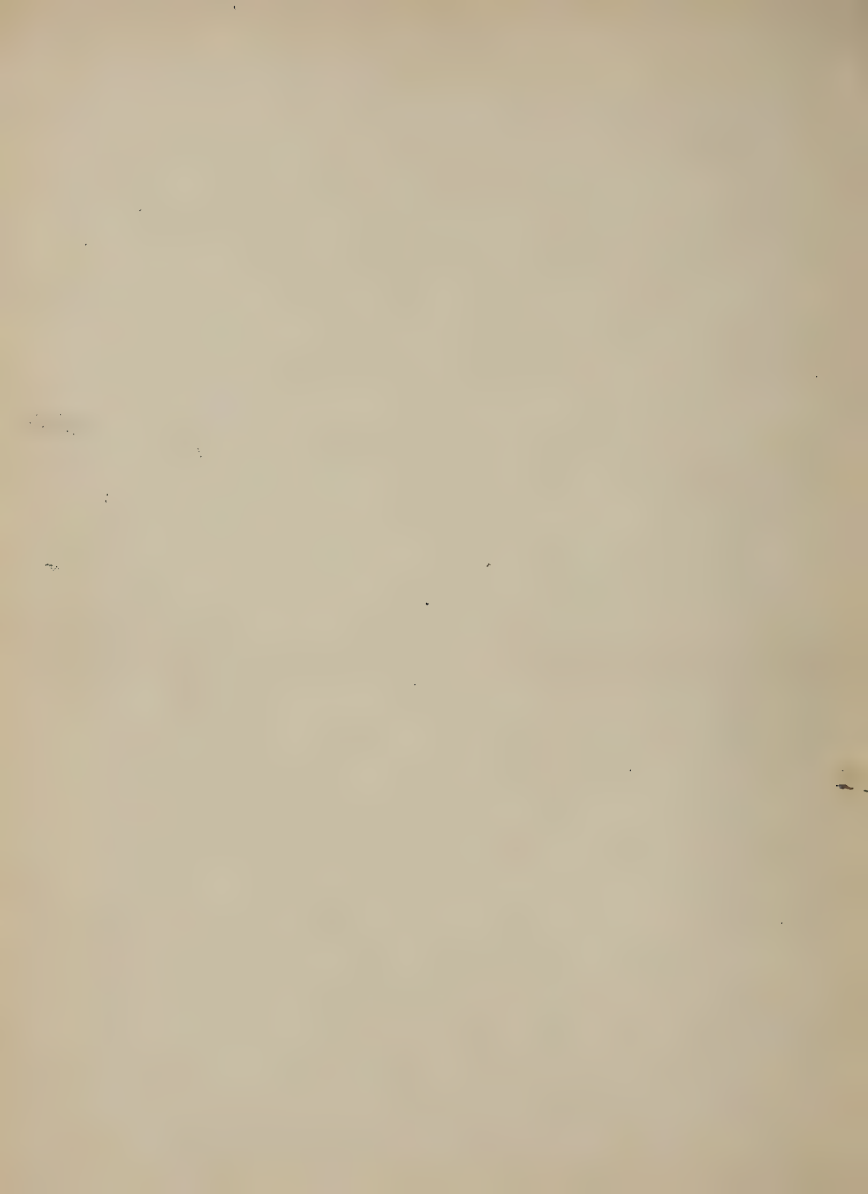
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Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS  
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## Women of the Southern Mountains\*

After a long tiresome day in a little jolting mountain train on a melting July day, it was a great relief to see heavy clouds gathering overhead. Presently we were in the midst of a terrific mountain storm. The accommodation stopped in the center of a narrow gorge while the lightning played wildly about us.

Emerging from this valley, the storm passing as quickly as it came, the train "flung" us around the side of a steep precipice. There (I could almost touch the side of the hill from the window) was a sheep all trembling and shivering, scarcely able to keep its hold and not slide down the bare mountain and under the train. I was immediately reminded of, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold," "Go, seek, bring them in," and I thought of those three millions to be sought out of the Southern Mountains.

It was during the Civil War that Dr. E. O. Guerrant, then a young soldier going with Morgan's men through the mountains, resolved, if God spared his life, to come back and give it to those people living in such sin and ignorance and isolation.

Because there were no churches, no schools and because the illicit distillers would have less fear of women, and they would have greater access to the homes, Dr. Guerrant called for women workers. Many who could went without salaries, and many worked for the sum of ten, fifteen and twenty dollars per month.

When a mission is first opened, the teacher lives in the home of a family in the community, sharing one of the two rooms with the many members of the family. In the absence of a school house the teacher begins her work under the shade of a tree, by the side of the road. In this way she catches the children who pass by. The Sunday School is conducted in like manner. In the winter they go

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\*The Missionary Survey of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, June, 1923.

into the homes in the community for services. Soon the people are interested and on a day named they come together, have a "working," and thus the church and school is founded. Pretty soon the worker has along by the side of the chapel-schoolhouse a three-room "boxed" house (shack); there she has her home. These houses are often built of green lumber which when dried leaves great cracks where the winter wind drives the rains and snows through in spite of the many pastings of newspapers which have been sent in barrels. One worker told me how in the winter, when it snowed at night, she pulled the bed spread over head and in the morning before rising she would shake the snow off her bed. Will you wonder when I tell you that that same woman walks on crutches much of her time from rheumatism? Few of the workers' homes have even suggestion of comfort or convenience. Often the water is carried from a distant neighbor, the coal must be carried in and the kindling split, as there's no man on the place. Aside from her many duties as a Christian worker she must do these heavy household chores.

Often the "teacher" lives alone with never a congenial friend from the "outside world" with whom to talk. Even the mail is irregular in its arrival, in the winter especially. The post office is perhaps at the foot of the mountain from the mission cottage and it may be three miles away and it may be seven or ten miles. In that case she depends on the boys of the community bringing hers when they go once a week for their own family.

There on the side of the mountain the winter sun soon drops behind the horizon. Then, when family circles are gathering around the bright fires, the day's work done, is when the hearts grow weary and discouraged and lonely. What's that? A rap at the door; it is quickly opened. "Why, Johnny, come in and get warm. Why are you out in the cold and snow when you should be in bed asleep?"

"Mammy's mought nigh to die. We lows how you would come to see her. We can't git no doctor."

Thus all thoughts of self are dismissed and nobody's lonely.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some customs peculiar to the mountain people have been much discussed. The women never sit down at the table to eat with a group of men. In the early history of our country the women of the hills were true American women. The work of the men was hard, clearing virgin forests, hunting down and killing the fierce wild animals, providing food and making laws. Woman, as ever playing her part, often cut the wood. While the husband felled the trees, she plowed, hoed, and fenced the garden. While the men planted corn, flax and cotton, she prepared the meal, the neighbor women coming in to help her. At noon the men came in all tired out. None of the wives were seated until every husband's appetite was quite satisfied and they were out resting in the shade. Then the women, too tired to care, slipped down in the men's chairs or stools, often not even changing the dishes. Today it is a habit, and when we sit down with the men we are excused because we are "quare critters anyway. No tellin' what new notions we may bring from furrin' parts!"

During my first week (in July) in the mountains, Uncle Bill invited me to attend the "funeral meetin'" of "Marthy Ann" (his wife) which was to be held in October. How could Uncle Bill know just when Marthy Ann was going to depart from this earth! However, my co-worker explained that Marthy Ann had been dead some three or four years and as a matter of social standing as well as a religious rite, the departed one must be properly funeralized. It is a time of feasting and of family reunions. At last the second Sunday in October arrived; so did the "funeralizers." By sunrise people on horseback, muleback (often two or three to an animal), as well as loaded wagons, and men, women and children on foot were on their way to Marthy Ann's funeral. We were late arriving, for we did not get there until 9.00 A.M.!



The meeting was not held in the church, but at Uncle Bill's son's house, in the narrow yard of the three-roomed cottage, where the son and son's wife and eleven children, the wife's mother and Uncle Bill resided. Seats were improvised of rough boards placed on blocks or stones. The preacher's stand was the kitchen table, the Bible, water-bucket, and tin drinking cup placed on it, the water not necessarily for the use of the preachers but for the congregation! Each of the seven "preachers" took his turn exhorting and telling about Marthy Ann now three years departed.

Strange custom? Yes, and perhaps it came about like this. In the early days the visits of the "Circuit Rider" were few and far between, perhaps three or four years. When he did come to the community he found there had been many deaths. All these funeral services were held up for him. The relations and friends of all families concerned attended en masse. Time has passed, more preachers have come, even teachers, and still the old custom remains. Today the "funeral meetins" are the social and religious affairs of the autumn. Often the family who is having the meetin' feeds over one hundred people, killing sheep, pigs and chickens, besides the vegetables, pies and cakes. The social position is somewhat gauged by the appearance made at this time. One beautiful feature of it is the hospitality of the tiny home with all its crudities of life.

There are many lonely homes in the rural districts of the mountains. However, we are speaking of those who particularly need us, our help. On one creek where I worked, there were three houses which had windows and three which had cook stoves in them. The iron skillet and pot were used over the fire around which the whole family gathered. However, if there is a mission house near, the women are not long content with these conditions. After they make a few visits to the mission the teacher can see a difference in their homes.

The girls marry young and rear large families. Infant mortality is great. Home ties are strong. The mother is the center of the home. One woman when spoken to about her large family said, "Seems like one orter have at least a dozen," A bright little tot who when she entered school was asked how many brothers and sisters she had, said, "Jim and Stella (her father and mother) had heaps of young 'uns."

It is the mother who longs for opportunities for her children.

There are children's societies and clubs, and the workers try to touch every side of their lives. I am reminded of one group which had been studying the Bible, memorizing verses and chapters, repeating hymns and catechism, working very hard indeed. Then the teacher decided to give them the other side—social—and had a party. Of course refreshment was the great problem, being ten miles from town. However, some good neighbor was going to town and offered to do errands for us. As many of the children had never seen lemons nor tasted lemonade, she decided to serve *lemonade* and *cookies*. Time for the party arrived. Up the creek, down the creek, and over the hills came children dangling their tin cups (there were a limited number of cups at the Mission Cottage), each rushing to be at the house first to see the party before anybody else. There was surely "something strange hidden in them women's closets!" They came, saw the party, played games, drank the lemonade and ate the cookies and went home.

Little five-year-old Mott was too "shamed-faced" to play very much, but seemed to have a good time looking on. The next day his mother was down to find out about the party. She said when Mott went home his father took him on his knee to have a report about the affair.

Said the father, "Well, Mott, did you have a good time at the party?"

"Unhuh," replied the solemn little fellow.

"Did they give you anything to eat," asked the father.

“Unhuh,” was the answer.

“Was it good,” persisted the father.

“I jest tell you, pap, them thor cookies wux alright, but that thor whiskey warn’t fit to drink,” replied the young man.

In the wonderful forward movement of America, the women of the hills have been left behind. But the mother longs for opportunities for her children. A man who has done much for education in the Mountains says, “I have yet to see illiterate children of a literate mother, but have found many, many cases of illiterate children of a literate father.” This fact if nothing else should impress upon us the great need of finding and educating the mothers of future generations.

A TEACHER.

### **An Appeal from President Hutchins of Berea College**

The greatest need of America is Americans who are loyal, and who have a certain religious reverence for American ideals. In our Southern mountains there are three million under-privileged men and women, boys and girls, every one of them a straight, pure-blooded American—that is, there are as many of these people as there were colonists who fought Great Britain at the time of the Revolutionary War. I think we are agreed that about the best investment of life or money is an investment in the boys and girls of this stock who may one day save us from going the road to chaos. I am putting my life into this job, and I should like mighty well to have you put your money into it.

### **A Letter from a Mountain Weaver**

MY DEAR MRS. STONE:

Thelma and I will be glad to send you the two pair of spreads by June. It seems so good of you to give us work to do, and we surely do appreciate it, too. I often wonder

what us mountain women will do to earn money of our own when we can no longer sell the knotted spreads; it is the only opportunity that we have ever had to make anything for ourselves. I would be so glad if you could only realize the good that you have done in this work. Thelma has another baby 5 weeks old; the oldest one is just beginning to walk, so you see she will soon have her hands full taking care of babies. We are having some beautiful spring weather now; the fruit trees will soon be in full bloom.

Thanking you again for all you have done for me,

I am, very sincerely yours,

JOSIE CRITCHER.

April 29, 1923.

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### Progress in the Hills\*

*The gift of one million dollars and sixteen thousand acres of rich timber lands, to establish a fund for the educational, agricultural and economic development of the mountain counties of eastern Kentucky, was recently announced. E. O. Robinson, the donor, has entrusted the fund to the University of Kentucky for administration. We asked Miss Pettit, who with Miss May Stone of the Hindman Settlement School led the way into the hills years ago, and who now guides the work of the Pine Mountain School, to sketch the outlines of the present need and opportunity along Greasy Creek and Laurel and in the other isolated little valleys where her neighbors live.*

Twenty-four years ago this May I spent a month walking from the Virginia Mountains across into a remote part of the Kentucky Mountains, visiting every house. This last statement is not strictly true, for often we found a house empty, and the entire family at work in the fields. There

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\**The Survey*, May 15, 1923.

was no railroad within fifty miles and the old-fashioned life of a pioneer farmer was the only kind. This was unbelievably simple and primitive. We met some men and women who had never been to the county seat, only a few miles away. Few houses had any windows, there were no sheets, feuds still raged, and every man, carrying his own pistol, was a law unto himself. He had to right his own wrongs, if they were righted. Contact with the outside world came only through an occasional traveling preacher, an outsider interested in coal or timber, or a lawyer who was examining titles. We stayed overnight wherever we happened to be when dark came. People did not always know what we meant when we asked to have prayers, but in the morning, when we asked the price of lodging, the invariable reply was, "Nothing but a promise to come again and stay longer."

This May day finds a great change on the far side of the mountain from the railroad—a change for better and for worse. A settlement school has been here for ten years. Significant of its work are better homes, some of them provided with cellars, some of them with a two-sheet standard, and with well-cooked food, chosen with a regard to its value. The improvement in the health of the babies is especially noticeable. Many schools are provided now with toilets and the older children are learning how to take better care of themselves and are being helped in this by medical examination and care. At the settlement school is a stone church, the only church building for many miles along the mountain.

On the other side, the changes are many of them for the worse. Every few miles up the river, the train stops at little mining towns. At most of them, sanitary conditions and water supply are deplorable. For the old life of outdoor toil with its freedom and independence, the new industrial order has little to offer. There are as a rule no playgrounds, no gardens, no churches, sometimes no schools, but there is a commissary, where finery and canned food



may be bought. A neighbor of ours who had been over to visit a married daughter in a mining camp, said: "They don't do no work; they think they've got to have 'em a hired girl, and a new silk dress before the one they've got is worn out." The young girl who washes dishes in a boarding house in the mining camp for \$25 a month, a sum of money which her father probably would not have collected in six months, walks back across the mountain to visit her lonely little home on the steep hillside, chewing gum and wearing high-heeled, patent leather shoes and a silk dress, and afflicted with a venereal disease which was unknown a generation ago.

The industrial change has to be met squarely, but the deterioration it has brought could be offset if each mining camp had a center for all sorts of settlement activities. These might be managed by the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. or health organizations. Better teachers must be found for the country schools. Industrial training is needed both in country schools and in special schools. Church organizations should see to it that the men they send into the mountains are practical Christians rather than theologians. Just as everywhere else, there is need for the right officers to enforce the "pistol-toting" and prohibition laws.

Schools where mountain farmers may be practically helped are greatly needed. The old method of cutting down a forest tract for raising a crop can no longer be followed, the land is so nearly gone; and the farmers must learn to terrace their denuded hillsides and conserve the soil. A movement for reforesting sections of the mountains which have already been cut contrary to modern forestry regulations should be inaugurated. More and more, the remote sections will be confronted with changed industrial conditions, which can be met with less loss if the people are prepared with better education, knowledge of better living conditions, and higher ideals for their children.

The greatest need of the mountains is for contact with



the right people. In twenty-eight years I have seen many splendid, well-equipped workers, who loved to live among the mountain people, leave this country because they could not afford to stay. If workers here could be assured of a pension, or have an adequate salary from which to set aside something for old age, the immense value of steady, friendly relations would be secured. Few city-trained social workers can qualify for mountain work, because of our different approach. Nothing can ever be so significant for the mountain people as constant, quiet contact with friends and teachers—living among them—who have wider experience, and who are modifying day after day, in unnoticed ways, the ideas and standards of the mountains.

KATHARINE PETTIT.

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### **A Life of Achievement**

Rev. Edgar Tufts, of Banners Elk, North Carolina, died December 6, 1922, from an illness whose beginnings are traceable to exposure to cold and contagion while ministering to the people to whom for a quarter of a century he devoted his life as pastor, teacher, friend and counsellor.

He was born in Georgia in 1870, graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1894, and Union Theological Seminary, Va., in 1897, and entered upon his life work at Banners Elk in 1898. His friends, knowing that he could choose from several more attractive calls, asked why he had selected Banners Elk, saying that it was considered one of the worst places in North Carolina. His reply was prompt and characteristic: "That is the reason I am going there." When he began his work there was no church building or schoolhouse. As he lived among his people and visited their homes he quickly realized the need of better educational opportunities for the children, and there gradually developed in his mind the conception of a boarding school where young men and women should have training in the practical things of life, and not in books alone. The subse-

quent accomplishment of the vision he held is summed up in these words, taken from a tribute to his life and work published in the school magazine, *The Pinnacle*, for March, 1923:

“The first cash contribution towards the building of the school was one silver dollar, and from this humble beginning these results followed:

“A small dormitory for one teacher and a few girls was opened in 1900. The school was then called the Elizabeth McRae Institute, in honor of Mrs. E. A. McRae. Soon after this it was changed to the Lees-McRae Institute in honor of Mrs. S. P. Lees.

“In 1905 the Boy’s Department was opened at Plum Tree, under the same name and management. This relation continued until 1921, when the two schools were separated. The Girls’ Department retained the name, Lees-McRae Institute, and the Boys’ Department, taking the name of ‘Plum Tree School for Boys.’

“In 1909, the Hospital Department was opened on the west end of the campus. For thirteen years this has been a blessing to the school and to the people for many miles around.

“In 1912, the first of the rock buildings—the Church—was started.

“In 1914, the Orphans’ Home Department was opened on a beautiful farm belonging to the school. In this there are now fifty-one children. In addition to the two dormitories—one for girls and one for the boys—the Home has built a school house, a complete laundry with electrical machinery, a work shop for cabinet making and for training the boys in the use of tools, and last, it has just completed a baby cottage which will make a home for fifteen tiny babies. In the same year the High School was opened.

“More than one thousand girls have been taught within the walls of this school. And now many of their children are being instructed in the rooms where their mothers were taught.

“In 1919, the second permanent building—‘The Rock House by the Side of the Road’—was built.

“On June 6, 1921, ground was broken for the first permanent rock building—the North Carolina building for the school.

“In June, 1922, the last and highest peak of the work was reached—the founding of Woodrow Wilson College.

“In the summer of 1922, the old wooden hospital was torn down and work was started on a permanent fire-proof brick building.

“The old academy building is almost torn down. On this site dirt has already been broken for the Tennessee building—the second of the Woodrow Wilson College buildings.

“Surely with such a history and with such equipment, the future of this institution, guided by the Spirit of God, is only in its infancy.”

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The rooms of the Association in the Washington office are closed for the summer, but the work of aiding the mountain weavers and other phases of the cabin and fire-side industries, will be continued through the many tea houses and gift shops which have made application for spreads, baskets, hand-woven towels and rugs, feather fans, homespun dress goods and other articles that come from the mountain workers to the Exchange maintained by the Association. Through these agencies the beauty as well as the intrinsic value of the varied articles of mountain craftsmanship are brought to the attention of the public at large, and the many sales made prove how great is the appreciation of these survivals of Colonial days.

## REPORTS FROM SCHOOLS

## Wooton Settlement House

WOOTON, KY.

*To the Board of Trustees of the  
Southern Industrial Educational Assn.,  
Washington, D. C.*

During the month of February we have had two of the "tides" of which I wrote previously. One of them was so severe that it washed away our only real bridge, not to mention several foot-logs, so that travel has had to be confined to the places where one could get instead of to where one wanted to go. This same cause has interfered with the mail, and while most of the letters have finally arrived, the parcels of needed materials are still over at Hazard, and there is some uncertainty as to when they will arrive. During this period the mountain women have been most kind, many of them coming to me when they felt it would be hard for me to get to them.

The dyed yarn for the linsey was taken to the weaver, more than four miles away, the road being *in* Wooton Creek most of the way, but she failed to understand why I wanted that particular yarn woven, and suggested that I buy some that she had woven for herself. As soon as I can get there, I will go out and see that she uses the material I sent her. As she cannot read, it is useless to send a letter.

I have been asked to lead a discussion on the value of fireside industries at the Conference of Mountain Workers at Knoxville, Tenn., in April.

Respectfully yours,

MARY H. LARGE.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress, July 16, 1894, pending.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1923

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

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## In Memoriam

### A Brother's Tribute

Thomas Nelson Page: A Memoir of a Virginia Gentleman, is the title chosen by Dr. Page's brother, Rosewell Page, to commemorate the life of one who was not only gentleman, scholar and diplomat, but a man of singular modesty, sincerity and graciousness of character. This is in no sense a pretentious biography, but a tribute characterized by simplicity and charm to one who in the midst of a busy and varied career maintained the dignity and glory of the old-fashioned virtues,—loyal to his country, his fellowman, his community and his church. In these days, when too often a so-called successful man is estimated by the amount of money accumulated, the social position he has climbed to, or the number of organizations whose list of officers his name adorns, one reads with a sense of satisfaction and contentment this affectionate portrayal of an American writer and gentleman.

(New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

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### Another School on Our List

After careful investigation the Association has added the Boone Fork Institute to the list of schools with which it is cooperating. This school is located at Shulls Mills,

Watauga County, North Carolina, 3,700 feet above sea level, in the very heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It is on Boone Fork, a historic little stream named after the famous woodsman, Daniel Boone, and while it is still in the pioneer stage it gives promise of becoming, under the enthusiastic and able direction of Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Mc-Karاهر, one of the best mountain schools.

At a recent meeting, the trustees of the Southern Industrial Educational Association voted to contribute towards the salary of a teacher of carpentry and industrial training for the coming year.

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### **Report of Practice Home, Hindman Settlement School**

The work of the Practice Home family has gone on about as usual since the last report was sent in. The housework has been divided among the six girls, three of them having charge of the cleaning of the house and keeping it in order, while the other three did the planning, cooking, and serving of meals, washing dishes, etc., the girls alternating from week to week, so that each girl has had training in all the different branches of the work.

Early in January the "Pine Tree Tea Room" started on its second year of serving afternoon tea at Practice Home to the teachers and workers of the Settlement and to the people of the town. Every Thursday afternoon the girls have kept open house from three until five, serving a simple menu, such as salads, rolls, tea and coffee, and cake or pie, all at a nominal charge of about forty cents per person. Under the supervision of the house mother, the girls have planned the menus each week, prepared the food, arranged and decorated the tables, and kept account of the finances. These teas have given the girls a very valuable training which they will be able to use later on in their own homes; they have also met a long-felt need among the workers in the Settlement, who have so few opportunities for coming together in a social way. The average attendance has been from twenty-five to thirty each week. Financially, too, the



teas have been a success; the girls have already bought their uniforms from the proceeds, and they are now planning to buy new Victrola records for the house with what money they may have on hand at the end of the year. In addition to the serving of tea each week, the girls have also taken outside orders for cakes, pies, and doughnuts.

In connection with their work in sewing, each girl has made herself a new gingham dress and one or two cooking aprons. They have also remodelled their last summer's wardrobes, so that each of the six will have at least three dresses ready for wear when the warm weather comes. Two of the girls who will complete the course this year have begun to make preparations for graduation in May.

The girls have all been much interested in their work, particularly in the serving of the afternoon teas; they have worked well together, and all have shown a marked improvement since the beginning of the year.

MRS. L. WILSON,  
*House Mother.*

### **Weaving at Pine Mountain School**

The second year of weaving at Pine Mountain has just come to a close, with a class of six in the school, and two neighboring girls weaving. Out in the country many women are rejoicing in the money that has come to them by spinning wool. One old lady rides in from ten miles away, at her home at the head of Big Laurel, bringing her hanks. Another, recently left a widow, found for many weeks her support in the money she earned by spinning wool. You know from our account of the weaving department in the February Notes, about Phronie, the young mother who bought herself a set of false teeth with her wool money. I wish you could see the forlorn little home where some of our prettiest wool is spun by a mother with a big brood of children.

One of our neighbors has bought two new rams, and is

going to try to improve his stock so his wool will be softer. This is the beginning of a much-needed movement through the country, where the sheep are taken very much as a matter of course and not as a source of a crop which must be kept up and improved constantly.

All this work out through the country really demands a special worker, to keep the lonely homes in touch with the school industry. We hope some time soon to have a volunteer to do this much-needed work.

Miss Sabrina Ritchie, a graduate of the Hindman School, has been our weaving teacher this year, and has brought much to pass with her class of six—two boys and four girls. I wish you could all visit this school, and just watch all that goes on. All the washing of wool goes on in the school laundry, which must be specially “borrowed” when other washing is out of the way. Try and fit all this in with a school, work and play scheduled for ninety children, and you meet difficulties! The wool is dried on the big rocks near the houses, if there isn’t enough clothesline available. All this takes hours, and is heavy work for young children. Then the dyeing takes more time. This is the most tedious part of the process, demanding close attention for hours, working out ancient recipes that are none too clear in their directions, and back-breaking hours of stirring the dye-pot, a great iron kettle swung tripod-wise out of doors. You can understand, too, that the collecting of the bark and roots for the dyes in the woods takes much time. The preparation of the wool is the principal part of weaving, really, at Pine Mountain; when it comes to setting up a piece in the loom and weaving, the work goes fast.

You have had our monthly reports, and know of the many blankets our looms have turned off. We are very proud at the end of our second year to have begun pattern weaving. Our first coverlet, “Pine Bloom,” made by the first girl who ever came to the Pine Mountain School, Becky May Huff, hangs from the balcony of our big dining room.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

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Quarterly Magazine  
OF THE  
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SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1923  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

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Nos. 3 AND 4.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

**HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS**  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## Shall We Americanize the Real Americans?\*

Our philanthropists have interested themselves far more in the immigrants than in our native-born. They have turned to the melting-pot and forgotten the log cabin. Our great cities are filled with worthy philanthropic societies financed by well-meaning and generous people. These societies are operated by highly trained and well-paid social workers for the uplift of those who pour into our country from the back yards of Europe, while the forgotten millions of our own people wait neglected in the fastnesses of the Southern mountains.

And how worth while they are, these boys and girls of the mountains! This country has been called the birth-place of statesmen and soldiers. Every school-child knows that Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the Southern mountains. At twenty-one Andrew Johnson could neither read nor write, yet he became President of the United States. Sam Houston, Governor of Tennessee and Territorial Governor of Texas, one of the most brilliant and original personalities in the annals of American history, was of these mountains. David Farragut, who brought enduring fame to our navy, lived within a few miles of the McAfee cabin in the Cumberland Mountains. James K. Polk, who became President of the United States, and fighting Andrew Jackson were products of this mountain country. William G. McAdoo, the man who pushed the tunnels under the Hudson River and linked Manhattan Island with the New Jersey shores, and who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, is a mountaineer. So was Cassius Clay, who, as United States Minister to Russia, refused to take off his hat to the Czar unless the Czar took off his hat to him. Yes, it seems that mountains make men.

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From "The Living Memorial to Abraham Lincoln," by Ida Clyde Clarke, *Pictorial Review*, February, 1923.



And back there in the mountains today are men and women with the spirit of Lincoln and of Clay and of Jackson and of Farragut—men and women who have been pure, one-hundred-per-cent Americans for two hundred years, and forgotten and neglected by their own people. Woodrow Wilson has said that “These people are a great people stored away by Providence for a time of need.” Surely that time of need has come. Just as surely as America is the hope of civilization, so surely are these real Americans in the Southern mountains the hope of America.

---

### A Word from Mount Berry

DEAR MRS. STONE:

I have just opened your letter and found two checks, one for \$50.00, for the Burkham Scholarship, and the other for \$50.00, for the Leeds Scholarship. These gifts have made me so happy; I cannot tell you how much it means to me personally to have these gifts and how much it means to our six hundred boys and girls and the members of the faculty at Berry Schools.

Our fall term opened with the largest attendance in the history of the school and with every mail the applications continue to come in. I wish we had the money and the room to care for them all. We do need help. It is my one thought day and night, and I am hoping and praying that our friends will continue to remember us. Please tell your friends of the need we are facing. Through friends others may become interested to help and have a share in this great work, which I believe is paying the greatest dividends in the world.

With grateful appreciation,

Sincerely yours,

MARTHA BERRY.

## Moonshine Ethics in the Mountains\*

Up into and through the thick timber we passed, where the branches of beech, gum, oak, wahoo, and hemlock made a deep twilight. Then, at last, to the "gap," or top of the divide, where we looked over into a lovely, steep valley, with green ridges billowing away on either side, and, at my entreaty, Banner stopped that I might have my fill of looking.

Also it occurred to me that here was an ideal place for lunch, and, although my watch said only eleven o'clock, we drew forth the box I had brought and satisfied our acute hunger.

"What's that funny little play-house for?" I asked, when we were about to start on again, pointing to a small structure of logs that stood about thirty yards from the road, in the timber.

Banner shot a quizzical glance at me before inquiring, "Don't you know a rat-house when you see one?"

"A rat-house! I never even heard of such a thing."

"Well, you see that-air leetle, small hole in the wall this way, not nigh as big as a window? All you got to do is to pass in your jug and your money, and the rat he passes hit back filled, and you can't never in the world swear who sold hit to you. See?"

"You mean that's where one can buy liquor. Do they make it there, too?"

Banner looked at me pityingly. "Quare women has quare notions," he remarked. "Stills has to be where there's running water, and 'way back from the roads, up hollows, where marshals and revenuers won't find 'em, too."

"Well, you don't suppose there are any around here, do you?"

---

\*"Out by Ox-Team," by Lucy Furman; *The Outlook*, April 11, 1923.

"I don't suppose nothing about hit," he replied; "I know. If I had a mind to, I could p'int to four hollows right in sight from here where stills is a-running. But I hain't got that kind of a mind. I hain't no traitor to my friends and neighbors."

"Of course not," I agreed.

---

### Illiteracy in the South

An excerpt from a letter written by a teacher in a girl's seminary in Virginia.

"I can tell you, perhaps, some of the reasons for the illiteracy in these mountains. For one thing, in this county of 1,020 square miles, there are 269 school houses, 9,000 children of school age, and only thirty miles of paved roads. I have gone with Miss M. when she has examined these schools, the most wretched, dreary, forlorn, filthy places, most of them are. There are no supplies to help a teacher, for a blackboard, perhaps a space of 10 feet of tongued and grooved board, painted a shiny black. The children have text-books handed down from father to son, not all in class alike, making it impossible to do constructive work. Then where are the teachers to live? Neither in these mountains nor in the mining districts, can they live in the native cabins, nor eat the food the natives do. You cannot imagine it! (Here I must pause to smile, a very slow, sad smile, for I was raised in just that stratum, grew up among just those cabins, and I know the struggle to get out.) Friends tell me that there are three schools, closed for two years, and no church on Greenbrier Mountain, from White Sulphur to Anthony, twenty miles, and from Anthony to Alvan, ten miles. I do not know how many people live there. I do not agree with a wealthy friend of mine, who is educating one missionary for Africa and one for Korea, that these people do not want to do better, nor live differently. It is not true."

—*New York Times*, April 4, 1923.

## Making a Blue-pot

DEAR MRS. STONE:

As the time is near for me to send in a report of our work for the past six weeks, I hardly know how to begin, because there are so many interesting things to tell you.

At last, I have decided to tell you about our indigo dye, or the blue-pot, as our great grandmothers called it. When I wrote to Miss Pettit about coming to Pine Mountain to teach the weaving, she wrote right back and asked me if I could get a good indigo blue that would not fade. Before that time I had never the opportunity to learn the indigo dyeing. After reading Miss Pettit's letter I felt that I could not come to Pine Mountain Settlement School till I learned to dye with indigo. I was not satisfied to let that keep me from coming to Pine Mountain. I wrote Miss Pettit right away and told her I would go to Berea and take special work from Mrs. F. E. Matheny, who is very skillful in getting satisfactory colors with indigo, also with the vegetable dyes.

I did not know for sure till the day before I registered for summer school, that I was coming to Pine Mountain. After I got Miss Pettit's letter telling me to come, I gave my entire time to the dyeing. The day before I left Berea I went over to Mrs. Matheny's and got a half-gallon fruit jar full of yeast, to bring to Pine Mountain with me. I would not risk packing my yeast for fear it would get broken. I carried it along with me; and when I got home my brother told me that he would pack it safely and send it to me.

I had not been here very long when Miss Pettit showed me two beautiful coverlets and a blanket woven by Grandma Stallard of Whitesburg, Ky. Not only are the colors of the coverlet wonderfully lasting, but there is a quality in the homespun thread that resists the moth of time. Miss Pettit asked me if I could get a beautiful blue like that of Grandma Stallard. Since I had dyed a lovely blue like it, I felt sure that I could do it again.

Now, I must tell you just how we get this beautiful indigo blue.

After I had been here one week I said to Becky May, "We must go and set up our blue-pot." We put half a gallon of yeast into a big iron wash kettle, and let it get lukewarm. To our yeast we added one gallon of lukewarm water, one pint of washing soda lye, one-half pint of indigo, one-half pint of madder, and one pint of wheat bran. After our bran and madder had settled well in the bottom of the kettle, we covered the pot and let it set on the stove till morning. It usually takes three or four days for the blue-pot to get ripe; all the while the yeast must be kept lukewarm. Sometimes it takes about a month to get a good blue-pot. It is easy to tell when the blue-pot is ready for dyeing; by putting the palm of the hand on top of the dye. If the indigo sticks, then it is ready.

Becky May and I worked hard with our blue-pot for one week, and it was not ready for dyeing. Of course we were discouraged, but we did not give up. I did not know what was wrong unless the yeast at some time had gotten too hot, and killed the yeast. In that case there was only one remedy, and that was to strain the yeast and start from the beginning.

We took courage and did this, and patiently waited. At the close of the fourth day of our second trial, the blue-pot was not ripe. I got so anxious about it that I sent a little of our yeast to Mrs. Matheny, also a special delivery letter asking her to please tell me if we could do anything with it, and if not, for her to send us another half gallon. Of course Miss Pettit was anxious to get a good blue-pot and she would keep asking me how the blue-pot was, and I kept telling her that I thought it was doing nicely. At last I had to tell her that I thought we had let it get too hot, and had killed our yeast. But I told her I was going to have a blue-pot if I had to go to Berea to get it.

We decided to set the blue-pot back and wait till we

could get a letter from Mrs. Matheny. I cannot tell you how disappointed I was about the way our blue-pot turned out, so on the afternoon before I heard from Mrs. Matheny, I went up to pour out our yeast, as I was so sure that it had gotten too hot, and thought it useless to have it setting there any longer. While standing there by the pot, I thought I would put my hand into the dye and see how it looked, and to my surprise, we had a perfect pot! Mrs. Matheny's letter came that night, and she told me that our sample was all right, and we were just too anxious about it.

We sent Aunt Sal Creech a sample of our blue, and she said that the best she could see, we had a good blue. Of course it was encouraging to hear her say this, because she used to do the indigo dyeing long ago.

Perhaps I ought not to have taken so much of your time, telling about our blue-pot, but it is very difficult to get a good blue, and we have tried so hard that I thought we ought to tell you about it this time.

We are now making a blanket for you and using some of our blue.

Very truly yours,  
LUCY NICHOLSON.

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Under the auspices of the Philadelphia Auxiliary of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, a play and a dance were given in the ball room of the Bellevue-Stratford, on the evening of November ninth, the proceeds from which will be sent as an endowed scholarship to one of the schools in the Southern Appalachians.

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The Reverend C. McCoy Franklin, from the school at Crossmore, N. C., made a strong appeal in an opening address for the mountaineer. The entertainment was largely attended and gave promise of a financial as well as a social success.



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## By Their Fruits

From time to time we have published statements in the QUARTERLY concerning the purposes for which the Southern Industrial Educational Association exists. In this number we are letting our workers tell the story, since they are the ones who are making practical demonstration of these purposes.

While it is true that we are supplying scholarships to many deserving children, that perhaps is the less important part of our work, for it means that here and there one child has the chance for an education. The really great thing that is being accomplished is through the workers who train scores of boys and girls along industrial lines in the various settlement schools, who go out into the mountain counties teaching better methods of gardening, organizing canning clubs, so that fruits and vegetables may be stored away for the winter, visiting the cabin homes, where lessons are given in simple hygiene, sanitation, nursing, and the care and proper feeding of babies, and by stimulating the women to take up once again the weaving and the making of coverlets and other domestic articles of service and beauty, which were fast being forgotten because there was no way of putting such articles into the market. In these ways not only schools but whole communities are substantially aided by this Association.

How far reaching are the results of this work is made clear by the reports that are sent in by the workers, some of which we publish so that our subscribers and helpers may know to what end our funds are used. This year the Association is paying out about \$400.00 a month to teachers of weaving and fireside industries, to house-mothers in the practice homes, to extension or field workers, and to a teacher of carpentry in a school recently established. These are indeed the fruits of the work in which many have cooperated through their contributions, and we point again with pride to the fact that not one penny given to the Association is used for anything but the educational work,—scholarships and salaries. All the expenses incident to sustaining the work of the organization are paid from the proceeds of the exchange under Mrs. Stone's efficient management.

---

### **A Hindman Graduate's Opportunity**

DEAR MRS. STONE:

I want to tell you of a recent visit I made to Montgomery Creek on Carr, where Miss Pettit and I spent one of our summers in tents. It was good to see my old friends, though the railroad has gone all the way up that creek and spoiled its natural beauty, in spite of bringing many opportunities in the way of schools and a market.

At the head of Montgomery, in one of the new mining camps, I found Mary Ritchie, one of the girls who was trained by Mrs. Davidson at the Practice Home the first two years. Mary has married and her husband is doing electrical work at the mines, and she is running the Club House for the officials of the Company. It was a great source of pride to see how well she is doing this work, for which her preparation at Practice Home has so well fitted her. As she can not get any good help she must do almost everything herself in this large house with twelve boarders.

The house was spotlessly clean, comfortable and homelike with rugs, curtains, good furniture, music, an excellent table and the real home atmosphere. I consider these young men fortunate to have fallen into such good hands. We had dinner with her, and a better cooked and served one it would be hard to find in any camp, or elsewhere. She had kept up to the high standards she had learned. In visiting friends along the creek, we found she was looked up to by all and already a power in the community. The influence of the Practice Home is thus spreading and making many comfortable and happy, and thus able to do better work for their employers.

Our Fair Friday and Saturday was a great success, and you will have a report of it at the end of October.

We appreciate very much your continued interest and help in providing these two good workers for us and the people of Knott County.

With all good wishes for you and the Southern Industrial Association, I am,

Sincerely,

MAY STONE.

## Practice Home Report

DEAR MRS. STONE:

The Practice Home was opened on the twenty-seventh of August with six splendid girls, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, who, with Miss Thompson, a friend who came with me, and one of Miss Stone's secretaries, make up our household.

The girls do all the work, plan and cook the meals and run the house. They are divided into two groups of three each to work alternate weeks, one doing the cooking and taking care of the kitchen and dining room, and the other making the beds and doing the sweeping and dusting. On Saturday the laundry is done by one girl from each group. This system works out finely, and gives each girl a chance to learn all parts of housework.

The girls are very sweet and lovable, and seem very happy and contented in their pretty home. What surprised me most is that they are all so agreeable and willing to help one another. I don't know whether this is true of the mountain people, or that I have a very unusual group of girls with good dispositions. We have a victrola here, and it is running from morning until night. The girls are laughing and playing while they work, so instead of their work being hard, it is more like play.

On Thursday we have a tea for the teachers. This gives the teachers a little diversion, and also teaches the children to cook and serve dainty dishes that they would not have in the every-day menu. With the money the girls made last year they helped to redecorate the house with fresh paint and paper. We are hoping we will do as well and leave some improvement for the girls who come next year.

Respectfully submitted,  
GRACE A. SARGENT,  
*Directress of the Practice Home,*  
*Hindman, Ky.*

## Extension Work at Hindman

### *Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:*

October has been a month of all degrees of temperature, from a very warm, cloudless day to a bleak gray day with an inch of snow on the ground. The first of the month the leaves changed their coloring remarkably fast and we all looked forward to being out of doors to behold the gorgeous dress of nature. Very little foliage had fallen when the snow-storm came, and the unusual weight broke off not only a large part of it, but branches and tops of trees, even uprooting large trees. Now everything is as bare as winter and the rains are beginning.

Have I told you that our Community Club radio is in working condition now? We have heard from Montreal, Schenectady, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Newark, Washington, and of course all of the nearer stations. We bought our instrument from the Post-Glover Co. in Cincinnati, and they were kind enough to send a representative to set it up for us. Just as soon as we can tune it properly we are to let them know and they are going to broadcast a special program from Cincinnati for our club. Unless you have lived in an isolated community you cannot possibly imagine what it means to be able to get in immediate connection with the outside world. The snow broke down our aerial, our dry batteries have been short circuited and our storage battery has gone dead, but we forget all of that when we can hear a concert or a lecture or a speech or a football score.

When we had our County Fair a year ago we decided to have one again this year and try to improve on it. Accordingly I appointed committees for sewing, weaving, and canning, since those come under Home Improvements. About two weeks before the date set for the Fair I learned that the County Agent and the Home Demonstration Agent had made themselves a County Fair Association and had

asked three others to go in with themselves. It was embarrassing for all of the Department Chairmen of the County Contest and also for the Settlement School. There are a certain number of points in the Contest which are made at the County Fair and no other way. So the Settlement School arose to the occasion and we engaged a vacant storehouse down town and made a "House Beautiful" exhibit. The platform in front of the building was made into a porch with hickory splint stools and chairs, tables, etc., and ferns and vines grew around very naturally. Inside there was a living room, bed-room, dining-room and kitchen. All of the walnut furniture used had been made by boys in manual training and was really beautiful. The walls were of brown building paper which was tacked to strips of wood nailed to the ceiling and floor. In each room there were appropriate wall decorations and window draperies. Samples of weaving such as scarfs and runners were used to advantage. The large double window in the living room was hung with our hand-made curtain material and underneath it was a window seat covered with a beautiful coverlet. Two or three shelves of books, a dulcimer, a library table with a reading lamp and magazines, and Miss Stone for hostess, made the living room the most popular place at the Fair. The dining table was carefully laid for luncheon, and I heard several ladies speak of the luncheon set and the arrangement of the silver. The bed-room had a carefully made up bed with a "tufted sheet" on it, an adorable dressing table (made right here), and a washstand—all properly equipped. I was most interested in the kitchen, for the ordinary mountain kitchen is devoid of shelves, cupboards, and equipment. A table, stove, frying pan, kettle, spoon, knife, churn, and pan for washing dishes usually make up the inventory. We had a cabinet, sink, and drain board, stove, table, shelves, and cupboards. We tried to show how kitchen utensils should be kept and also how groceries and canned goods should be stored. Also we



had a tin can sealer and steam pressure cooker demonstrated. In connection with our House Beautiful the Practice House people had a Japanese Tea Room with Japanese decorations and Japanese waitresses. Delicious sandwiches, tea, coffee, and cakes were served, and it was a great addition to our family circle and budget. We hope that our work will not have been in vain and that it will bear fruit.

Respectfully submitted,

LILLIAS R. WARREN,

*Hindman Settlement Extension Worker.*

### **A Letter from the Plumtree School for Boys**

DEAR MRS. STONE:

In response to your request for a statement of the work we are doing at Plumtree, I am sending your Association the following outline of our aims and plans.

We believe every boy should learn to work and that he should be taught to be dependable in that work. In order to teach this we require every boy to work an hour and a-half each day, and most of them have special jobs, for which they are responsible, and they are taught to do that work without reminding or urging. Most of the boys here have to work to pay their board and tuition; we charge them the regular rates and allow them 15 cents per hour for their work. In order to make jobs for the boys and to make the money which is given for the support of the school go as far as possible, we have the boys do all the work that there is to do—they fire the furnace, they cook the food, they can the fruit and the vegetables, they cultivate the land, they care for the chickens, they cut the wood, they do all of our carpenter work and repairing, in fact, do everything except the teaching. This was our program last Saturday, or next Monday or any other normal day: At five o'clock one boy got up and waked three others; two of them went to the kitchen to prepare break-

fast, and the other went to the basement to fire the furnace; at 6.00 this official waker got another boy up, who went to the dining room to build a fire; at 6.20 he waked the bugler; at 6.30 all the boys who were not on regular jobs were out on the campus for setting-up exercises; at 7.00 breakfast was served; after breakfast rooms were cleaned and inspected and everyone was ready for school, except the three who were preparing dinner. We had classes until 1.30, one boy being out enough to keep the fire going and the dinner cooks enough to keep their jobs going. After dinner work was assigned and those who are working to pay their way but who do not have regular jobs, were given credit for all the afternoon; others, whose way is paid, only worked an hour and a-half; supper was at 6.00; call to rooms at 7.00, and lights out at 10.00. This is our schedule six days a week.

Now, as to the kind of work we are doing; we have been using rooms in the dormitory for class rooms; we are so crowded that we are putting up a temporary school building. We had the lumber and the boys are doing all the work. We cultivate all the land we have and last year rented two acres for potatoes. We have a flock of well-bred and well-graded chickens, which the boys care for according to modern methods. Last summer some friends in West Virginia gave us a canning outfit, and we put up about five thousand cans of fruit and vegetables, a great many of which were gallon cans. We are pioneers in the canning work in this part of the county and we feel that the experience last summer will put us in position to do real work next year.

Our boys are all satisfied and willing to work for the opportunity of an education; our teachers are entering into the spirit of the work and are doing high class school work. We have three teaching in high school, who taught last year in state schools, one in West Virginia, one in Kentucky and one in Ohio. Their combined salaries in those

state schools were \$520.00, and now they are doing just as hard work and just as good work here and we are paying them \$333.00. Those men, all college graduates and all high class gentlemen, are giving the difference between those salaries for the good of the work.

We are having a hard time financing the work, because so many of our friends have heard the reports that Plumtree was being neglected. I give you these facts to show you that we are still doing all we can for the poor boys in these mountains. We have an enrollment of seventy-six and applicants are coming in almost every day; we are refusing most of them on account of lack of room.

The name of the school has been changed from the Lees-McRae Institute, Boys' Department, to Plumtree School for Boys.

Very sincerely yours,  
F. W. CLAPP,  
*Successor to Rev. J. P. Hall.*

### **Extension Worker's Report**

#### *Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:*

Instead of coming back the first of July I came the first of August. I was very sorry to miss a month, but it may be just as well, for the country schools were just getting organized when I did come, and they are the medium through which we work.

I have a very attractive room with a mountain family. Mr. Cornett does surveying and is away from home, so the family consists of Mrs. Cornett and three children and myself. I get my meals with another family.

Home Improvements are in better shape than the Community Clubs, but we are working on both. Mrs. Craft, the Home Demonstration Agent, and I have tried to divide our work so that we will cooperate but not duplicate. She has all of the Junior Club work, and we are dividing the

Adult work. Any home canners or steam pressure cookers count points in Home Improvements, and also in her club work with the women, so we have bought a canning machine together and are both using it at demonstrations. One of the members of our county committee has a pressure cooker and we are using that also. For the most part tin cans are more practical here than glass jars, and a great many families are using them now.

We had a very interesting demonstration about eighteen miles from here. The women did not know how to do cold pack canning, but were anxious to learn, and were at the meeting with all sorts of fruits and vegetables. It was in a section of the county where there are natural gas wells, and we cooked with gas. Our equipment for heating the water and processing the canned things was a big iron kettle placed directly over the end of a gas pipe, very crude and simple, but efficient.

There were several visitors here this month. Among them was Mrs. A. J. Rowland of Philadelphia. Probably you know her, for she is connected with the S. I. E. A. of that city. We took a car ride to a meeting at one of our country schools. It was about an average school, but she thought it rather noisy. The greatest wonder to her was how one could drive a car over these roads.

Our Club radio is not working, and in behalf of it I took a bus ride to Yellow Creek to see an electrician. It was soon after Circuit Court had adjourned, and it so happened that on that particular day the county sheriff was taking the convicts to the state prison at Frankfort. One man was sentenced for life, one for two years, and one for nine months. I was glad that they did not wear handcuffs. On the way over from Hindman we passed the home of the man who has to serve two years. He asked to see his family and was allowed to stop a few minutes. There were eight or nine children, and they and the wife were in tears. As we started away Mr. Bates said, "Son, you are the old-

est. Keep on with you school and help your mother all you can." Then he buried his head in his hands. He was charged with murder, but was given a light sentence on the plea of self-defense. Often I wonder why it can be just for some to never know anything but peace and happiness while others are born to have to fight their way through life.

Respectfully,

LILLIAS R. WARREN,

*Extension Worker, Hindman, Ky.*

### **Making Indigo at Pine Mountain**

DEAR MRS. STONE:

Since our previous letter was sent in I fell as if we had accomplished quite a bit, for we have learned the art of extracting indigo from the plant.

The indigo plant was grown and cultivated here in our garden. It is best to gather the leaves before the plant blooms. We used only the leaves and tender tips of the plant, which weighed about ten pounds. First we put them in a large, clean vessel and covered them with cold water, placing the lid on top of the leaves, and keeping them under the water by putting a heavy rock upon the lid. After heating the leaves to just below boiling point, we left them on the stove until the liquid became red, taking care that it did not boil. After it became red it was removed from the stove and strained through cheese cloth. Then the liquid was poured from vessel to vessel until it dyed everything that it came in contact with a bluish-green. When this occurred we put about a half teaspoonful of lime in it and set it away until morning in a cool place.

When the indigo had settled and the liquid on top was clear, we drained the liquid off, the sediment in the bottom being the indigo. It was then put on a cloth and kept in the shade until it dried. When thoroughly dry it was easily mashed into powder, and yielded one fourth of an

ounce. It was very interesting to take the leaves through this process.

I must tell you what we are weaving now. On one loom we have fifty-six yards of warp, which we are weaving into curtains for our Old Log House. We have just woven fourteen yards of blanket material. We are making a coverlet now,—the design being the Martha Washington,—in indigo-blue and white. The coverlet weaving is very slow, one yard a day being a good day's work.

We have woven six yards of rag rug material, known as the hit and miss pattern.

Most of our time in the afternoon is spent with the dyeing, as we need to keep a good supply of various colors on hand.

We wish you might come into the weaving room and visit with us and see what we are doing.

Very truly yours,

LUCY NICHOLSON,  
In charge of *Fireside Industries*,  
Pine Mountain, Ky.

### Recent Literature on the Southern Mountaineers

"The Quare Women," by Lucy Furman, is the title of a collection of stories based upon the adventures and experiences of a little group of young women from the Blue Grass country, who more than twenty years ago made a summer pilgrimage into the mountains to see what could be done to better the conditions of the people of whom the outside world knew little and apparently cared less. From this humble beginning has grown up the splendid Hindman Settlement School, the pioneer in that type of schools. In these stories, several of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Miss Furman has presented in a most fascinating and picturesque manner, not alone the customs, their psychology, the humor and the pathos of the wretched, poverty-stricken lives of these people, but she



has pointed out their finer qualities, their ambitions and aspirations for their children, and the splendid possibilities that are only waiting for development. No one has surpassed Miss Furman in her reproduction of the dialect of the mountaineer whose roots lie far back in the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, or in her wonderful delineations of character drawn with sympathy for and understanding of the finer side of the mountain people. The book, which is altogether delightful, is a valuable contribution to the literature upon the Southern mountaineers. Published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston; \$1.75.

Horace Kephart's book, "Our Southern Mountaineers," which first came out several years ago, is republished in an enlarged edition, which contains much new matter. Mr. Kephart writes from the experiences of eighteen years with this sequestered people, "who," he says, "are more English in speech than Britain herself, more American by blood than any other part of America, yet less affected today by modern ideas, less cognizant of modern progress than any other part of the English-speaking world."

Mr. Kephart has made a careful and authoritative study of the origin of these people, showing how environment and seclusion have worked their inevitable results upon the descendants of what was once a part of our best pioneer stock, and he points out the wrong and injustice of referring to these sturdy people as "poor Southern whites."

Published by the Macmillan Company of New York.

"Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout," by Steward Edward White, while not so closely connected with the general subject of the Southern Mountaineers, nevertheless is a most interesting and thrilling portrayal of the life of this typical backwoodsman of colonial days, who pressed on beyond the mountains and was the pioneer in the opening up of the vast country beyond the Appalachians. The book is a most desirable addition to the Boy Scout literature.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Company; \$1.75.

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Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

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## The Homes and the Household Duties of the Mountain Mother

[These extracts are taken from the bulletin published by the Children's Bureau, entitled "Rural Children in Selected Counties of North Carolina," by Frances Sage Bradley, M. D., and Margaretta A. Williamson. The mountain county studied by these two trained investigators is typical of all the mountainous sections of Southern Appalachia, so that this picture faithfully reproduces conditions of any mountain community.]

The average mountain home is picturesque rather than comfortable. With his own hands the early settler built for his family a one-room cabin of rough-hewn logs with a deep-sloping shingled roof; no windows, no porches, a door at each side, and a fireplace of rough field stone chinked with mud. So substantial were these early homes that many are still occupied, still attractive, the weathered logs in perfect harmony with surrounding hills.

The interior of a mountain cabin is often unusually interesting; its walls and rafters darkened from the smoke of the open fire in the rough-stone fireplace; stubby little split-bottomed chairs drawn up before the fire; deep feather beds spread with gay patchwork quilts; clean flour sacks of dried beans and apples stowed away in every corner; and festoons of red pepper, strips of pumpkin and drying herbs hanging from the rafters. A spinning wheel often occupies the place of honor on the front porch, and hanks of snowy wool hang from the rafters waiting to be knit into wool socks for winter wear. On the hillside back of the house one finds a colony of beehives locally known as "bee gums," commonly of black-gum logs hollowed out and capped with a square piece of board.

In a typical log house of one room, shed, kitchen and loft—a quarter of a mile up a steep mountain trail from the nearest neighbor—a father and mother are rearing their six children. Asters and cosmos, towering head high, almost obscured the house from view; a little creek dashes past, 50 feet below. Trays of apples and beans were dry-

ing in the sun. Inside, the house was not ceiled and the mother had papered the walls with newspapers which, she said, "turned the wind" and kept them warmer and more comfortable, though not so warm as a "tight" (sheathed or plastered) house would.

A little two-room cottage, almost hidden from the road by a dense intervening wilderness of laurel and rhododendron, is the home of a family of father and mother and five children; the house, of upright boards, ceiled inside, was immaculately clean and in perfect order at 8 o'clock in the morning. Snowy hand-woven counterpanes covered the three home-made beds. The open fireplace held an iron pot of beans cooking for dinner. The porch was piled high with wool drying in the sun, and the yard was clean and bright with flowers.

An occasional painted two-story farm dwelling shelters the members of a family who have prospered at farming and on "public works" until they are the owners of a considerable tract of land and are leaders of the settlement in which they live. Comfortable house furnishings, two fireplaces, porches—front and back—a capacious barn, good spring house, and well-built privy all testify to a prosperity above the average.

At one home a grandmother, a great-grandmother, and three boys—8, 15, and 21—all sleep in one room. A family of father, mother and 10 children were living in a cabin of two rooms and a loft. At another home the father, 19-year-old son, and two young daughters slept, lived and ate in one room, cooking in the fireplace.

Keeping the house warm in winter is a difficult problem with most families. Many houses are unceiled, with cracks between the logs or undressed boards. Even with these cracks chinked up with mud and good fires in the open fireplaces and in the cookstove, the house is far from comfortable.

The work of the mountain mother is burdensome and she bears more than her share of responsibilities of the household. Her housework includes washing, ironing, cook-

ing, cleaning, sewing, and often spinning and knitting for the family. Handicapped by lack of modern conveniences, her task involves undue hardship. In most of the homes cooking is done on a small wood stove, with none of the modern conveniences; often the only implements are iron kettles, pots, and ovens which may be used interchangeably on the stove or in the fireplace; the latter is still preferred by many for baking corn bread and sweet potatoes. A scant allowance of fuel is provided from meal to meal. During a rainy spell, or when the father is away or sick, or the children off at school, the mother may be left without fuel, though wood grows at her very door.

Carrying water, a toilsome journey up and down hill several times a day, usually falls to the lot of mother and children.

The wash place, consisting of tubs on a bench and a great iron wash pot in which the clothes are boiled, is usually close by the spring. Much straining and lifting and undue fatigue are involved in this outdoor laundry. Sometimes even a wash-board is a luxury, substituted by a paddle with which the clothes are pounded clean on a bench or a smooth cut stump.

Most of the family bedding is home-made, the work of the women and girls in their leisure hours, after the crops are laid by or in the evening by the fireside. Besides the time-honored "log cabin" pattern, their collections of patch-work quilts include such quaint and intricate designs as "Tree of Life," "Orange Peel," and "Lady of the White House." Many a mountain home has its spinning wheel still in use and occasionally one finds an old-fashioned hand loom. Some homes display a collection of cover-lids and blankets, hand-made at every step of the process. The wool was grown on the home farm; sheared from the sheep; washed, carded, and spun by the women and girls of the family; dyed, sometimes with homemade madder, indigo and walnut dyes; and woven on the loom into cover-lids and blankets.



The other duties of the mother are largely seasonal. From December to August the children are home from school and she has their help. Together they make the garden; help plant the corn and peas for winter; gather them when ripe; pull fodder and dig potatoes; feed the stock; and perform the usual farm chores of milking, churning, and carrying water. In many homes the mother may be found doing chores which are usually considered a man's work, unduly prolonging her working hours and exposing herself to more stress and strain than is compatible with her own health or that of the children she is bearing.

It is uncommon for help to be hired in the home, except occasionally for a few days during confinements. Moreover, with the exception of sewing machines, household conveniences are totally lacking. Hard-working women complained that the men have planters, drillers, spreaders, and all kinds of "newfangled help," but that nothing had been done to make women's work easier.

A woman's field work in the mountain country is not so extensive or fatiguing as in the lowlands where the cotton crop requires the constant labor of the entire family many hours a day during a long summer and autumn. In the mountains, little farming is done, the average family raising no appreciable farm produce for sale. The woman helps plant and hoe the corn and in the autumn helps harvest the crops—stripping fodder, carrying it to the barn, making sirup from sorghum cane, picking beans, gathering apples, and digging potatoes. Her field work is not arduous in itself, but only because it is undertaken in addition to her already numerous duties—caring for the children, housework, sewing, canning, and chores.

## How Settlement Schools Pay Dividends

April 1, 1924.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A letter has just come from one of our students, a declaration of dividends to assure you of the soundness of your investment. The boy who wrote it, a nineteen-year-old lad, of an amazing personal distinction, enters Antioch next year. He has set for himself a lifetime of work in the mountains, but he knows he will need full hands and a stout heart before he can do much for them. Here is his letter:

ROAN BRANCH, KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. ZANDE:

Since my last visit home I have realized more than ever what Pine Mountain School means to me. I shall never be satisfied till I see more and better schools for the mountain boys and girls. The conditions in our home neighborhood are terrible. Yesterday, after spending the day visiting my friends, seeing the "young uns" so ragged and dirty, after seeing my best chum smoking cigarettes and drinking whiskey, and hearing the profane words and indecent language he used, I went to bed very sad indeed. I didn't sleep before midnight.

I pictured again our little schoolhouse where I used to eat my cold lunch with Clarissa, Corliss, and Cinda, on the roots of some hemlock. In the last few years for lack of teachers no one has had a chance to go to school for more than two or three months. Some reckless boy had amused himself by throwing rocks and breaking window panes. When I looked into the building yesterday, I saw a depressing sight. The rocks and glass were all over the floor. The cattle and hogs had pushed the door open and added their destructive work to the havoc of the place.

Then I thought of my father and mother and kinfolks, as a labor-stricken and benighted people, seeing that much in their environment was wrong, but because of their ig-

norance unable to better conditions. But most of all, I thought of the poorly clothed, undernourished children, growing up to be no better off than their parents unless something was done. My greatest desire is that the Pine Mountain School will mean as much to a few other boys and girls as it has to me. May they see the need and feel the responsibility, because it is in the few that are able and willing to act that our hope lies. To the Pine Mountain School I owe what I am and what I hope to be. With thanks beyond expression for what you have done for my brother and sisters and myself, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. H.

It would surprise you, if you knew his home, that such fine reserve, such sure good manners, such alert intelligence could flower in so shut-away and so poverty-stricken a place. He lives in a lonesome little clearing at the foot of a heavily wooded mountain, far from neighbors, roads, school, church. Life is very sombre there, for the only returns from the family's best efforts are a meagre bodily living. C. came to Pine Mountain three years ago and was like a hungry person who had found food. He wanted some of the other children to get here too, so four of them are in school this winter, while the father works heroically to get on without their help.

As you think of the influence of Pine Mountain on its hundred and more students, do not forget that it also has two extension centers in neighborhoods several miles away, through which we reach hundreds of people who never come to the school. We could tell you spectacular stories of the doctor and nurses who live there,—how they ford full streams, crawl over footlogs in the dark to reach patients, take care of gunshot wounds and obstetrical cases under almost impossible conditions, but it is the quiet influence of their lives that we want you to think of. William James once wrote to a friend: "I am with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual,

stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monument of man's pride if you can give them time."

The coming on the other side of Pine Mountain of such industrial enterprises as the International Harvester Company, the United States Steel Company, and many others, among so isolated and ignorant a people, has had its dangers. On one side of us this spectacular industrial development, on the other, a county without a railroad, a buggy, or a graduate physician! Neighborhoods that ten years ago "never seed a stranger" have become suspicious of the "fotched-ons"; it needs the friendly daily contact of our extension workers, in sickness, and at merry-makings, in Sunday Schools and on the playground,—“invisible molecular forces,”—to modify prejudice and hostility.

Pioneer problems, many of ours, an enormous burden to Kentucky! Kentucky, without a common school system until 1908; in illiteracy only fifth from the bottom among her sister states; in educational conditions forty-fifth from the top. The school term for half her children is only 113 days; the average teacher's salary, \$364.00 a year. Thirty thousand Kentucky men registered for the draft in 1917 by mark. The state death rate from typhoid is nearly twice the average for the United States; it has the second highest death rate from tuberculosis; infant mortality is increasing; 33,000 people are threatened with blindness from trachoma.

Everywhere in Kentucky public spirited people are at work to raise the tone of her civilization by better laws and institutions. More power to their hands! It is for us to work through the crannies. \$25.00 runs two extension centers for a day; \$150.00 provides a scholarship for a year; \$2,500.00 will start a new extension center; \$5.00—you can take your choice of things to do with that! History and literature classes, weaving, furniture making, the Model Home, garden work, spend it where you will, its

use is golden. You cannot tell what far-reaching results will come of it.

We need generous checks (we are behind on this year's expenses \$7,500), and we also want the interest of many givers who cannot give largely. Send us all you can today.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL DE LONG ZANDE.

### High Honors to a Berry Graduate

One of the most popular graduates of the class of 1923 at Berry is the recipient of a scholarship at an Art School in Philadelphia. The scholarship was given by the Philadelphia Auxiliary of The Southern Industrial Educational Association. Berry Schools were asked to enter a candidate in competition with other schools, and Maude McD., one of the outstanding girls among the graduates, was selected by the schools. Some of the handcraft work which was made by her while at Berry was sent to be placed in competition, as were her grades and various letters of commendation by Miss Berry and members of the faculty.

Maude, and the whole school, in fact, awaited anxiously the word which would give the results of the competition. One bright day a letter was received from Philadelphia announcing to Miss Berry that Maude had been selected. Maude is to help herself by working in one of Philadelphia's fine homes in return for her board and lodging. She is now hard at work preparing for greater usefulness in life. If her record is anything like that at Berry we shall always hear of Maude at the head of her class in studies as well as in sport and other activities.

Just before Maude left for Philadelphia she wrote Miss Berry as follows:

DEAR MISS BERRY:

I appreciate the very kind interest you have taken in me and I feel that I am very fortunate in being selected

for the scholarship given by the Southern Industrial Educational Association. I realize that had it not been for Berry Schools I would not have been given this opportunity. I love the school dearly because it was my home for five years. The teachers were patient, loving mothers, the boys and girls true brothers and sisters, and I like to think of you as my God-Mother. I just hope that I will be able to pass on the spirit of my Alma Mater.

I am going to do my best so that other girls may have even greater opportunities.

Faithfully yours,  
MAUDE.

A member of the Philadelphia Auxiliary writes Miss Berry: "We are delighted with the reports from the faculty of the School of Design. I know that you will be happy to know that one of your Berry Girls is 'making good.' I hope you will train another to take Maude's Scholarship when her course is completed."

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### **What Scholarships Mean to Mountain Children**

DEAR MRS. STONE (Sec. of the S. I. E. A.):

The check for the two scholarships in our school came a few days ago, and we want to thank you very, very much for it, and to tell you how much good it will do towards giving an education to the two mountain boys. Gordon Slone, one of the little boys over in Miss Furman's house, is one of a family of four children who is now staying in the Settlement. His father was killed a few years ago and his mother is now working in Hindman so as to be able to keep her children in the school. Jasper Fugitt, the boy who received your scholarship before, is not in this school now, and we have given the scholarship to Beckham Miller. Beckham is a new boy in the Settlement this year, and in the vernacular of the mountain he is "the workingest boy



in the Settlement.” We are sending you his photograph because we think it is more interesting to see how your scholarship boy looks and try to picture him. He is our mail boy and with the large amount of mail we have we are obliged to have a very dependable and conscientious boy. He gets up very early in the morning and goes around to all the houses in the Settlement, collects the mail, and then takes it down to the post-office in time for it to go out on the mail hack. He then has to go down after the mail in the afternoon and as it usually is late, he is obliged to wait for it a long, long time. When anything has to be done around the Settlement, we usually call for Beckham, because we know that he will do it. In this way Beckham earns a little money for his own use because all the boys are paid so much an hour for their work. We really are very glad that Beckham has this chance and that he is receiving the benefit of your scholarship because he is very poor and has a very unpleasant home life. He is a worthwhile boy and one who is worthy of all the help he gets.

The children all are getting very excited over commencement time and are looking forward to the last few days of school. The little girls are learning to do folk dances to be given on the lawn at commencement time and they are getting a great deal of pleasure out of them. The boys and girls in the graduating class are busy getting ready for their exercises, the girls making their dresses which they are going to wear at that time. The older boys and girls are now preparing for the exhibition which we have during the last week of school to show the handwork the children have done during the winter. The boys are planning to exhibit their furniture that they have made in the workshop, and the girls are making aprons, gingham dresses and kimonoas to show. We wish all our friends could visit us at that time and see just what the children have accomplished during the school year.

Again thanking you for the check which will do so much

for Gordon and Beckham and also for your continued interest and help with our work, we remain,

Most cordially yours,

MAY STONE,

*Hindman Settlement School.*

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DEAR MRS. STONE:

I deeply appreciate the \$300.00 on the Ambler Memorial Scholarship. We feel that this money has been well invested in these young boys. I am enclosing a picture of them made last September. You see one of them will soon be quite grownup and we shall be asking you to transfer one of the scholarships to a younger boy.

It is a great struggle to take care of our growing family, but the worthwhileness of it inspires teachers and workers to do their best. Our treasury is very low and we shall have to walk out on our little plank of faith, but God will surely answer our prayers and help will come to Berry.

With sincere appreciation for your help in continuing this scholarship from year to year, and hoping that some day you will visit the schools and see the work and the boys and girls in whom you have invested,

Faithfully yours,

MARTHA BERRY,

*Mount Berry, Ga.*

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MY DEAR MRS. STONE (Sec. of the S. I. E. A.):

I want you to know how very highly we all appreciate the gift of the \$100 for Louisa Spencer Memorial Scholarship which has come to us for the third time from the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

Mrs. Spencer was one of the four earliest trustees of Tallulah Falls School, and during her lifetime always aided its growth and progress.

I hope hers will be one of the names memorialized on the bronze tablet which will carry the names of the twenty-five Perpetual Scholarships.

We value highly all your kind services for the school.

We are getting ready for a big building program this spring and plan, among other things, an extension of our weaving facilities to eight looms.

Cordially yours,

PASSIE FENTON OTTLEY.

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DEAR MRS. STONE:

We are perfectly delighted to get the scholarship. We are especially proud of it as it comes from you, who are in touch with our work and know the crying need of help to the mountain children. It is to be given to a girl who but for the help of others would be adrift and desperate, as her mother has just died and her father has deserted the home and a brother is on the chain gang. The girl is a beautiful one, of sterling worth and especially gifted in handcraft. She has decided to make that work her life work. She is now making a beautiful hooked rug and at odd times a lovely basket. She will write to you and thank you.

With much appreciation,

NANNIE C. DAVIS, *Principal,*  
*Tallulah Falls Industrial School.*

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### Crossnore School and Old Clothes

Once a little neglected mountain school at the crossing of two mountain roads, at the foot of beautiful hills in the narrow valley of the Linville River, one of nature's most picturesque spots. A spot, too, where the very sturdiest of this pure American stock, with a rarely large sprinkling of God's noblemen had lived their simple life in rude huts,

tilled their rocky hills and felled their giant trees, filling other's coffers, themselves making scant progress towards acquiring the simplest comforts of life. Here in this dilapidated school house, closely resembling an old blacksmith shop, the boys and girls of this splendid people got their only "schooling." Three to four months in the fall the school was taught by an older boy or girl, from this or a neighboring community, utterly unprepared to teach and incapable of taking the average pupil beyond the 5th grade. So at thirteen the young folks "quit school." The boys went to the "Works" or to the West, but the girls' only outlook was matrimony, and they were carefully trained to feel that they were old maids at sixteen and hopelessly disgraced if not married by nineteen. One handsome, brown-eyed sixteen-year-old said fervently to me, "I see no peace at home, because I ain't got a man, and I'd rather be dead than single at twenty."

Things are different now. Crossnore waked up. Some one pointed the way, and with wonderful spirit for such isolated people, they put their shoulders to the wheel and pushed that little school up the hill. Two new school rooms replaced the old one; the next year a third one was added; the school term lengthened to nine months; two more school rooms were added; a little industrial building was provided for teaching manual training and domestic science; then a tiny teacherage which had to be enlarged, and now a big school house, modern in every way, has just been finished. Fourteen rooms, steam heat, drinking fountains, sewerage, electric lights and bells, individual desks, recitation benches and laboratory equipment. We are just completing a new teacherage to match this, and a model barn for the little school farm of 75 acres, and we must have, right away, a large industrial building and a separate high school building.

And OLD CLOTHES HAS DONE IT ALL!—save for a few gifts of money which helped with the new school building and the farm. It is just a little backwoods public

school, enlarged to this extent—a consolidated school—because folks sent us their old clothes to sell. Three hundred children taught by college graduates, who a few years ago had teachers who could not pass the 6th grade. Sixty pupils in an accredited high school—two of them married—who ten years ago had no hope of getting beyond the 5th grade. Seven of the ten of last year's graduates went to college this fall. When the principal asked them how they would accomplish it, they said they didn't know, but they reckoned Mrs. Sloop did. **YOU KNOW YOU** are going to send your old clothes that we may reward such faith. It will take lots of them, but we can sell them if you send them. Then we can go on building, building boys and girls as well as houses, and Church and State will be the richer.

See what we have done in our **WEAVING DEPARTMENT**. Come and see what we are doing in all other departments, and then I **KNOW** you will send us old clothes to sell. Remembering always that we can sell **ANYTHING** (except old text books), of any age, sex, size, style or condition; and not clothes only, but **ANYTHING EVER USED BY MORTAL MAN**.

Why can't you take a bag—a heavy canvas bag which costs us forty cents? Our address is stenciled on it. All you have to do is to fill it, tie the cord and mail it to us insured. We return the bag for you to refill. If you prefer to send boxes by freight or express, address same to Spruce Pine on C. C. & O. and send us the bill of lading or express receipt so that we may keep track of it.

**MARK PLAINLY** on the **OUTSIDE** of each package, box, barrel or trunk, the **NAME** and **ADDRESS** of the party to whom the receipt is to be sent.

MARY MARTIN SLOOP,  
*Crossnore, N. C.*

### Recent Literature on the Mountain People

That the lives of the people of the southern mountains have dramatic and picturesque qualities all their own is indicated by the fact that during the past winter there have been no fewer than four plays based upon the mountain conditions, running successfully in New York. These plays are entitled, respectively, "Sun Up" and "The Shame Woman," by Lucille Veral; "Hell-Bent for Heaven," by H. Hughes, and "This Fine Pretty World," by Percy MacKaye. The author of the last-named play has lived among the mountain people, studying their customs, their language, and particularly the old English survivals found among them, which he has put into permanent form in several typewritten volumes. This play has aroused considerable comment both favorable and unfavorable, some critics feeling that the Elizabethan frankness with which certain episodes are treated is hurtful to the mountain cause in general, since the average person seeing the play is likely to think that an unusual type of individual or strange, melodramatic situation characterizes these people as a whole. Mr. MacKaye has not attempted to portray these people as an entirety, but as an ensemble of certain characters, customs and incidents that have come within the range of his observation.

"The Land of Saddlebags, a Study of the Mountain People of Appalachia," by James Matt Raine, is a book that will be a source of pleasure as well as profit to all those who may read it. The author, who is professor of English at Berea College, has lived among these people, hence his spirit is one of understanding, sympathy, respect and affection for those who still preserve "the simple virtues of the pioneer, who has always been hardy, honest, hospitable and fearless." The work, which is not only entertaining but fundamentally truthful and correct, is published jointly by the Council of Women for Home Missions and The Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, at a cost of \$1.50.



# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1924

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

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## Miss Mary Large

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Miss Mary Large, for eight years one of the most valued workers in the employment of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

Miss Large was born in Louisville, Ky., where her father was an Episcopal clergyman, and early in life she became interested in altruistic work. She was connected with Hull House in Chicago, with which two of her sisters are now associated. While on a vacation in the Kentucky mountains she realized the poverty of outlook for the mountain women and girls, and saw that in a revival of fireside industries they could better their own conditions by using the only resources at hand. She became an expert teacher in basketry and weaving, and among the schools where she taught were Tryon and Blowing Rock, N. C., and Pine Mountain and Wooten, Ky. At the time of her death she was teaching the fireside industries at Lincoln Memorial University, and in all of these schools she was a worker under the auspices of the Southern Industrial Educational Association. She was particularly well qualified for her chosen lifework, as she had studied in schools of weaving abroad, particularly at Thuringia and in the Carpathians, and had made herself an authority in hand weaving and basketry.

She died in the hospital at Middlesboro, Ky., after an illness of several weeks and was buried in the cemetery there, among the people who were closest to her heart and sympathies.

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### **Reports from the Extension Worker at Hindman**

#### **FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION :**

Enclosed are some pictures which you may enjoy seeing and a working drawing of a water system which we are encouraging. It is an adaptation of a system recommended by the government and was drawn by one of our local boys. Of course we know that it would be better to have an underground pipe and have the tank on the inside of the building, but we must consider the financial condition of our rural population. A sink is unusual and one with proper drainage is very unusual. People are beginning to wall up and cover their wells, but there are not many pumps. The sorry part is that the girls and women have to "tote" all the water used by the family and too often it comes from the creek or branch. Our doctors maintain that we need better water supplies and drainage if we are to keep down typhoid; I maintain that for the sake of keeping our girls and women physically fit we need conveniences. So we are combining our efforts. I have sent several samples of water to the State Laboratory to be tested and a great many have come back with bad reports. A tested water supply with the O.K. of the State Laboratory is one requirement for a Standard Home and several of our Standard Homes have fallen down on the water. I hope the families will get busy and wall up and cover their wells properly.

There have been a great many interesting things this month, but I will tell you about one of the Christmas trees. Every year some of the country schools ask us to give

them trees and this year I think we gave ten such. This particular one was out at Quicksand, about seventeen miles from here. One has to cross two mountains in order to get there and over one of them there is nothing but a very poor trail. Three of the Settlement Teachers went with me and the County Sheriff and one of his Deputies. Quicksand is noted for its moonshine, but there are other reasons why we needed help; the roads are bad now and full of holes and it is wise to have a man along; secondly we had to carry all of the gifts and candy in bags tied to the backs of our saddles. It took almost a caravan to get us there and we were very glad that Mr. Shepherd, the teacher, had asked for help for us. The weather was perfect for such a trip and you can imagine six of us on horses going along single file with our packs.

We arrived at Mr. Shepherd's about dark and they had a grand supper prepared for us (fried chicken, etc.). During the evening they told us many exciting tales. The Shepherds live in a new frame house painted on the outside and newspapered on the inside. They have little furniture except beds and chairs and a rough table, but that was all we needed. Here and there were sprigs of evergreen and tinsel on the walls. They had done the best they could and they were only too glad to share all they had with us.

The next morning we started down to school, a distance of about a mile. We passed people of all ages on their way and some were already there when we arrived, for they had left home about "sun up." The school building was decorated with the most beautiful holly I have ever seen and there were quantities of it. We put tinsel on the tree and a lot of other pretty things were added while the gifts were around the base of the tree.

Mr. Shepherd had his school give a little play and sing some songs ("old regular" songs in the "old regular" way). The teachers who went with us sang some Christmas Carols and I told the Christmas story. One of our

escorts acted as Santa and we had at least three gifts for each child and candy for all.

After we and our horses had eaten lunch we started home and we all felt as if we had had a wonderfully fine time. There never had been a tree there before so it helped them a lot and we in turn learned much. I wish you might go one some of these trips with me for I know you would think them most interesting.

They are begging us to come over to Quicksand, one of the wildest and most remote parts of the country, and build a settlement school, the people promising the land, some money and labor. I do hope we can do this this coming year. It is going to be a fertile field for work, for young and old are anxious for us to come.

The Community Clubs out in the county are not doing business this month, but our club in Hindman is flourishing. At one of our meetings Prof. Lewis of the Moorehead State Normal School gave us a mighty good talk. We would like to get more outside speakers.

Respectfully submitted,

LILLIAS R. WARREN,

*Extension Worker, Hindman Settlement School.*

## **A Letter from Boone Fork Institute, Shull's Mills, N. C.**

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL  
EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

As a kind of midyear report relative to our manual training work, I thought you might be interested in the following facts:

Mr. Mays has classes every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, which all the boys in our school are required to attend. On the other afternoons he assists the boys with any other work that they are undertaking and also, as a number of boys are working their way through school, he helps them with the furniture which they are

making and hoping to sell, the proceeds of which will help bear their expenses. Several of the boys are working in their extra time on furniture to be used in our new dormitory.

The boys have completed so far three individual work benches, a large table for the lobby, and several rocking chair; 14 boys are working on rocking chairs at the present time. These chairs are the regular living room type, with arms, and are very comfortable; in the making of these chairs the boys have worked some out of rough oak, cutting out the rockers and arms with drawing knives, being taught to work from a pattern at first, then learning to make the pattern; this also teaches them how to dowel. They are also being taught how to make runners for steps and are given practical lessons in repairing different parts of buildings as well as finishing up new buildings. It would be impossible for me to state all the helpful things which Mr. Mays has been able to teach the boys; I might further state that we find Mr. Mays a very conscientious and patient teacher, being of a very high moral type. This instruction has been one of the greatest helps we have received so far, and I do hope that some day you may be able to come and see just what we are doing.

Our new secretary is also taking a great interest in our young girls, teaching domestic art and sewing. We have had a large donation of homespun given to us by the Biltmore Industries and each of the girls is going to make herself a frock.

We also hope to have our loom soon and teach weaving. Girls are also making knotted spreads, for which we have a ready sale during the summer, as we are so close to Blowing Rock and the visitors are always glad to buy such things.

Again thanking the Board for their help and interest, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

C. G. MCKARHER.



## Reports from the Practice Home at the Hindman Settlement School, Ky.

### TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

November has come and gone, almost before we have had time to think, and as my girls are home for Thanksgiving, the house seems very lonely and deserted. Ever since the first of the month, Thanksgiving has been the chief subject of conversation, and the girls have made great plans as to how they would go home, whom they would spend the night with on the way, and what time they would "get to go." We only hope they will have as good a time as they expect, and come back as happy as they went away.

This month in cooking we have learned to make salad dressing—both boiled and mayonnaise—and although the girls do not like the mayonnaise, they love to make it. We have also learned how to cook meat so that it is tender and good. Instead of rolling in flour and frying, as is the custom, we pound the flour into the meat, brown in a pan, cover it with water and let simmer until tender. The girls love it, and are very anxious to try some when they get home.

The girls came back from their Christmas holidays very tired and worn out from their long journey home. The Saturday before school opened was very cold, and as many of the girls had a long walk or ride, they were not in the best of condition when they arrived at the Practice House Saturday night. Nancy Ann was obliged to wear rubbers for two weeks, her feet were so swollen and sore, and finally ended in the hospital with a severe cold. Ethel Martin was a week late for school as she had measles during vacation. We thought after they were rested they would recuperate quickly. But it has been so cold, damp and rainy that even now my girls have bad colds and look dragged and worn out. But we are hoping now for better weather



and as soon as it comes I am very sure we will all be better, both physically and mentally.

In cooking we have learned all sorts of new dishes and have had a great time planning new deserts for the teas. We have made all kinds of ice cream, but the most popular is vanilla with either brown sugar or chocolate sauce. The girls are becoming quite professional with their "kisses" and cream cakes and as both are very difficult, it is quite surprising to see how well they do and how quickly they learn just how hot or slow the oven should be. I wish that some of the kind people, who give their money so generously to the Practice House, could have had dinner with us Washington's birthday. I am sure they couldn't have found a better or prettier served dinner anywhere.

In sewing the girls are making dresses under Miss Horsfield and also have made one or two at home, but with their school work there is very little time, and unless they need a dress or skirt, I do not insist on the sewing.

The first of April we are closing our tea-room, and will begin spring house cleaning. How much we can accomplish with six girls will be a question, but at least it will be good practice even if it does have to be done over after we close the house in May. We feel that our tea room has been very successful financially as we will have about one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125.00) to give to Miss Stone, after spending about forty-five dollars for dishes and a few other things.

Miss Pope, a very enthusiastic woman from Louisville, has been visiting the school this month and has been teaching the girls all kinds of exercises, so the Practice House girls have spent most of their spare time turning somersaults, as this seems to be the exercise they enjoy most. I wish more people would come in for a short visit as it brings in new life and helps to keep the workers from growing lax and uninterested in their work. I have enjoyed my work here with the girls very much, and although I am not planning to return in the fall, I will not forget

the mountain people and will always try to do something to help them.

Respectfully submitted,

GRACE A. SARGENT,  
*Directress of the Practice House.*

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**Extracts from Reports of Teacher of Weaving at Pine Mountain School, Ky.**

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL  
EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:

I wish you could have seen little Debie Hogg and Grace Redwine last week when I told them that I would let them weave. Grace and Debie are two little girls who help in the weaving room. They wind bobbins for weaving, tear and tack carpet rags, and keep fresh flower pots. Their little arms are almost too short to weave on the thirty-six-inch material, but they had watched the other girls weave till they became so anxious that they could not wait till we could get thread ordered and the little loom ready for weaving. Every day they would say, "Miss Nicholson, when can we learn to weave?"

Finally Grace began on a rag rug. It was just about all she could do to reach the treadle with one foot and put the shuttle through the sled. However, she never complains, and every morning she wants to know if she may weave on the rug. Then came Debie's turn. Debie wanted to weave on the curtain material. After she watched me weave a little, she said, "I know how; now let me." I gave her the shuttle and went back to see how Grace was getting along. She was very slow, but her weaving was perfect. It is a pleasure to work with such sweet children.

I have been trying to encourage the outside people to weave, and get a blue-pot started. The Nolan family who live a short distance from here, are much interested, but they have been keeping boarders and had so much work to do that they have had little time for weaving and dyeing.

They have a loom and have made some beautiful blankets. They are weaving blankets now, but just as soon as they get the warp off they want to learn the coverlet weaving. Mrs. Nolan has dyed with indigo, but has not succeeded in getting a blue that would not fade. When she saw our blue she wanted to try again. For over two months I have been asking Mrs. Nolan when we could set the blue-pot up. She would always tell me to wait till the boarders left, and all the corn and potatoes were gathered. I sometimes felt that she would never be caught up in her work! This afternoon, however, I have been down there and I found her knitting a sweater for Mr. Nolan, and Hazel, her daughter, weaving on a blanket. Again I brought up the subject of the blue-pot. It was three o'clock, and Mrs. Nolan said she would have to milk at four, but I persuaded her that we could do it right then and there. Hazel ran to the kitchen and found there was hot water, and in less than half an hour we had the lukewarm water, lye, wheat bran, indigo and madder added to the yeast, as that is all there is to do except to keep the yeast lukewarm for a few days.

When I went there later I found that she got a beautiful blue which she used in making a blanket.

In a day or so the Nolans will have their blanket warp woven off. Aileen told me today that she had five blankets ready to send. They are going to put up a coverlet warp. The name of the draft which they are going to use for the coverlet is the "Dog Track," taken from a coverlet which is more than one hundred years old.

Mr. Nolan used to draw off drafts from any coverlet, no difference what design was woven, and he used also to make up his own designs and make the draft for Mrs. Nolan to weave. I only know of one person who can look at the woven design and take it off, Mrs. Mary Anderson of Berea, Kentucky. Mr. Nolan says he has forgotten, but he is working on a design and thinks that he will remember how he used to take them off if he can see a draft threaded. He is very interested in the weaving, and I don't believe he will stop until he gets it worked out. The Nolans are

very anxious to learn the six treadle weave, as they have never woven anything except the plain weave which is used in the blanket weaving.

Edna Metcalf still comes and weaves. She says she is going to save her money to buy a loom. Her mother told her she might have the money she gets for her eggs, too, so Edna is full of hopes for getting that loom soon. Last night I had a letter from another girl, who lives on Line Fork, saying she has bought her loom and is anxious to get started weaving.

Oma Creech is back in the weaving room, working for money to buy thread for a coverlet warp. Oma is the girl who wove on her grandmother's loom last year. After a year when she has had to devote all her time to helping her mother care for the new twins in the family, she is back at work again, to her great delight. Edna will soon have to stop for a while, to help take care of a new baby in that family, and so it goes. These girls cannot call their time their own, but they love the weaving!

Now as to the schoolroom work. Since my last report we have woven—

- 7 blankets
- 22 yards curtain material
- 8 rugs
- 8 yards coverlet weave
- 6 yards hit-and-miss rag rugs.

Last week I had a letter from Miss Evelyn Bishop of Gatlinburg, Tenn. She told me that she had written to every school she knew of, trying to find somebody who could teach vegetable dyeing. Mrs. Matheny had told her to write to me. She is so eager to have some one come there and teach them. I am very anxious to have Becky May Huff, one of the girls here, do this. With encouragement, I feel that Becky May could teach the dyeing very successfully.

Respectfully submitted,

MISS LUCY NICHOLSON,  
*Teacher of Weaving at Pine Mountain.*

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

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\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

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OF THE

## Southern Industrial Educational Association

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# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

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Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

**HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS**  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## **The Needed Educational Program for the Mountains.**

(Extract from an address by Frederic G. Bonser, Ph.D., Teachers' College, Columbia University.)

Among the factors to be reckoned with in the educational program of the mountains are: small areas of tillable land; mountain barriers isolating one tillable valley from others; difficult road problems; long distances to villages and cities; large areas of forest lands with enough game to be a constant lure to the hunting impulse; the hazard of frosts to crops in late spring and early fall; and a population in which there are thousands of illiterate adults.

The aims of a comprehensive program may be summarized under six general heads: (1) Overcoming illiteracy; (2) Establishing good health standards and practices; (3) Increasing economic production; (4) Developing richer community life; (5) Selecting and training more efficient leaders from among the people themselves; and (6) Increasing the amount and efficiency of religious leadership.

Health education is, to quite a degree, a matter of education in the right uses of food, clothing, and shelter. Practical courses in well adapted household arts work for the schools and for mothers can probably do more to improve health conditions than any other phase of health education. However, there is also a large place for work in personal hygiene and sanitation, care of babies, and home nursing. Community workers are effective in health work as a supplement to the schools or as independent of them, but the number of these workers is far too small.

It is probably conservative to say that by using intelligence, energy, and the best known scientific methods of today, the average mountain family could more than double its total annual income within a period of less than five years. Along with the accurate knowledge and skill required to improve economic conditions, there is also often needed a change in attitude. Tens of thousands of acres

of land go practically unused, although they might support great flocks of sheep and goats. But if the sheep and goats come, the dogs must go. Many a mountain man would not accept a flock of a hundred sheep in exchange for his half dozen hunting dogs.

The educational problem for the mountains is the whole of the educational program for any people—but with conditions which are, in part, of great difficulty and with resources wholly inadequate from the region itself. Its solution is well begun by men and women of splendid foresight and devotion. They need every form of support in carrying the program forward and in developing it more extensively.

### **Education versus Feuds.**

He was twenty, short and slight, with fresh childlike face and ingenuous blue eyes, and he wanted to go to school and get into the second reader, but he had a problem to work out, and he had brought his question to the school to help him settle it. Someone had wantonly killed his brother. The code of his neighborhood was feudal; blood called for blood. But some dim idea of a new standard stirring in his heart had sent him tramping thirty miles for advice. "Had I ought to kill him? Paw says I have a bound to, but if I do, I can't get to come to school. Most likely I will git in the pen for killin' a man, or if I don't I'll be afeared of bein' laywayed ever'time I step out. I allowed you fellers could help me to know what was right."

How easy it was for us to fortify him, we, whose great-grandfathers had left behind them his medieval code! We wondered if our reasoning would seem mere glib talk to him when he got back and undertook to tell his family his decision. Had the naive young fellow the resolution to oppose them, and would he ever come back to the privileges of the second grade?

In less than a week he walked in, at dusk, carrying a gun

longer than he was, an ancient weapon. "Here's my gun: I've come to school and I want you to keep it for me." He did not know its history; it had come into the family in payment of a debt, but how it stirred one's imagination of dark and bloody days! Four notches on it,—it had killed four men.

Having left it,—sign and symbol of a rejected code,—in safe hands, he set himself to the work of the second reader with ardor, and got through into the fourth by spring. Next year, in the fifth, he wrote an artless composition that we still delight in.

"I have got a great deal of good from the Pine Mountain School since I have been here. My health is fully two-thirds better. When I came I could only multiply by two, and now I can multiply by any number I wish to, and I can also find the area and perimeter of anything. I have also learned manners at the eating table and other places."

Did he, perchance, decide that his health was two thirds better by finding his perimeter?

Fifteen minutes spent with him set one's thoughts flying to lonely, shut-in hollows, and gave us that intimate sense of the isolated mountaineers' life which one usually gets through a sojourn by their hearth fires. He told of love powders "a heap of people believes in—dried frogs' legs all mashed up that sure will make the girl you love fall in love with you." He beguiled his leisure time just as the lonesome boy does at the head of the hollow. With clumsy craft he made a banjo out of a tin can, and painted it a glorious bright green. All of us envied the possessor of that banjo, even though it was more grateful to the eye than to the ear. Once he told us of a home his father established in his young manhood on new ground, up a creek where no one else lived. "When everything was settled, Paw went off to the public works for a job. He stayed about a month and then come home for Saturday and

Sunday. Maw weren't there and there weren't no fire. That made Paw mad, so he set out to make him one, and then he seed why they was gone. Thar was a copperhead lyin' right on the hearth stone and one drapped off the fireboard and most hit him as he was stoopin' over. Well, he killed the snakes and then he went to his Paw's and found Maw and the young'uns, and brung'em back home. He fit snakes for three weeks and thought he had them all killed and was a fixin' to go off to work next morning. That night one crawled under the kiver and bit him in the bed." Then, in answer to a surprised question, "Why, no, Paw didn't move away from that place. He kept right on a-workin' and in a couple of years he had most of 'em killed out."

This August, when school was about to open, instead of himself there came a letter.

"All of your good friends are expected back to Pine Mountain by the time school begins. But I am sorry to say that I am not coming to school which would be as good a thing as anybody could do. I am very thankful to you and all that ever helped me in school and many other ways. I can say being at Pine Mountain has hope me in many ways. It has hope me to be kind to others and to think of others as well as myself. I am more able to meet people in the right manner anywhere that I may meet them. And if I ever have a home of my own it will be much better than it would have been if I hadn't been at Pine Mountain School. I will never quit being thankful to Pine Mountain School for its help it did me. If I ever can help the school I will, for I know there will be boys and girls that will get lots of help out of the school in many ways.

"You can keep my old gun until I call for it. I don't know when that will be."

It was narrated around that he was aiming to marry. We wonder if he tried any of those love powders to help him in



his courting. We miss him, his gentleness, his simplicity, his friendliness; but we are glad that in some tiny house under a hill where a gay tin banjo enlivens lonely evenings, he can multiply by any number he wants to, and has a grateful thought for Pine Mountain.

—From Notes from Pine Mountain, November, 1923.

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### Weaving at Crossmore.

The work in our Weaving Department has been very encouraging of late. A year ago our great problem was, how to find a market for our goods, and we had to turn a deaf ear to the women and girls who wanted weaving lessons and sometimes our C. O. D. packages containing raw materials would have to stay in the Post Office weeks before we had the money to take them out, but during the last year there has been a steady improvement in our market and now we find it hard to keep up with our orders.

We have been so encouraged by this that we have bought several new looms and have taken in many new weavers. Nothing is more gratifying than to watch the improvement and the increasing happiness of the women who find this means of earning money. It is not only a material help to them, but it makes a change in their attitude toward life, and for this reason we feel that the money given us by the Southern Industrial Educational Association is bearing rich fruit in the lives of the women.

MARY SLOOP.

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Personnel managers who want to do their Christmas shopping early may find a hint in the news that the Holmes Coal Company of Cincinnati has placed a large order for copies of *The Quare Women* by Lucy Furman to distribute among their employes. Although classed as fiction, the book is actually based on fact and the scene is laid in the Kentucky mountains where the Holmes people operate a number of mines.—*From the Survey of November 15, 1924.*



### Growing Interest in Mountain Weaving.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt some 20 years ago established a small industrial school on the Biltmore estate for the benefit of the mountain folks who had for a couple of centuries followed the primitive ways of weaving and dyeing woolen fabrics and of carving useful articles out of wood. These sturdy mountaineers of North Carolina had brought from their English, Scotch and Welsh homes the old ways of carding or combing their wool and their hand looms were of the simplest form. Desiring to foster the native industry, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt together studied woolens as manufactured by hand, the dyeing not alone by the yellow hickory bark and black walnut root and such other roots as were at hand, but in the most approved form, and this school was the first result of their investigations. Besides homespun cloths and wood carving, Mrs. Vanderbilt, who took over the direct management of the modest establishment, introduced needlecraft and other textile useful arts and installed improvements for the hand looms; carding and spinning machines were purchased and more effective methods of dyeing followed.

The school leaped forward as on seven-league boots, and, in fact, grew beyond Mrs. Vanderbilt's control, especially when in 1917 she came to Washington and devoted herself so intensely to war work. In a more patriotic age than this, these homespun cloths made by the mountain people of one of the original states would be better known and patronized than they now are, for they represent the maximum quality of American native industry and are comparable with the famous homespuns of Scotland and England, which are imported at such an exorbitant price. Mrs. Coolidge has, however, recently set the example by purchasing cloth for a tailored gown and material to make several suits for John Coolidge, her son. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lansing long have been of those who have aided a splendid craft while at the same time obtaining cloth which outwears the ordinary sort by several years.—*The Evening Star, Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1924.*

## Notes from the National Headquarters.

At the first autumn meeting the National Association of the Southern Industrial Educational Association made plans and appropriations to continue the work they have been doing for several years.

Miss Anna Van Meter who did such splendid work at Hindman some years ago has returned and will be in charge of the practice home.

A weaving teacher at Pine Mountain has also been obtained and the salary of the extension worker at South Fork, Kentucky, which is operated under the auspices of the Pine Mountain School, began in September.

The weaving teacher at Crossnore School, Crossnore, North Carolina, is back at work and beautiful samples of the work being done there have been received at the Exchange.

The two scholarships from the Seth Shepard Memorial Fund will be continued at Hindman, and the three at the Berry School from the Ambler Memorial Fund will be sent again this year.

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The mountain people are natural musicians, the pity being that they do not have opportunity for development. They are always ready to assemble for song service and one held at the beginning of a meeting leads to real interest and attention for the remainder of the program. Nothing is more heartening than to hear these mountaineers sing gospel songs.

A very interesting character in our midst is an old mountain man who sings well and often gathers his children and friends about him for their entertainment. From memory he sings numerous songs, an entire evening not exhausting his repertoire. He has a melody for the ten commandments, which is one of his specialties.

When there is a death in the community it is customary for neighbors to gather in the home of the bereaved to sing through the long night watch.

# Quarterly Magazine

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

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## The New President of the Association.

With this issue of the QUARTERLY, we introduce to our readers the new President of the Association, Mr. Lawrence R. Lee, who was unanimously elected to this office by the Board of Trustees at the April meeting. He is an eminent representative of the Lee family of Virginia. Born in Leesburg, Virginia, in July, 1876, he was educated in the Woodbury Forest High School at Orange, Virginia, from which he went to Lehigh University, where he graduated in mechanical engineering in 1897. In these days when the value of engineering training in the conduct of the state and of society as well as of industry is becoming more and more distinctly recognized, and when the breadth of outlook, resourcefulness, and capacity developed by such training are growing in demand, the Association is fortunate in securing for its leader a man who is both an experienced engineer and a Lee, inherently interested in the South and in its mountain problems in particular. By training and by taste our new President is especially qualified to understand and constructively discuss the industrial as well as the social and educational problems of the mountain people. He understands as few friends of the Association do the distribution, kinds, values, and possibilities for development of the resources of the region in power, in forests, in the soil, and in the varied mineral deposits.

In the following article Mr. Lee outlines conditions as they exist and his views of possibilities of development in portions of the southern Appalachian mountain province.

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### **A New System of Hillside Agriculture.**

One of the chief causes for concern, from an economic point of view, is the way we are allowing our agricultural lands, in the mountains and hilly sections of our country, to become useless on account of erosion. As the timber is cut from the hillsides and the land is placed under cultivation, and planted to corn or cotton, under present systems, there is no way of preventing the heavy rains of the summer season from washing away the soil that has recently been loosened by the plow. This soil that is washed away is always the best, and this process goes on from year to year until there is nothing left but the subsoil which will not produce a profitable crop. The land is then abandoned and left to wash into deep gulleys, so it can never again be used to grow crops.

About five years ago, a new system of hillside agriculture was tried out in the foothills of the Blue Ridge near Leesburg, Va. An orchard was planted where each row ran around the side of the hill on an exact level. A trench was made above each row and these were on an exact level. When the heavy rain storms come during the summer, all the water is caught in these trenches and none of it is allowed to escape. Formerly practically all of the water that fell on this orchard during the summer ran off and carried the best soil with it; now all the water is held and made available for the trees.

If this system were generally used in our mountain sections, the land would be saved for future generations, and the water that now runs off would be available for the crops, and the hydro-electric powers would be of much greater value, as the supply of water would be much more constant.

A plan is now under way to endow a college in the Southern mountains to teach mountain agriculture, based on this idea of holding all the rainfall so it can be turned into useful channels instead of destructive channels. The man who is the moving spirit in this enterprise is Professor J. Russell Smith of Columbia University, and, if it is successful, it will be largely due to his efforts.

LAWRENCE R. LEE.

### **My Life Story.**

By a Student at Mount Berry.

In the year 1905 I was born in an old fashioned hewn log house and the chimney was made of mud and sticks. The cracks of the house were ceiled on the inside with hewn boards and filled on the outside with mud.

At the age of six years my father was taken from our home leaving us poor children with nothing ahead and no one to work for us. All that we got had to come from the farm by our own labor. In eleven months after father went mother was taken away leaving us three children alone in the world.

After living with distant relatives until I was the age of fifteen years I began to see that I needed an education. Not knowing where I was going I went to a man and began to work for wages to earn money to go to school on. With wages at \$12.00 per month I soon saw that I could never save enough to go to school for board and tuition was high at schools that I had heard of. While working I took night classes under the country preacher to try to learn to read and write. From here I went to a job in a country store where there were bootleggers coming in every night. It was here that I tried to work arithmetic and failed. I had reported thirteen of the bootleggers which made the man I worked for very angry and he told me that I had to leave his store. I was ready to give up as it seemed that I could not live right and ever find a school so I could go to school like boys that I had heard about.



One afternoon while I was very down-hearted I picked up my Sunday School book to study my lesson and I read in the back of it that Miss Martha Berry at Mount Berry, Ga., had a school where poor boys who had not had a chance could go to school and work their way. As I was not afraid of work I knew that was the place for me so I wrote Miss Berry and she answered and said for me to write the Principal for application blanks. The Principal told me that if I had sixty-five dollars that I could come. This was a very dark period for me as I did not have the money. I didn't even have railroad fare. As the school was very crowded they said that they would put my application on file. I did not know what this meant. I thought it meant that I could not come. I was very discouraged and did not know how I ever would get to go to school.

On March the first I received a letter from Berry Schools saying that I was accepted as a work student. I asked the man I was working for how much money was due me and he said \$1.25. The railroad fare was \$8.35 and I did not know where it was coming from. The next morning about 4 o'clock I got up and walked two miles to a lady's house and asked her to help me get the money to go to the Berry Schools. The lady told me that she could not help me as she did not have the money. Not knowing what to do I went back to work to try to earn the money but it took all that I could make to live. One day I met a man and showed him the catalog of the school and told him how that I wanted to go to that school and he let me have the money. This made me very happy and I shall never forget the man that made it possible for me to reach Berry.

On the 8th of March, 1922, I arrived at Mount Berry in a pouring rain. I soon met the teachers and was told what to do and where I would room.

After spending this time at Berry I have found it to be everything that I had expected. It certainly does give a boy a chance to get an education. We are trained to do



anything that needs to be done in a community. I trust that I may graduate some day and go back where I came from and teach what I have learned at Berry.

### Letter from a Lumber Camp.

In recent years the saw mill has invaded the virgin forests of Western North Carolina, and logging has become a common occupation among our mountain boys. The following letter was written a few weeks ago by one of our former workers. She has been for nearly two years in a lumber settlement, far up in the Nantahala Mountains:

MY DEAR MRS. WETMORE:

If there are those who doubt the value of education for the people of these mountains they need only come into one of the mountain lumber camps to be convinced of the necessity for training for head and hands, and they would be glad to give enough money to provide opportunity for the boys and girls here, so that they may be fitted to teach and lead their own people.

The large lumber companies provide small houses, a company physician and a Community Hall or Church, but the majority of the lumber companies have only shacks, made of thin boards, utterly inadequate to keep out the bitter cold of these high mountains; these are grouped near the mill; the only other building is the commissary; they are many miles from school or doctor. The lumbermen go still higher in the most rugged and inaccessible places, living in tiny shacks and work ten hours a day in the forests (the eight hour law is not enforced in the lumber business).

Logging is a dangerous pursuit and is mainly done by the younger men.

I went up into one of the highest camps last Thursday. Just while we were on the incline a couple of cars came dashing around the corner, the mountain was too steep to go up, as there were banks on three sides of us, and all we could do was to step below the track. The cars were sway-

ing from side to side, and just as they were within fifteen or twenty feet of where we were trapped they overturned and went down the mountain head over heels, spilling their cargo of great logs far and wide. A bunch of men was below, but they all escaped. The man at the top of the incline had let out the cable too fast.

Conditions in the lumber settlements would not be bad if it were not for the *ignorance* of the people. They are a fine race of people, big and strong in mind and body, with keen, good instincts, but with almost no training. They never had to buy food before, and they have no idea of the value of money. The man who gets three dollars a day has no more than the man who gets two. If he only knew how to cultivate his garden, and his wife had been trained in domestic science, sewing, canning, cooking, etc., they could save money. Instead of spending all their wages on "scrip" (the medium of exchange) to buy canned food at the commissary they would have enough money to send their older children off to a Mission School and to have comfortable homes.

You would be surprised to see how many families don't draw anything on pay day, because they have used the whole amount coming to them at the commissary. Their garbage cans are always full of good food. The sick have a hard time. It is strange to note that even where there is a company doctor he is never called in until the case is desperate; even after he comes they will not follow his instructions, many times they *throw* away the medicine. The sick children suffer terribly. Last spring there was an outbreak of diphtheria, and several little ones died because the doctor was not called until they were strangling to death.

All of these things might be corrected if some of the older boys and girls could be sent to Christ School, or some such school in the world outside, because all these things are caused by *ignorance*, not degeneracy. All they need is to be trained and lifted up. They are such splendid people. It takes courage and endurance and quick thinking to go

up into those dense, dark forests high on the mountain sides. The men fell the big trees, saw them into logs, and "snake" them down with teams of horses to the incline. (This is a railroad too steep for locomotives; it is worked by a cable.) Men and horses must be very agile to handle the logs on such precipitous slopes. These great corpses of trees, some of them seven or eight feet in diameter, bound down the mountain like wild demons let loose. Men with "gant hooks" stand ready to start them rolling again when they pile—this is one of the most dangerous jobs. One by one the derrick loader lifts them onto the flat cars, the little locomotive shrieks triumphantly and the train rattles down to the great roaring mill, which pours forth daily the yellow wealth of the forest.

Affectionately,

MARGARET HEMPHILL.

From *The Galax Leaf*—November, 1924. Christ School, Arden, North Carolina.

### **The Line Fork Settlement.**

Gilley, Letcher County, Kentucky.

A creek devoting its energies largely to the making of "moonshine," was what I discovered soon after I came to Line Fork. Any preconceived ideas or notions I had before coming as to formal methods or plans to put on an industrial program in the Southern mountains became entirely foreign to the situation I found here.

This is a country of high hills, narrow wedge-shaped valleys, rough roads, sparsely settled creeks, forks and branches, and an intensely individualized population. A new line of approach was obviously necessary according to customary standards.

The community and its needs first had to be ascertained. And rather soon I observed that farming itself did not seem to be profitable. The almost perpendicular fields, the

scarcity of bottom land, the absence of good roads, and the remoteness of markets, have made it very difficult for the people with their very scant knowledge of farming to make an adequate living from the soil. Accentuating this condition has been the increasing sub-division of the land through inheritance into smaller farms.

Parallel with the existing difficulties in making a living from farming there has developed a large demand from the growing mining camps across the Pine Mountain for their one easily transportable commodity—"corn liquor." Because of this increasing demand, the making of it has been stimulated throughout the community generally, and, of course, it has solved immediately, if temporarily, some of the local problems of family support; thus making it quite apparent to the onlooker that the making of whiskey in this vicinity is more a question of economics than of ethics.

Before I could get anywhere, friends among the people along the creek had to be made,—a task which was not as hard as I anticipated. Former workers, I fancy, have made this road easier by their contacts. The Line Forkers, however, are very responsive to friendliness.

At our little cabin home, perched high above the road on a "bench" of land on the side of the ridge, opposite the formidable Pine Mountain, I found that much can be accomplished, and also much time consumed, by just being "friends" to the neighbors who come to visit. Household experiences and methods are discussed and "swapped" daily. Sometimes an unlettered father or mother wishes to have a letter written to an absent son or daughter, or, perhaps, help in making out an order to one of the mail order houses whose catalog is an important feature in every mountain home not only serving its proper purpose but later its pages adorning their walls in lieu of the more formal paper of the city home. Again it may be advice and help which is sought on the cutting or making of a garment, perhaps it is for some such surprising request for informa-

tion as: "What part of the cow should I send away, how shall I send it, and where, to find out how and what pizened her?" or, "now Afriky,—jest where is she located at?" Then follow discussions on the possibilities of chemical analyses, the advantages of traveling, accompanied by the airing of views on said subjects. The man wishing to learn how his cow was "pizened," "'lowed" "hit shorely don't seem naterel that hit can be done," but as he had read it once in a detective story that "sech things were sought out," he just thought he'd "ask one of the women at the cabin about it." And the man so vitally interested in "Afriky" confessed he "had a hankering after traveling about the world," but he was "skeert o' being robbed." Sometimes such conversations are punctuated by a purchase of vegetables, eggs, butter or the like, for the settlement family from a neighbor who has brought the things in for sale, or to give some directions to the children who have come to the settlement for work.

The working of these children of the community at the settlement has seemed to me one of the soundest and most constructive things that can be done under the existing conditions. They come from homes where cleanliness, discipline, and the organization and planning of the necessary home tasks are, for the most part, unknown, so the benefits they derive from their contacts here through their work under supervision are strikingly more manifold than the few they may get from the money which it brings them, although this means much to them. Consequently, I feel that the many hours I have put in on the teaching of the best ways and means of doing simple tasks, with the insistence that they always be done according to the methods as taught, are well spent, for often we hear how an attempt is made to carry out some of these practices in their own homes. Sometimes, however, they do not hesitate to let us know that they think we're "plumb foolish" and a "botherment to ourselves," they say, in giving so much attention to things that seem to them unessential. One time I tried



to keep a small boy diligent over a single job for an hour straight. This boy had never been put to any "steady work," to quote his father, and was quite irked by my insistence. He reflected audibly that he knew "pine blank" why the women at the cabin "hadn't gotten them a man—why they work every fellow in sight too hard!" His dignity, no doubt, was offended—men in this country being "lords of creation" from babyhood.

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### A Year of Hindman's Work.

DEAR FRIENDS:

It has been a matter of deep regret to us that we have not been able to send out the usual letters to our faithful helpers for more than a year. On the other hand we are gratified that many of them have not waited for the reminders but have sent generous subscriptions from time to time, which have made it possible for us to continue the work.

The past year 409 children were enrolled in school and all departments successfully carried on. The exhibition during Commencement week showed splendid results from the classes in Handwork, Sewing, Weaving, Woodwork and Drawing, while the Alumnae Luncheon attested to the training of the girls of the Cooking classes and Practice Home.

The graduating class of 1924 consisted of four girls and six boys, all but one of whom will enter College or Normal School this fall. It is a matter of pride that our girls and boys make good wherever they go, so that College Presidents have written us they are always glad to have Hindman graduates "because they have been well trained, are good students, leaders in athletics and dependable in positions of responsibility."

We have taken some steps toward our goal of making Hindman a center for work over the county, through our Branch Schools, Extension and Community Workers.



The school at Owens Branch is now in its third year. The County Superintendent of Schools and the people of the neighborhood have given full co-operation, so that its influence has been widespread.

Several other districts have appealed to us for Branch Schools and we have just started an interesting one on Quicksand, about twenty miles from Hindman, near the Breathitt County line. This is one of the most remote and backward sections of our County. The school teachers and citizens of the neighborhood, realizing their lack of opportunity and the need of education for their children, come to us with a strong appeal for help.

One man gave seven acres of land, others subscribed money, lumber, labor and hauling to the amount of several hundred dollars. Some good friends on the outside have given money for a cottage, where two teachers and a Community Worker will live. This house is now under construction. Meantime two excellent teachers began school August 27, and are living in one of the homes nearby. As soon as the cottage is ready, we hope to put in charge of it one of our own graduates, who has had fine training and experience. She will be Head Resident and Extension Worker.

The Public Health Nurse has worked largely through the Schools, having visited and given instruction in 64 out of 66 County schools and having trained one member of the family to care for the sick.

In the County Achievement Contest, planned by Berea College and the Louisville Courier-Journal, for the two years ending August 1, 1924, ten Mountain Counties of Kentucky have worked to improve their homes, farms, schools, roads, public buildings, churches, Sunday schools, health, sanitation, agriculture, live-stock, Junior Club, newspaper and magazine circulation and to arouse community interest in Clubs and Social Activities.

Our Extension Worker did her part for home improvement with the following results: 26 "Standard Homes,"

well located, good drainage, not less than three rooms for two people, walls papered or painted, screened windows and doors, safe water supply, proper outhouses, fireplace or furnace heat, clean yards with flowers and shade trees.

Points have also been made for proper fencing, lighting systems, water pumped into houses, pumps, sinks and sewing machines. So many houses have been painted outside that the general appearance of the town and County is greatly improved.

Much has been done along the line of sewing in the home. One of the most important things accomplished has been the large amount of scientific drying and canning of fruits and vegetables, which is the culmination of our extension work for eight years in Knott County. Though our roads are still far from boulevards, it is now possible in the dry summer season for automobiles to reach Hindman from several directions, and thus we are brought into closer contact with the outside world.

One of the prominent men at Hindman said recently that the increased prosperity which has enabled the citizens to make these improvements is due in large measure to the Hindman Settlement School.

We are looking forward to the decision of the Judges and the awarding of prizes, but, whether or not we win a prize, we know that the contest has been an incentive and believe the improvement and "get-to-gether" idea will continue."

The Rest Room for Country Women, started two years ago, met a long felt need, but soon outgrew the small quarters offered by one of our merchants. Recently another man has built a large stone storehouse, on the second floor of which we have three good rooms which we are using for Rest Room, Library, Boys' Clubs and Printing. Several of our boys are greatly interested in learning printing and we hope our small school paper may in time grow into a County newspaper and our boys into progressive journalists.

The past year has been the hardest, in all the twenty-two years of the Hindman Settlement School, to raise money sufficient to meet current expenses and it has been impossible to make any repairs, except the most pressing and necessary. Expenses have been cut to the lowest point without impairing efficiency. Many of our friends have had to reduce their gifts or discontinue them altogether. We trust better times may soon come to us all.

The opportunities for service are greater than ever before. Will you not continue your help and respond as generously as possible at this time. Only so shall we be able to give to our mountain people their rightful opportunity to become intelligent and trustworthy citizens and leaders of our great Stat and country.

Sincerely,  
MAY STONE.

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An extensive mail order business has been developed through the exchange maintained at the rooms of the Association, with steadily increasing sales of the articles representing the mountain-home crafts, such as baskets of many designs and colors, hand-carved trays, nut-bowls, book-racks, paper-cutters, feather fans of exquisite daintiness, rugs and bath mats, coverlets, portieres and embroidered cotton bedspreads.

The dyes used in the preparation of these articles are from the indigo, giving various shades from dark to light, and the native roots, barks and herbs, such as hickory, black-oak, chestnut, peach leaves, onion hulls, and many other sources.

Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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30

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JUL 2 1925

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**Southern Industrial Educational  
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MARCH AND JUNE, 1925  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XVIII.

Nos. 1 AND 2.



# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## **Southern Mountain Workers' Conference.**

Work for the young people of the mountains was the feature of the thirteenth annual program of the Conference of Southern Mountain workers held in Knoxville, Tenn., on March 17, 18 and 19. All sessions were open to the public. About two hundred delegates, representing most of the schools in Appalachian America, attended the conference.

The program was planned and executed by Mrs. John C. Campbell, of West Medford, Mass., the executive secretary of the conference. Mrs. Campbell is intimately acquainted with the mountains and with the characteristics of the "hill folk," for she has worked among them, helped them, and given her whole faculties to understanding them. With her husband, the late John C. Campbell, author of "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland," and one of the foremost authorities on the Southern Appalachian region, she has traveled extensively throughout the nine states embraced by the Southern Mountain Workers' Conference. As was her husband, Mrs. Campbell is connected with the Russell Sage Foundation.

## **Outstanding Accomplishments.**

In summarizing the accomplishments of the thirteenth conference, Mrs. Campbell said that one of the most outstanding was the development of a freer type of education, breaking away from the more standardized forms and adapted to the needs of individual communities. "We feel," Mrs. Campbell said, "that one of the greatest goods that has accrued from the conference is the greater understanding among the various boards and workers in the field. This has been quite helpful in a practical way. At the time the conference was organized thirteen years ago the different workers in the mountains hardly knew that other workers existed. Each man and woman saw his or her problem as something entirely individual and peculiar. They had no idea of the existence of the different agencies which were hard at work in the different sections.

"Now we realize that each locality has certain peculiarities. We are dealing, in our way, with the rural problems that are confronting the whole United States. We recognize the fact that we have a distinct problem of rural economics, of county church work, of rural hygiene, and of recreation, and we are gradually finding out how to make use of the knowledge gathered in all parts of the country that applies in any way to our own situation."

Mrs. Campbell told of the use of the adaptation of Danish folk schools to the Southern mountains. "Through this we hope to make a real contribution to other sections," she added.

### **An Exchange Bureau.**

"One of the most important things the conference has done," she added, "is to show that the different boards of the churches and denominational groups can work together in a program of this nature. The conference, as such, pledges itself to no set statements of doctrine. It is simply an exchange bureau for new ideas and new methods."

In the various speeches and round-table discussions, the delegates were unanimous in agreeing that the problem of the Southern mountains was one for concerted action on the part of all its schools. As it stands today it is a reproach to church and state. "But," as one speaker so aptly put it, "in the light of Jesus it becomes not a problem at all, but a group of men and women in dire need of opportunities. In this way we should receive the co-operation of the state, the church, the county, and the nation."

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The *Mountain Herald*, April, 1925.

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If we could grapple with the whole child problem situation for one generation, our public health, our economic efficiency, the moral character, sanity and stability of our people would advance three generations in one.

—HERBERT HOOVER.

### Where Doctors Are Few.\*

"Red" Davis took the course in First Aid in the Foundation school of Berea College. That means that he took it in the grades; he had not yet had any high school or normal work. But he was able to get a teacher's certificate in his home county and he was old enough to meet the age requirement of the law. So he secured the job of teaching a district school.

"Red" didn't know much about methods of teaching. But he did know how to bind up cuts and burns so they healed quickly; he could splint a broken limb, reduce a dislocation or treat successfully any ordinary ailment, from a snake-bite to a sprained ankle. He did so much of this that the neighbors began calling him "Doctor" Davis. Doctors were scarce in that country and the young school teacher was called many a time to treat injuries that otherwise would have no attention at all—or worse.

One day a mother living half a mile away came rushing over to the schoolhouse and begged him to come and save her child. She had been doing her week's washing in the back yard, leaving her four-year-old boy in the house against his will. A terrible cry led to the discovery that he had drunk the contents of the carbolic acid bottle. Without a moment's hesitation she ran for "Doctor" Davis.

It looked serious, but "Red" administered a generous dose of Epsom Salts as an antidote and followed that with cream—as much of it as the child would swallow—and stimulants. Then he told the woman she must take the child at once to the small hospital in the near-by town.

The mother started with the child in the family buckboard. On the way she met the doctor who was head of the hospital and told him what had happened. He looked at the child carefully and told her to turn around and go back home. "The hospital is full," he said, "and besides, your child will die. We can't save it."

Broken hearted the mother turned back. But hope was not entirely gone. She still had Doctor Davis. Over to the schoolhouse she went and begged him again to save her

child. "Red" was so ignorant that he didn't know any better than to try such a hopeless case as that seemed to be. So he prescribed more cream. The child didn't die at once—not that day nor the next. Indeed, under "Red's" treatment it ultimately recovered and gave the laugh to the doctor at the hospital. Perhaps it was just a fluke.

Two years later "Red" Davis was in the Normal School. One day in chapel I told the story and said I didn't know but Dr. Davis might be in my audience; I didn't know him personally.

After chapel, as I walked down the campus, a fine young fellow hailed me and said he was the man I had been talking about.

"Are you 'Doctor' Davis?" I asked.

"I am the fellow," he said, and added, "I taught there again last year and that boy went to school to me. He's as healthy and fat now as a pig."

Just then some boys called across the campus through the trees, "Hey, Doctor Davis!"

"Red" looked up at me and grinned.

"Professor, you've ruint me," he said.

\*A Berea Leaflet.

BETWEEN TWO HUNDRED AND TWO HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY FIRST AID CERTIFICATES ARE  
GRANTED AT BEREA COLLEGE BY THE AMER-  
ICAN RED CROSS EVERY YEAR.

During the summer the Washington office and exchange will be closed, but the work will be continued through the many tea houses and gift shops, which have gradually learned that the articles of mountain workmanship constitute very desirable additions to their stock. By these means knowledge of the mountain people, their needs, their native talents, and the importance of assistance through settlement schools is brought to travelers from all parts of the country.



## Accomplishments of Sunshine Cottage at the Berry Schools.

The Martha Berry School for girls was founded ten years after that of the one for boys. Miss Berry's idea was to give the girls in the rural districts a chance to become well-developed women. She wanted to train those girls who were poor and needed an opportunity. It was her desire for them to learn to love, appreciate, and use the things near them. She wanted them to hold on to the old coverlets and other designs that were so artistically made by their grandmothers, so Sunshine work began when the Girls' School was founded.

We can hardly believe that the work started in a little one-room log cabin, which was also used as a place of meeting for Sunday School; but it did, with only one loom which had two treddles. But Miss Berry was determined to have more looms so that more girls might learn the work. She had the boys in the work shop to make them other looms. Then she worked hard to get a few of those old-fashioned designs, and Miss Nicholoy to come and teach us how to reproduce those wonderful designs that our grandmothers wove years ago.

We value our work in Sunshine more than almost any of our industrial training. At one time people did not know how to appreciate the work, but they are beginning to see the beauty of it, and to love it more. We are taught all of the things that will later be useful to us in our own homes. We take the Angora wool that the boys bring to us from the goats up at the Foundation School, cleanse it, card it into rolls, then spin it into thread, any color we wish, and weave it into beautiful designs.

Miss Berry has striven so hard to get more looms. We now have a larger building, two large rooms down stairs where the girls are trained. We have four two-tredden looms, five four-tredden looms, and one eight-tredden. We reproduce coverlets, weave scarfs, bags, table runners, rugs and sport skirts. We also learn to make fans, pine needle baskets, trays, willow baskets and even honeysuckle bas-



kets. These are things that we can easily make after we return to our homes. We grow our own flax here at school and make it into thread. We also grow our broom straw, and the girls go to the woods and get canes, wrap them with honeysuckle vines and make handles for the brooms. Then they are beautifully decorated.

We are taught everything about home decoration. We have two guest rooms upstairs in Sunshine, as beautiful as any rooms I have ever seen, and the girls did it all. They made the curtains, lamp shades, and wove the rugs. They even decorated the furniture, the vases and everything in the rooms. The vases are made of olive bottles, prettily decorated. The boys also helped to beautify the rooms. They took a keg of paint and a brush and made the walls attractive. They took a four-poster bed, more than fifty years old, sandpapered it, varnished it and made it look new. This was a good lesson to us; we can take the old things in our homes, make them look new again and preserve them.

It is the privilege of every Senior to reproduce one of the old-fashioned coverlets, and serve at a tea party. Our tea room adjoins the weaving room and is a very attractive room. The boys made the rustic tables and chairs. The girls serve using their own pine needle trays and decorated tea set. Now a Berry girl knows how to manage her own tea room with her weaving or gift shop in connection with it. She can serve tourists, or anyone who might come in for she has learned at the school to make her own jellies, preserves, bread, butter, dainty tea cakes and to serve it in an attractive way. Some of the graduates have already taken advantage of this opportunity, and they write back to Miss Berry telling her that they owe their training all to her and the school.

I have not told all about Sunshine work. I have not even mentioned the flower garden, but this is just an idea of what we learn there, not mentioning the sewing room, laundry, dining room, kitchen, campus, garden, and cleaning work.

It is our desire to please Miss Berry by trying to teach others the things that we have learned here, and help to make it possible for other boys and girls to come here to school.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

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### **Permanent Health Clinic for Knott.**

A permanent health clinic for Knott County will be started at Hindman, the county seat, on Saturday, November 15, by Dr. M. F. Kelly, Hindman physician, and Mrs. Annie M. Lane, public health nurse of the Hindman Settlement school. This clinic will be under the auspices of the State board of health, the Red Cross and the Hindman school. It will be held regularly every Saturday and developed along the lines especially of examination and care of babies, proper feeding of babies and children, advice to expectant mothers, talks to mothers about sanitation and hygiene in the homes, and talks to the children of the Knott County schools.

The Hindman school has been for many years foremost in health work in the Kentucky mountains. It is about 15 years since the first trachoma clinic was held in this school by Dr. J. A. Stucky of Lexington, these clinics for several years being the means of awakening the government to the great prevalence of trachoma in the mountains, and of causing it to establish a number of trachoma hospitals throughout the region, so that now the dread disease is practically wiped out. Various other clinics have been held annually or semi-annually at the Hindman school by prominent physicians of Louisville and Cincinnati for the treatment of hookworm, tuberculosis, internal diseases, and eye, ear, nose and throat troubles. For a number of years also the district nurse of this school has nursed through the county and taught in the county school districts, but this year marks the launching of a permanent county clinic.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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MARCH and JUNE, 1925

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

## High Honors for Martha Berry.\*

In the presence of a distinguished gathering in the east room of the White House, President Coolidge presented Roosevelt medals to Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania; George Bird Grinnell, publicist, of New York, and Miss Martha Berry of Georgia, selected by the Roosevelt Memorial Association for distinguished service.

Gov. Pinchot was selected for distinguished service in the promotion of conservation; Mr. Grinnell, for the promotion of outdoor life, and Miss Berry, founder of the Berry schools in the South Appalachian Mountains, for her service in behalf of the welfare of women and children.

## Pride in Miss Berry.

In presenting the medal President Coolidge said:

"Miss Berry, I know that the gentlemen who have been awarded the other two medals will not misunderstand me when I say that, greatly as Theodore Roosevelt would be gratified if he could see a distinction bearing his name bestowed upon these old friends, he would yet be most stirred to see this Roosevelt medal bestowed upon you. He believed in you and your work, and it was characteristic of him that, believing in you, he should have upheld your hands and done what he could to win you friends. In building out of nothing a great educational institution for the

children of the mountains you have contributed to your time one of its most creative achievements. Because of you thousands have been released from the bondage of ignorance and countless other thousands in the generations to come will walk, not in darkness, but in light. You have built your school by faith—faith in your vision, faith in God, who alone can make visions substantial. Few are privileged to receive so clear an answer to their petitions as you have received. Your achievement brings the mystery and beauty of divine guidance closer to us all. This medal will be a testimony to you that your fellow Americans are proud of you and wish you well in your labors.”

James R. Garfield, former Secretary of Interior and president of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, in presenting the three distinguished Americans to President Coolidge described Miss Berry’s public service in the following manner:

“For the medal for distinguished service in behalf of the welfare of women and children, Mr. President, I have the honor to present the name of one who, seeing a great need, turned from the pleasant places in which her lines were cast, to bring light and opportunity to children who but for her would have walked all their lives in the shadow; a seer, whose visions were born in human sympathy and given substance by the magical touch of faith; a builder, who builds on rock; an educator, who trains equally the head and the hand, the spirit and the heart; a lover of mankind and servant of God, unwavering in faith, indomitable in resolution, creating beauty where she goes, scarce knowing that she creates it, so natural an expression it is of the abundance within—Martha Berry.”

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\*The *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., May 16, 1925.

## **The Tragedy of Moonshining.**

I spent last week at our settlement on Line Fork. There is only one man in the Bear Branch neighborhood who does not make moonshine. The revenue officers had just been in and arrested most of the men and boys and took them to jail, where they were to stay for six months. In many of the homes that I visited, the wives showed me the letters that had just come from their husbands, regretting that the corn had not been gathered, the coal dug, the wood hauled in, the fencing done, and wondering how they could live and manage the spring crop. The women had many young children, and it seemed as if a baby was coming in every home. One man under 25 wrote that he could stand the discomfort of the crowded jail, lack of air, etc., if he just had not left his wife in such "a sorry fix" that when he got to thinking of it, it seemed as if he would lose his mind. Her baby came that night. One father left his family without a penny, a potato or an ear of corn. She came to the settlement and asked them to save her their potato peelings. The other lone women were trying to help her. When I learned that the ten-year-old boy was in the fifth grade, and had never owned a school book until November, when his teacher gave him one, I brought him back with me. So now I am looking for some clothes and money for his scholarship.

On the whole the women seemed relieved that this had happened, as their husbands had written that they never aimed to make or drink any more moonshine. Some of them were really glad. One woman had told the officers where the stills were and said she would every time, because there was more peace and satisfaction when her husband was in jail.

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## **Work of the Practice Home at Hindman.**

For the past month or six weeks we have been busy housecleaning and making our Easter dresses. Each of my girls,



with a little assistance from me, has made a very pretty, simple dress. This week we have had to plan and are to serve, Saturday night, the Senior dinner. In our little kitchen and on our little stove, this will be quite an undertaking. But we just do the very best we can and try not to worry too much about the results.

Besides the Practice Home and my school work, I have been busy trying to help some of the town women, who like our draperies and light shades, to learn how to make them for their own homes. It pleases us greatly for any one to like the things we do and make here at our Practice Home, and we are always happy to show them how it is done. How eager they are to learn and how grateful for any assistance.

One never knows what the day will bring forth here. One of our old students asked me to help plan and assist at her wedding. She was married Easter morning and a wonderful wedding it was for Hindman. Being the daughter of the leading physician in the county, there were many friends to see her married. She is a beautiful young woman, and all were much impressed at the sweet picture she made in her simple white dress and pretty veil, the veil being the first ever seen here. The charivari began before the ceremony was half over and continued all through the wedding breakfast. Only when the groom went out and gave the crowd ten dollars for a treat did the racket cease. Some of us were rather weary when the day was over.

We wish you could see our pretty yard. The plum trees and daffodils are all in bloom and the grass is so pretty and green. Many say it is the prettiest yard in Hindman. If I could only paint the inside of Practice House as pretty and fresh as nature has painted our yard we would indeed be the envy of all our friends here.

ANNA F. VAN METER.



## The Kentucky Highlanders.

*To the Editor of the New York Times.*

A great many people living at a distance from the Southern mountains have somehow acquired the belief that the young men of the region are fearless, reckless daredevils, who go about armed to the teeth ready to take a pint of moonshine at a drafting or bring down a man on the slightest provocation.

But we who labor day after day and year after year with these young highlanders see the real inside of their lives. We do not find reckless youths who defy authority and threaten their fellows, but we see young men of gracious manners and highly developed native courtesy ready to do a hero's task any day of the year.

An incident which occurred here at Berea College recently illustrates this quality in a remarkable degree. A teacher was desperately ill at the college hospital. He was a man greatly beloved by the students and looked upon by all as a friend. It seemed wise to the doctors to give him an infusion of new blood in the hope of saving his life. This decision was communicated to the President with the request that volunteers be called for among the young men. An hour later at the college assembly the President requested those who would be willing to share their blood with their friend to report at once to the head physician at the hospital.

Fifty stalwart young men hurried away in answer to the call. Two robust fellows ran much of the way in order to offer themselves ahead of the other fellows, and one was sorely grieved when told his blood would not do. Each one of the fifty was eager to give his blood to save a life. This is the real spirit of the youth of the mountains.

JOHN F. SMITH.

Berea, Ky., March 14, 1925.

## Weaving at Pine Mountain.

MY DEAR MRS. STONE:

You really ought to make us a visit at Pine Mountain and bring all the trustees, too, to see our new weaving room. We are in it now, and it is such a nice place to work. We have a great big room with fifteen windows, several fine cupboards and a big loft to store our supplies in.

It was quite a job to move all our things. All the looms were too large to go through the doors and so they had to be taken to pieces and set up again. It took us over a week to get them all over and in working order again; so you see we haven't been able to do as much weaving as usual this month. We have completed one blanket and another one is almost finished. We have finished another coverlet and fringed it, and have woven six yards on our little loom. I have been making some new samples of the blankets that have been the most popular this year. On our rug loom we have woven about six yards. We are making some very nice rag rugs for Laurel House now from picked rags that Miss Gaines gave us. Mrs. Nolan has made another coverlet which is very handsome. This makes the seventh one that she has made since November. She told me the other day how she used to make them years ago and sell them for \$5.00.\*

Aside from our weaving we have washed and dyed a large quantity of yarn. We have had two good blue pots and a successful madder one too. Yesterday we got a nice brown from some walnut shells and bark that have been soaking all winter.

Mr. Hall brought us a load of fifty-three stools last week. They are very nice. He and his brother have developed quite a business, and have some interesting ideas about their work. They have made some candlesticks with carved bases and are going to try some electric light bases too.

I have one or two outside children working for me, now that the district schools have closed. One is Edna Metcalf, who worked for Miss Nicholson last year. She is a very good worker, and wants a loom of her own.

Mr. Zande is making us two new looms which are going to be fine. I have tried to pick out all the good points in the looms that we have and assemble them in one loom. We are certainly lucky to be able to have our looms built right here where we can watch the progress. The boys have been quite interested in building them and some of them have even expressed a desire to weave.

Last Saturday I had a tea in the new weaving room, a sort of house-warming. We put up all the blankets and coverlets and rugs that we had on hand and had quite a display. All the workers were invited and they were all delighted with our new quarters.

The following is a list of the articles which we have woven this year:

5 yards on the Martha Washington Counterpane.

3 Tennessee Trouble Coverlets, 2 fringed.

2½ yards on the Cross Coverlet.

About 60 yards of rug material.

17 Blankets.

6 Narrow Strips for Runners.

14 yards of Curtain Material.

1½ yards of Blanket Samples.

Mrs. Nolan has woven seven Coverlets for us, and Mrs. Kenneth Nolan six blankets.

Our old orders are all filled now and I am leaving orders for only two blankets which have been ordered this year.

This has been a most interesting year for me and I have enjoyed my work here at Pine Mountain very much. It has been a fine experience to learn just how the wools and flax are prepared from the beginning, and especially helpful to know about the dyeing.

ELEANOR C. STOCKIN,  
*Weaving Teacher.*

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These are now sold for \$25.00.

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The far-reaching effects of the Exchange in the mountain homes and schools are evidenced by the improved standards of workmanship and the eagerness to keep up

with modern demands. The workers now no longer confine their efforts to the few industries of a quarter of a century ago, like basketry and coverlet weaving, but have added to these many new lines of work, as is shown by the very varied exhibit in the rooms of the Exchange.

Among the newest and most attractive articles on sale in the Exchange are the all-wool, hand-woven baby blankets made in white, pink and blue; the hooked rugs with their quaint original designs, the porch lunch sets made in lovely shades of green, yellow and blue, consisting of a centerpiece and individual mats; the wonderful tufted and crocheted bedspreads copied from some of the oldest found in the mountains; the linen runners with their pretty colored borders, and not the least, the gaily painted hand-carved toys and animals which are the delight of children. Orders have been given to the people who make these things and a large and varied assortment will be displayed in the autumn when the Exchange opens.

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### **Worthy Scholarship Recipients.**

We are most grateful for the Seth Shepard Memorial Scholarships and will be glad to tell you something of the two boys, Beckham Miller and Gordon Slone.

Beckham is now in the eighth grade and will, at the close of school in May, be promoted into High School. He has endeavored to take advantage of every opportunity for advancement and has applied himself conscientiously to his studies. He is industrious, interested and dependable, his grades have been good, and his teachers speak in highest terms of his this year's work.

For two years past he has been the school mail-boy; this is not an easy task, and it carries with it a very definite responsibility, yet Beckham has done better carrying the mail than anyone we have had for years. Part of his work is to collect the mail from the different settlement houses at 5.30 A.M., and get it to the post-office in time to leave on the outgoing 6.00 o'clock mail hack. Usually he is

obliged to return later for later mail and packages; in the afternoon the incoming mail must be collected and delivered, and there are always packages from the Fireside Industries Department to be sent away. In living up to the responsibilities of his job we feel that Beckham has done well and is worthy of special commendation.

Gordon's father was killed several years ago and his mother, a very fine woman, is trying to keep her four children in school. He is a child of latent possibilities and has developed noticeably this year. This year is his second year at school; he is interested and does well in his studies. His housemother speaks very highly of him and her predecessor would have liked to adopt him, had he been for adoption.

Thank the Association again for helping us to carry on our great work of giving educational advantages and opportunities to the boys and girls of the Kentucky mountains.

ELIZABETH WATTS.

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### **How Weaving Opens a New Door.**

Our weaving department has been greatly encouraged by the success of our exhibit and sale of woven goods in Washington during the D. A. R. Congress. We have tried to increase the number of looms as rapidly as possible so as to enable more mothers and girls to have work, but that means increased production and an additional effort must be made to market this. It is hard to refuse work to a deserving mother, when we see what the money would mean to her. One mother with nine children wanted to learn to weave, but she just could not get away from home and come so far for the lessons. So she persuaded the oldest daughter to overcome her timidity and come, and then the lame son was persuaded to try, and became one of our best weavers. Then the two children carried a loom home, across a steep, high ridge, carrying a piece at a time till they got it all, and then they taught the mother to weave. Every night she would tell them what had gone wrong and they would get



it straight for her, till she was able to produce steadily, and now she has money for home comforts that she never dreamed of before. And she is so much happier, because of this outside interest, and the inspiration she gets from the teachers.

Another young mother, who waked up to the fact that her husband was most unworthy, and could not regret it when he deserted her, leaving her three near-babies for her to care for, came to ask if there was any chance for her to weave. We moved her into a vacant room near the weaving room, paid a girl to care for the children while the mother took her lessons, and now she has a loom in her home and is making a good living for her young family. She has a frail little body and would not have stood the struggle if she had been obliged to go into the woods or fields to work, but now she is growing stronger all the time and is such a careful, ambitious mother. There are so many such lives that need this chance, and we can help them if we can find a market for our woven goods. Every article bought from us helps to open the door of opportunity to one, or to keep it open for another.

MARY M. SLOOP.

Crossnore School, Crossnore, N. C.



Subscriptions are:

\$1.00 a year for a Member.

\$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.

\$25.00 for a Patron.

\$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.

\$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.

\$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.

\$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

**Southern Industrial Educational Association**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer,  
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MRS. A. S. STONE,

1228 Connecticut Ave.,

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Quarterly Magazine  
OF THE  
Southern Industrial Educational  
Association

[INDORSED BY THE NATIONAL INFORMATION BUREAU]

MARCH AND JUNE, 1926  
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XIX.

Nos. 1 AND 2.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the  
Children of the Southern Mountains

**HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS**  
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## **An Aftermath of the Great War.**

One of the outstanding heroes of the World War was a mountaineer, Sergeant Alvin C. York, who single-handedly captured 132 German prisoners. When he entered the war he had had only the crudest rudiments of schooling, such as are given in the remote mountain schools three or four months of each year. His experiences and contact with the great world outside his hidden mountain home taught him the importance of education and the great needs of his own people who were for the most part illiterate or nearly so.

Upon his return at the end of the war, Sergeant York was received as a hero and great inducements were held out to him if he would go on the vaudeville stage or into the motion pictures. Cheap fame or financial success made no appeal to him, but instead of any personal exploitation he desired one thing above all else—namely, to abolish the stigma of illiteracy and to create opportunities for education in the more remote and inaccessible mountain regions of his state of Tennessee.

In spite of his natural shyness, with courage born of his earnest purpose he began to make appeals in public, speaking in several of the larger eastern cities, and raised \$15,000.00, the beginnings of his foundation fund. So convincing was his appeal that the Tennessee Legislature promised him \$50,000.00, a lumber company gave him 1,000 acres of land, his native Fentress County gave 135 acres more, two wealthy lumbermen, the Brent brothers, added 235 acres, additional land was secured by purchase and gifts until today he has more than 1,400 acres for his enterprise.

In May of 1926, seven years after he began his pioneer work, his longed-for school began to take definite shape, when ground was officially broken for the Alvin C. York Industrial Institute at Jamestown, Ky., on the new York highway, thirty-five miles from a railroad. This is not to be a college or a university but a vocational school chiefly

along industrial and agricultural lines, suited to the special conditions and needs of the mountain people. The plans call for two dormitories, one for girls and one for boys, an agricultural department, a wood-working shop, a modern stock and dairy barn and other departments as the institution develops. The plans contemplate an expenditure of \$250,000.00, which Sergeant York hopes to raise by appealing to the whole country to help in this work for his beloved mountain people.

It is planned to have the official opening of the first building on October 8, 1926, on the anniversary of the day when Sergeant York faced and annihilated the German machine gun battalion in the Argonne Forest, eight years ago.

The Institute is chartered under the laws of Tennessee, and governed by a board of directors of which York is the president, with W. M. Johnston, President of the Farmers' Bank of Jamestown as treasurer.

The Alvin York Institute will constitute a wonderfully inspiring and beneficial memorial to all those boys of the southern Appalachians who now sleep in France, far away from their beloved mountains.

### **John C. Campbell Folk School, Cherokee County, Brasstown, N. C.**

The John C. Campbell Folk School is an attempt to apply the principles underlying the folk high school of Denmark to the rural problems of the Southern Highland Region. It is an experiment in adult education, named in memory of John C. Campbell, who, after twenty-five years of study and service in the Southern Highlands, felt the need of vitalizing and dignifying the whole content of our rural civilization. In a type of education based on the folk high school of Denmark, he saw a hope of preserving what is best in Highland culture and of opening the way to a deeper and richer life.

The Danish folk high school is a school primarily for

young adults, eighteen to thirty years of age; it sets no requirements; gives no examinations; offers no credits; its primary purpose is, through the influence of personality and oral teaching, to arouse the individual so that "he will never stop growing." It distinguishes, in other words, between acquiring and developing. It does not try to assume responsibility for local changes, but to awaken that desire for a better life which is the only sound basis for change.

Not the most difficult, but the most favorable conditions should be the ground for such initial adaptations.

We have felt that the first mountain folk school should be placed in a region plainly possible of agricultural development, a natural center not too far from the railroad, and among a substantial, land-owning population who really desire it. In selecting Brasstown, North Carolina, we believe we have found this favorable combination of circumstances. A section poor, but capable of agricultural development, a natural center for an area of some fifty square miles, it is on a good highway within eight and a half miles of Murphy, the terminus of two railroads (the Southern and the Louisville and Nashville), and about one hundred miles from the markets of Asheville, Knoxville and Atlanta. Its greatest asset is its citizenship, a strong group of small farmers with a high reputation for integrity. Ninety-seven per cent are land-owners. Their desire for a "school which will help the country" is partially indicated by the following summary of pledges, representing 116 citizens, and made entirely on their own initiative as an earnest of co-operation. The form of these pledges was drawn up by a local lawyer so as to be binding:

Over \$800 in cash.

Locust posts.

Telephone poles.

Building logs.

Building stone.

Firewood.

Native shrubs, trees and bulbs.



In the first three years of the School, 1,495 days of labor, 397 with team.

Yearly, 388 days' labor are pledged without time limit.

In addition to the above list, about thirty acres of excellent land, partly in woodland and in the center of the community fronting on the high road, were given by a leading citizen and his family. An adjacent farm of seventy-five acres, with a farm house, has been purchased to provide for future development. A further twenty-five acres of distant woodland have been promised.

We look forward to a small boarding family, not exceeding one hundred boys and girls in all, who will come to live with us—a new group every year—for the five or six winter months when farm work is at its minimum. We picture these boys and girls sharing in the tasks and in the pleasures of our farm home; we see them gathered in the big community room for vivid personal lectures on history, geography, literature, sociology, civics and nature study; we follow them into the class rooms where they learn to think through arithmetic which deals with daily problems, where they express themselves in reading and writing, where they discuss what they are learning. We listen to sound of hammer, saw and plane in the carpentry room, to the thud of loom and whirr of spinning wheel in the weaving and sewing room; we watch them at their daily physical training in the gymnasium; we hear them singing—for it is song that welds the group together. Nor is their singing, discussing or learning a thing apart from the community. The doors of the lecture hall swing open to those of the community who care to enter. Many come to share, day by day in the program of the School; they take part in its festivities and its pageants; they help to work out its problems. If they wish for certain practical short courses, we shall from time to time call in those who can supply this need.

Such, in brief, is the ideal toward which we work. Such is the way we hope, slowly, step by step, year by year, to increase the number of thinking, aspiring young people who will see the promise of the country, who will strive to

make country life what it may be. How well and how soon we can realize this ideal depends upon a number of things, —especially upon the continued co-operation of the community, and the help, moral and financial, of those who believe in what we are trying to do.

OLIVE D. CAMPBELL,  
*Director.*

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**Twentieth Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the  
Southern Industrial Educational Association, April  
7, 1926.**

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial  
Educational Association:*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In the business world a successful executive must be alert and sensitive to changing conditions and then adopt a policy that will suit the new situations. The business of the Southern Industrial Educational Association is no exception to this rule.

When the Association was organized some twenty years ago, the people who lived in our southern mountains were isolated from the rest of the world by impassible roads or no roads at all, and dangerous mountain streams. The telephones were very few and far between and the radio was unheard of and undreamed of. These people, who have coursing in their veins the best blood of which this country can boast, that of the original old English stock, pure and unadulterated, inherited the fine sterling qualities of their ancestors.

Lack of educational facilities and isolation from their fellow men gradually developed a civilization of their own, if we can call it that. They had their own customs, many handed down from colonial times, and others gradually acquired. The different states in which these mountains are located had their laws that were duly

passed in legislatures assembled, and these laws were supposed to govern the people of the respective states including the people living in the mountains. As a matter of fact these mountaineers knew little of the laws and cared less, for they had their own, the unwritten laws of the mountains, which replaced for them those of the state.

On account of this isolation the mountain people had little or no means of earning money and those who knew how to produce articles in their homes that had a money value, had no way of reaching the consumer and thus turning these articles into money. In other words the two great needs of the mountain people, were education and a market for such goods as they were able to produce in their cabin homes.

It was to accomplish these ends that the Southern Industrial Educational Association was organized over twenty years ago by a woman of vision, Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, who gave eight years of devoted service until failing health made it necessary for her to give up active work, although her interest has never ceased.

The educational work of the Association has been carried on by providing funds for scholarships in the different mountain schools and by paying all or part of the salaries of teachers in these schools, also paying the salaries of extension workers who go out into the different mountain communities and teach the people weaving, cooking and other home industries. Since January 16th, 1906, the Association has paid out in round numbers \$130,000.00 in this way.

The other great need of the mountain folk, namely finding a market for the articles which they were able to make, was met in a large measure by the establishment of an Exchange where these articles were kept on display and sold. The workers in the schools and cabins throughout the Southern Mountains would send these articles to the Exchange here in Washington. The price for these articles was fixed by the workers themselves, the Exchange sold the articles at a reasonable advance in price, remitting to the

mountain worker the full price asked for the article. The profit made in this way, after paying the running expenses of the Exchange was used in the educational work of paying salaries and providing scholarships. During fourteen years articles valued at \$144,100.11 have been sold and \$97,950.44 has been remitted to workers in 9 schools and 833 mountain homes, making a gross profit to the Association of \$46,149.67. Thus none of the subscriptions or donations have been used for the administrative purposes of the Association, all the expenses having been met by the profits of the exchange.

The actual converting of these articles into money has been of great value to these mountain folk, but the greatest service rendered was the introduction of these goods to a large consuming public, who have the means to buy more of them, and who formerly did not know that such articles existed, or could be bought.

With the advent of the automobile and good roads and the very rapid extension of the telephone and the radio, the world has become a neighborhood. The southern mountain sections that were so isolated when this Association was organized are no longer remote. The buying public is now at their very doors, and the demand is greater than the supply for many articles made by the mountain folk. This is shown by the fact that it has become more and more difficult to get an adequate supply of goods for our Exchange, and that many of our customers who formerly bought large quantities of these goods from the Exchange are now buying direct from the schools and homes where the articles are made.

For these reasons the members of the Board of Trustees feel that the work of the Association has been accomplished and the needs that still exist are being met in other ways and by other organizations. We have therefore decided to recommend to the Electors at this annual meeting that we should close up the affairs of the Association.

The New York Auxiliary and the Philadelphia Auxiliary have continued their fine help for the work of the Asso-

ciation during the year and have sent in \$5,640.00. Of this amount \$3,340 comes from the New York Auxiliary and \$2,300 from the Philadelphia Auxiliary. The total receipts from all sources for the year amount to \$8,690.19. The details of the receipts and disbursements will be found in the treasurer's report.

Our appreciative thanks are due Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell, who until her removal to New York, with Mrs. Gielow, was the most powerful factor in the development of the Association in its earlier years. As a member of the New York Auxiliary she has continued her unfailing interest and activities in the work.

Mrs. Augusta S. Stone has continued her efficient work as financial secretary and manager of the Exchange since 1909 and in this she has been ably assisted the last three years by Miss Elizabeth Beale.

Mrs. C. David White, an active trustee since 1906, Recording Secretary for many years and editor of the Quarterly for fourteen years has earned our admiration and appreciation for the ability and devotion that she has put into this work.

Miss Julia Strong, the Recording Secretary of the Board of Trustees for the past three years, has discharged the duties of the office faithfully and well, and for her services we feel very grateful.

Mr. Joshua Evans the treasurer of the Association during the last eleven years, has given us the benefit of his large experience in financial affairs and has kept the funds of the Association safely and well invested.

Messrs. Ernst & Ernst of Baltimore have for the past seven years audited the books of the Association. This service they have rendered without compensation and we feel that they have placed us under a great debt of gratitude.

Respectfully submitted,  
 For the Board of Trustees,  
 LAWRENCE R. LEE,  
*President.*



**Report of Ernst & Ernst, Audits and Systems, Baltimore,  
Maryland.**

Board of Trustees,  
Southern Industrial Educational Association,  
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: In accordance with your request, we have examined the cash records of the SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION—WASHINGTON, D. C., for the period from February 25, 1925 to February 23, 1926, and present herewith our report.

All recorded cash receipts for the period under review were traced into the bank statements and a thorough test was made of invoices, vouchers, cancelled checks and other data supporting the recorded cash disbursements. Our examination did not, however, include a detailed audit of cash receipts and disbursements.

Several exhibits which indicate the details of the changes that occurred in the funds during the period under review have been included in and made a part of this report.

In conclusion we wish to thank the Corresponding Secretary for the courtesies and assistance afforded us during the course of our examination.

Very truly yours,

ERNST & ERNST,  
*Certified Public Accountants.*

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In this final number of the Quarterly we wish to recommend to our readers and contributors, two new schools which, we believe to be most worthy of your cooperation and support—namely, The John C. Campbell Folk School, and the Alvin C. York Industrial Institute, details of which appear elsewhere in this number.



# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1926

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All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

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## Twenty Years of Service.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association has completed its record and with this number of the Quarterly it bids farewell to its colleagues, its contributors and its friends.

A review of the Association's twenty years of existence is a story of unselfish, thoughtful and effective devotion to and leadership in a noble and inspiring cause.

Among the honored names of those who have helped to carry forward the work of the Association are the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, Bishop Satterlee, John Temple Graves, Cleveland N. Dodge, Dr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Ambler, Judge Seth Shepard, Mr. Leigh Robinson, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, and Rev. Dr. Randolph McKim.

When the Association was first started, by Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, the outside world knew but little of the conditions in the Southern Appalachians or of the tremendous need for an attack upon the overwhelming illiteracy of the mountain people.

The Association was organized upon the realization that the youth of the mountains was not a subject of charity nor a group of degenerates, but human reserves of the highest quality waiting only for opportunity for development into useful citizenship. It had already been proven that its

potential power and value were great, in spite of isolation, neglect and dire poverty, and that when shown the way, the response was thrilling in its earnestness. No finer example is needed than Sergeant York, who is mentioned elsewhere in this Quarterly.

The purpose of the Association, as a pioneer in this field, is accomplished. Through its efforts the quality of work in the mountain schools has been raised, and the scope broadened to meet the needs created by the peculiar environment. It has not established new schools but has cooperated with and strengthened those already in the field by supplying salaries of teachers of industrial and domestic training, of agriculture, nursing, and of household industries, and granting scholarships to deserving boys and girls. It has brought the conditions and needs of the mountain people to the attention of the outside world, thereby securing the cooperation and interest of many who have responded most generously to the calls for aid.

During the two decades new schools have been established and the older ones have become stronger, which now send their own representatives to make their appeals directly to many of our patrons, with the result that most of the patriotic societies, clubs, church organizations and individuals turn their funds over to these agents, instead of sending them through the treasury of the Association as in earlier years.

The standards of workmanship in the domestic arts and industries have been greatly improved through the efforts of the exchange; increased production has been stimulated and a nation-wide knowledge of and demand for these articles of fireside manufacture have resulted. Many of these products are now sold directly from the homes or sent to agencies existing in the large cities, so that the exchange is no longer, as formerly, a necessary medium of interchange.

The earlier primitive methods of travel and transportation have been superseded by railroads and the automobile; mines, mills, and lumbering give employment and create markets for the products of the cabin, the clearing

or the farm. Wartime prosperity has reached the mountain coves and valleys with resulting increase in wages and taxable property. The standards of living are being raised, sanitation is improving with consequent results upon the health of the people, schools are better housed and open for longer periods, while in many homes the radio is doing its beneficent work. In general the mountain conditions are more widely understood and more successfully met, but there are still many dark corners, needing the light. In many cases this light is being brought by the children of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, who are now passing on the training which they have received in the settlement schools. The work begun by the Association is carrying on but by different methods.

The activities of the Association have now come to a close, its financial affairs liquidated, and the reason for being of this little magazine is no more. The officers gratefully thank the readers for their interest, their encouragement and their contributions, and earnestly urge them to continue their support of all that pertains to the betterment of mountain conditions.

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### **Report of the New York Auxiliary of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.**

To the Electors of the Southern Industrial  
Educational Association:

Since the last annual meeting, that of March ninth, 1925, there have been held seven regular meetings, with an average attendance, including that annual meeting, of ten members. These meetings have been held at the residence of Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell, at 840 Park Ave.

Letters from the National Committee have reached us. At the last annual meeting, an address from Miss Amy Burt, of Penland, North Carolina, pictured strikingly the lack of educational opportunities for the forty children in

that rural community of long tradition, and the needs of the elderly people—farmers in a non-farming country of steep mountains, rock, red-clay mud, called “The Land of the Sky,” with no community life, with isolated cabins lacking windows, but crammed with beds, for hospitality’s sake. Mining is the industry to be, factory demoralization has begun for the remotely simple boys and girls. Woman is the servant of the family.

At the meeting of April thirteenth Dr. Johnathan Day spoke.

On April sixth, the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter held a meeting at Mrs. Sullivan’s residence, 16 West 11th St., at the close of which Mrs. Sullivan received the members and their guests, some of these being members of the New York Auxiliary.

On May eleventh letters were read from Mrs. Augusta Stone, also a most interesting short history of the New York Auxiliary, prepared by Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell.

On October nineteenth came an appeal from Miss Berry, in face of the terrific drouth which had prevailed. At this meeting, in view of the lack of approval of the giving of the usual annual ball, it was decided that other ways of raising funds should be sought.

The birthday of the President Emeritus, Mrs. A. S. Sullivan, was remembered by flowers and messages.

The president, Mrs. Jenkins, urged the importance of united action by both North and South in the matter of the education of the Mountaineers.

Mr. Fulghum gave a synopsis of his work and of the conditions to be met at the Park Mountain School, N. C., announcing that he had secured the sum of money so urgently needed, earlier in the winter.

The December and January meetings were devoted to the question of ways and means for raising funds, in the absence of a ball.

At the meeting of February eighth Miss Burkham reported that she had engaged the ball room of the Plaza hotel for a Bridge entertainment, to be held on April sixth.

There were no changes in the ticket submitted for the annual election of officers.

Mrs. Singleton presented the need of help, advice and the giving out of the wisdom gained by experience to the girls in the south of especial ability. She stated that the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance stands as a bridge between the girls and opportunity, and that 888 girls had been helped last year.

There have been four new members of the Auxiliary which now numbers fifty-six. The Auxiliary has suffered deep loss in the death of its charter member, Mrs. Eugene Frayer.

The bright lights of the year were the ball, held at the Roosevelt Hotel, and the sale of Crafts, followed by two secondary sales at the residence of Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell.

We feel that the rapidly increasing prosperity of the Southern States, rich beyond words in natural resources already, and more than on the verge of development, holds, if still only in the future, increased opportunity for the mountaineer, with better roads and more schools. We hope and trust that the training given until now by the sturdy pioneer schools of highest aim will have so prepared the younger generation in strength of character and a sense of the true values of life that those who are to meet the new opportunities with their temptations and their drawbacks will overcome and build greatly, showing forth their heritage and the strength of their mountains.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY R. CHAPPELL,

*Recording Secretary.*

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### **Report of Philadelphia Auxiliary of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.**

*To the Electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:*

For twelve consecutive years, with the birds and flowers of spring, I have brought you greetings from Philadelphia



Auxiliary, and like these messengers of new life, a new birth in nature, I bring the hope of new life in the year to follow, with the recorded inspirations and activities of the year just passed. There has been great increase of interest in the Association work and greater opportunity given for presenting it to other organized groups. At the annual Spring Luncheon given April, 1925, the Auxiliary was honored by the presence of Mr. Lee the President of the Parent Association, the President of State Federation of Pennsylvania club women, Mrs. Hamme of York, the President of the city federation, Mrs. I. C. Purnell, Mrs. Aydelotte, President of Womens' City Club of over 2000 members, the only woman magistrate of the city of Philadelphia, the retiring President of the Colonial Dames, and Presidents of five other large representative clubs of Philadelphia and suburbs; each with a message of good cheer, and Godspeed to the auxiliary in its work. All were interesting, and some most humorous. These Presidents represented clubs to which Philadelphia Auxiliary had presented the work of the Association and from whom active co-operation had been received and from whom it will continue.

Mrs. Sloop gave a talk upon, "The Mountaineer, his needs, the work of the industrial school as a means of meeting these needs, and the value and effect of Education, whether given to the child or adult". In May The Old York Road Chapter of the D. A. R. invited Philadelphia Auxiliary to present its work at a regular meeting, and suggest the varied avenues through which help and co-operation could reach these mountaineers. For the address of the day the president of Philadelphia Auxiliary introduced Miss McDonald of Martha Berry School, who is now studying at the Philadelphia School of Design for Women and sustained there by the Junior Philadelphia Auxiliary. This young girl with her direct and personal appeal in her story, telling of the longing for education, and her own sense of gratitude for a chance, made a splendid exemplar of what education could do. The results of that meeting



have been most gratifying and a large sale at a Lawn Party is to be held by the Chapter in May this year for a scholarship fund. A scholarship in music has been offered to Philadelphia Auxiliary through one of the members when an applicant is found filling the requirements.

In December the usual Christmas boxes were packed by the Philanthropic Committee and sent off to hospitals, orphanages, schools and community centers. The most conservative value of these exceeded \$350.00. In December, Philadelphia Auxiliary also cooperated with other organizations in an "International Industries Sale", with the Woman's Club of Germantown as hostess, and while not a great success financially, yet much interest and publicity were gained through contact with so large a group of women.

In January Miss Breckenridge of Kentucky presented her work of training young mountain women for obstetrical work among the mountain mothers. She was intensely interesting, as she brought experiences gained in New York at Bellevue Hospital, practice in Scotland, and demonstration work among these people of the mountains where mothers have so little thought or care.

The annual meeting in February, with its election of officers and appropriations, was as usual interesting and brought most gratifying reports from the Junior Auxiliary of 50 members, the Philanthropic, Arts and Crafts, and Education committees. The one endowed scholarship of one thousand dollars was given to Mountain Park Institute, N. C. This makes eight endowed scholarships of \$1000 each placed by Philadelphia Auxiliary as follows, Blue Ridge Industrial, Maryville College, Berea College, Oreida Institute, Crossnore, Pikeville, Plumtree, Mountain Park. Eight students each year on an expenditure of \$8,000.00.

## THE FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE YEAR.

Total income .....	\$3,136.29
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*Expenditures.*

The young man from Pikeville at the U. of P .....	1,000.00	
Berry Schools after drought .....	50.00	
To Student at Berea.....	100.00	
Endowed Scholarship, Mountain Park	1,000.00	
Junior Scholarship, Crossnore.....	50.00	
Philip Hall, U. P. ....	100.00	
Mrs. Weeks, Berea Scholarship .....	60.00	
Mrs. Gielow Xmas Gift .....	50.00	
	<hr/>	
	\$2,410.00	
Expenses-Rentals . . . . .	\$35.00	
Sundries . . . . .	17.50	
Printing . . . . .	115.09	167.59
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total Expenditures .....		\$2,577.59
		<hr/>
Balance March, 1926 .....		\$558.70
Philanthropic Balance .....	\$78.11	
Bridge April, 1925 .....	150.00	
	<hr/>	
Total . . . . .	\$228.11	
Xmas boxes Cash .....	146.57	
	<hr/>	
Balance March, 1926 .....		81.54
Juniors Income and Balance		
Scholarships . . . . .	\$289.66	
Miss McDonald and Xmas Box.....	238.85	
	<hr/>	
Balance . . . . .		50.81

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH OWEN LEWIS,  
*President.*

## The Illiteracy Crusade

When Cora Wilson Stewart began her pioneer movement in 1913 to stamp out illeracy in the Kentucky mountains through the establishment of the unique institution known as "Moonlight Schools," she little dreamed that she had started a crusade that would become nation wide in its scope.

The census of 1910 revealed the fact that there was an alarming amount of illiteracy in the mountain sections of the southern states, but it was not until the draft of 1917 showed that 700,000 young men had to make their mark that the nation awoke to the menace of this blight. When the census of 1920 disclosed throughout the country 5,000,000 men and women unable to write their own names, it was realized that the situation must be dealt with at once and the stigma removed from American democracy. For this end recently there was organized the National Illiteracy Crusade with headquarters in the American Red Cross Building in Washington, a group including state superintendents of public instruction, five past presidents of the National Educational Association, several former governors of states, leading editors, authors, and business men, whose slogan is "No Illiteracy in 1930." The director of the Crusade is Cora Wilson Stewart, and with her are associated William Allen White as president, Jane Addams and Glenn Frank as vice-presidents and W. Carson Ryan of Swarthmore as secretary.

Mrs. Stewart has outlined her program in these words:

"This crusade is coordinating the work of all agencies that are attacking illiteracy and it will press them into battle all along the line. There is, of course, no human remedy for adult illiteracy but to teach the illiterates to read and write, but there are quick, inspiring and dramatic ways to do it and materials that both delight the learner and facilitate instruction. There are also many places besides the schoolhouses where the enemy can be attacked.

Besides the schoolhouse, every church, every library, all the mills and factories, all the jails and penitentiaries, the almshouses, the houses of the people, even the convalescent hospitals, are places where classes may be organized and conducted in the war against illiteracy, and even solitary individuals are not to be forgotten, whether in the mountain fastness, or in the city tenement. This crusade believes that every one must be sought out and given his chance."

Mrs. Stewart was awarded the prize of \$5,000.00 given by the Pictorial Review as an "annual achievement award for women," for the year 1924, in recognition of her work as founder of the "Moonlight Schools" and her conquest of illiteracy in other sections.

### **Resolutions Adopted at the Annual Meeting.**

*Whereas*, The Southern Industrial Educational Association was organized and incorporated in December, 1905, to promote and aid in the general, practical and industrial education of the white children and youth in what is generally known as the Southern States of the United States of America, and during its life the Association, with the substantial aid of its auxiliaries, notably that of the New York and Philadelphia Auxiliaries, has directly assisted in such education by transmitting to various schools, including the Berry School, Crossnore School, Hindman Settlement School, Oneida Institute, Pine Mountain Settlement School, Rutherford Mission and the Valle Crucis Industrial School, approximately \$125,000 for teachers's salaries, scholarships, etc., and by marketing for mountain schools and mountain families a great quantity of products of the fireside industries consigned to the exchange of the Association and sold without charge to the senders, this feature of the Association's activities contributing largely to the upbuilding and development of the fireside industries which were fast disappearing when the Association, in a large measure, created for them a new interest and gave to them new life.



*And whereas,* The importance of the work of the principal schools has now become so generally known by their achievements, and by the great number of individual contacts made through the various agencies employed by the respective schools.

*And whereas,* Changing conditions have enabled the schools and mountain workers to find more direct markets for their output.

*Now be it resolved,*

1. That the officers of the Association be authorized to take all steps necessary to close up the affairs of the Association and to bring about a relinquishment of the charter of the Association by June 30, 1926, or as soon thereafter as practicable.

*Be it resolved that,*

2. The good-will and the prestige of the parent association be transferred to the New York and Philadelphia Auxiliaries and that any information or literature that may be available be also transferred to the said auxiliaries. That the use of the name of the Southern Industrial Educational Association by the auxiliaries is sanctioned.

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### **Minutes of the Twentieth Annual Meeting.**

April 7, 1926.

The twentieth Annual Meeting of the Southern Industrial Educational Association was held in the rooms of the Association on Wednesday, April 7th at 3 P.M., the President, Mr. Lawrence Lee, in the chair.

The minutes of the previous annual meeting were read by the recording secretary and approved without correction.

In the delayed arrival of the treasurer, Mr. Joshua Evans, his report was postponed until later in the afternoon, and the President read his own report which was most comprehensive and interesting. It was accepted with appreciative thanks by the Electors and Trustees and ordered filed.

The report of the New York Auxiliary followed, read by the Recording Secretary.

On motion, this report was accepted and the Corresponding Secretary was requested to write a note expressing the appreciation of the Association at the valuable work done during the year.

The report of the Philadelphia Auxiliary was then read by Mrs. Lewis the President. As usual, it showed continuous and worth while work. Dr. Taylor moved that the report be accepted and filed and emphasis be placed on the splendid work done.

Mr. Evans then read his report as Treasurer and it was moved and seconded that it be accepted and referred to the Auditors for approval.

The list of the Trustees whose terms expired at this time was read and on motion, the Secretary was instructed to cast a ballot for the list as it stood. Mrs. David White, Mr. Joshua Evans, Mrs. A. B. McDaniel, Mrs. G. S. Dunham.

Mr. Evans then read a resolution prepared by him giving it as the sense of the Trustees that the work of the Southern Industrial Educational Association which had been wonderful in the past, was no longer needed, and that the Association be disbanded and its charter relinquished.

Discussion at length followed and Dr. Taylor finally presented an amendment to the resolution.

A motion by Dr. White to affirm the action of the Philadelphia Auxiliary in arranging for Educational Exhibition at the Philadelphia Sesqui Centennial and commended the vision and effective interest of Mrs. Lewis and the Philadelphia Auxiliary in behalf of the mountain work was passed.

Adjournment followed at 5 P.M.

Respectfully submitted,

JULIA D. STRONG,  
*Recording Secretary,*



## Financial Statement.

Condensed from the Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Joshua Evans, Jr., to the President and Board of Trustees for the fiscal year ended February 23, 1926.

### *Summary.*

Assets in all funds February 24, 1925 .....	\$21,814.13
Additions during current year .....	9,526.99
Payment account Seth Shepard Memorial investment ..	1,000.00
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	\$32,341.12

### *Expenditures.*

From Educational Fund:		
Donations for scholarships .....	\$2,605.00	
Donations for Industrial Training .....	5,458.75	
From Memorial Funds		
Income used for scholarships .....	750.00	
From Administrative Fund .....	4,924.73	
Re-investment accounts Seth Shepard		
Memorial Fund .....	1,000.00	14,738.48
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Leaving assets in all funds February 23, 1926 .....		\$17,602.64
Consisting of		
Administrative Fund .....	\$1,954.54	
Petty Cash Fund .....	50.00	
Educational Fund .....	671.30	
Investments . . . . .	14,000.00	
Cash in Savings Accounts . . . . .	926.80	\$17,602.64
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JOSHUA EVANS, JR.,  
Treasurer.

The rooms formerly used as headquarters of the Association will be vacated on July 1, although the Charter will not be relinquished until October. Those wishing to communicate with the trustees or officers may do so by addressing the secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,  
1419 20th St., N. W.  
Washington, D. C.